Nowhere To Go But In

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Chapter #1

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Question
BELOVED OSHO,
BEFORE WE ASK ANYTHING WE WOULD LIKE TO OFFER OUR GRATITUDE AND GREETINGS TO YOU. THE MYSTICS HAVE ALWAYS SAID THAT "THERE IS **NOWHERE TO GO BUT IN**." YOU ALSO SAY THE SAME. WE ARE FAMILIAR WITH THE WORDS, BUT OUR UNDERSTANDING OF IT DOES NOT GO BEYOND THE VERBAL LEVEL. COULD YOU PLEASE EXPLAIN THE DEEPER MEANING OF IT?

Understanding at the verbal level is not worth calling understanding. In the world of religion there is no greater deception than words. The words can be understood, there

is no difficulty in that, but that which is hidden behind the words remains uncomprehended, and that is the real difficulty.

When the word is understood, but not that which lies behind the word, life becomes a great turmoil. We create the illusion of knowing when we do not know, and nothing is more dangerous than assuming that one knows when one does not.

Life begins at the point where knowing happens. Life is transformed through knowing. But if we live under the illusion that we know religion because we know the words, then our mind travels in one direction while our life travels in another, and often these directions are completely opposite. This is why hypocrisy comes to be a daily routine in the life of the so-called religious man.

The so-called religious man seems to be nothing but a hypocrite. He says one thing and lives another, and there is no harmony between what he says and what he lives. The origin of this lack of harmony is in the fact that he has substituted words for understanding.

Let us consider a few more points about this before dealing with the question. The moment we hear the words god, soul, enlightenment, we immediately think that we understand them because we know their meaning that is written in the dictionaries. We know the meaning of "enlightenment"; we know the meaning of "God"; we know the meaning of "soul"; but the verbal meaning is not the existential meaning. Just to say the word god, just to hear the word god, is not to know God. The word god is not in itself God. Even if the speaker of the word has known, he cannot pass on his knowing to you. Only the words will

reach you, not his experience. The words will become part of your memory. Your memory will become full and dense, a load, and will become a scripture. You will fall in the illusion that you know God because you have heard the word, have read it, and its meaning is given in the dictionary.

But without reaching out to him, how can anyone know God? If it was so simple that God could be known just by referring to a dictionary, there would be no ignorant person left on this earth; everyone would have become a knower. If the etymology and grammar of the word liberation were the key to liberation, everybody would be free, no one would be in bondage. How simple it is to know a word!

So mind, because it is afraid of the journey, creates the illusion. That mind should be afraid of the journey is only natural, because it is going to be a journey into death for it. The one who will set out in search of God will lose himself. But in referring to a dictionary there is no worry about losing oneself, in reciting the scriptures there is no question of losing oneself. But one who seeks enlightenment will disappear, because no enlightenment, no liberation, is possible without disappearance. Basically, it is the 'I' who is the bondage. Then how is enlightenment possible until this 'I' is dissolved?

This 'I' is the wall between oneself and God. Until this wall falls, how can God be experienced? This journey is a journey of death. The seeker has set out to die. But only through dying is the ultimate life attained; only by losing oneself is one found. Because of this, mind is afraid... so it creates illusions and substitutes.

Understand well this law of substitution: to find substitutes is the greatest art of the mind. What is not found in life, mind provides it in dreams.

You are thirsty and fast asleep at night, you are dying of thirst. You will have to wake up. You will have to interrupt your sleep to go and find some water. But no, it is then that mind creates a substitute -- you start dreaming of a fountain, and in your dream you approach the fountain and drink to your heart's content. No need to interrupt your sleep! Not until you wake up in the morning do you discover that the water was no water, the fountain was no fountain, and there was no quenching of your thirst: it was all illusion. But only after waking up do you come to know this. The sleep in the night continued undisturbed; mind found the substitute to keep it so.

Mind creates substitutes in life too, so that our sleep in life itself is not disturbed. If you are to know God, your sleep will be disturbed; it will come to an end. And we have a great vested interest in our sleep, because for lives upon lives we have treasured and cultivated only sleep, that is our only creation. And up to this very day our family, wife, friends, children, money and prestige are all part of our slumber. The moment our sleep ends, all this will disappear too. The whole edifice will disintegrate. If sleep ends, this whole world that we have thought as our world and all we have seen as ours, will disappear. When we wake up in the morning we cannot find the friends who inhabited our dreams. When we wake up in the morning we cannot find the palaces that crowded our dreams. After waking up, there is no way to find the treasures that were ours in the dream; they are gone, gone for ever.

All this we have created in our dream; hence the fear that the dream may be broken, our sleep may be broken. So we live an unconscious life. The name for this unconsciousness is mind. And wherever there is any fear of the sleep being broken, mind immediately creates a substitute. In knowing God our sleep will end, but in knowing the word god, there is no cause for our slumber to end. On the contrary, our sleep deepens and is fortified. If we go to seek God, the world will disappear. By reciting the word God, we make God also a part of the world.

This is why we build mosques and temples and gurudwaras. We construct the churches and temples next to our shops and homes in order to make them a part of the world. Christians, Hindus, Mohammedans, Sikhs, Jainas... we add these religious differences to our worldly turbulence -- as if there is not already enough trouble, enough politics; as if there is not already enough warfare, we add religious warfare, we fight in the name of religion. As it is, there is more than enough competition -- in the name of nations, for money, for prestige; but to these we add religious competition. We make even religion a part of the world. This is the art of the mind.

Have you observed one thing? You must all have had dreams in which you dreamt that you woke up and the dream was broken. The alarm has gone off, it is morning, you are awake, you get out of your bed, you stand up and the dream has ended -- but this was all part of the dream. But to know that you had only dreamed all this is not possible until you really wake up in the morning. And to dream that one is awake is the most dangerous dream of all, because this is the pinnacle of illusion. The deepest dream

of all is when a man dreams in the midst of his worldliness that he is religious. Instead of going on the search for God, we create a phony God around ourselves. If we go in search of the real God, we will come to an end. To save ourselves we invent the false God.

Scriptures say God created the world. They may be right, but if we look at the gods around man -- they are all manmade. The image enshrined in the temple is made by you. And man is very clever: he bows and worships before the image he himself has made. He himself carves the image, he himself installs it in the temple, he converts stone into God, then kneels and prays before it. A great game! He offers worship and prayer to his toys, and returns home satisfied that he has been to the temple.

This whole web is created by words. So it is rightly asked why understanding the verbal meaning does not lead to realization. Actually, nothing is understood through the word; only a substitute for understanding is created. It appears that one has understood., and this appearance is bad. So the first thing to be understood is that there is no value in verbal understanding. It is just a way to hide our non-understanding. It is like covering our nakedness with clothing: our nakedness does not disappear -- inside we still remain naked. If we are clever we can even make our nudity even more obvious through the kind of clothes we wear and the way we wear them. A naked man, a naked woman, is never as nude as the illusion that can be created by wearing right clothes. Your words, your false understanding, will not eradicate your inner poverty, but only hide it.

And there are times when your false understanding is used in such a way that through your scholarliness only your foolishness is revealed more profoundly. The fool has a kind of innocence, a kind of simplicity about him. But a pundit? The foolishness of the pundit is very complex, very intricate. And if you have even a little insight into things you will see that it is difficult to find a bigger fool than the pundit. His foolishness shows in all directions. He has covered it well, but all that one covers only testifies that one is aware of it. All that we cover is exhibited too, because all our covering declares that something has been covered, that something was there worth covering. The ignorant and uneducated man who has not covered himself has the nudity of a primitive native; his nudity is unselfconscious, he is nude without knowing that he is nude. But the foolishness of the pundit is like the nudity of a prostitute, who is decked out in an array of splendid garments, but all the covering is only to display the nudity beneath.

The very reason for covering something is the fear of its exposure. If you can understand that verbal understanding is no understanding at all, then the first step has been taken. If you can know that knowledge derived from the scriptures is not knowledge, then the first ray of knowledge has descended on you. And then it won't be difficult to put the scriptures away; then it won't be difficult to detach yourself from the web of words and come out of it. Right now it is difficult because if appears as if it is understanding. If we hold pebbles in our hand, and believe them to be diamonds, it is difficult to part with them -- not because of the stones, but because of our belief that they are diamonds. The

moment one comes to recognize that they are stones, that seeing them as diamonds was an illusion, then where is the difficulty in dropping them? With the recognition that they are stones, one will not have to drop them, they will simply drop from our hands on their own.

Let the stones of words fall away, then meaning will arise. In the realm of religion, meaning does not arise from words, meaning arises from no-word. Remove words, and the stream of no-word flows.

The river that flows through Poona gets covered with leaves and vegetation; greenery spreads all over so that the water is not visible. Your mind is just like that. Remove the leaves, and there is the flowing river beneath. Remove the words, and the river of meaning is hidden beneath.

The story is not the same in all dimensions. When I say tree, you understand the meaning in an instant, and likewise when I say river or house or ocean, just hearing the word you catch the meaning. But when I say God or soul or enlightenment, you hear the word only; you do not know the meaning. I only have to say the word tree and you understand, because the tree is your experience too. The word indicates, and your own experience of it gives you understanding. I say ocean, and from your own experience you understand.

But imagine a man far away in the desert who has never seen the ocean, not even a picture of the ocean, and we say 'ocean' to him; now he has not the slightest idea what we mean. He hears the word, even tries to understand its meaning intellectually. We can even explain to him that just as this is a vast expanse of sand, so there is a vast expanse of water -- this gives him an idea, he forms a

concept, but still the experience of the ocean by a man who has seen it standing on its shores, who has entered the ocean and swum in it, who has been surfing in it, cannot be matched by any concepts of this man from the desert.
When I say God, what does it mean to you? You have never stood on God's shore, you have never floated on his waves; neither have you been one with his waves, or dissolved into the music of his waves. You as a drop have remained as a drop. The drop is afraid that if it goes into the ocean, it will disappear. This fear is true, but it is also false. The drop will disappear certainly, but nothing is lost because in its very disappearance the drop will become the ocean. The small will be lost, and the greater will be attained. Nothing will be lost, and all will be gained. But the drop is not aware of what it will gain, it is only aware of what it will lose -- hence the fear.
Get rid of the words! Understanding that the words are of no value in this realm is the first step towards abandoning them. The words of sages cannot be explained in the schools. What the mystics have said cannot be related in any way with the universities. What the mystics have said has been compiled in the scriptures, but really it could not be compiled. The external, the shell, was compiled, but the inner essence was left behind. The outer lines were traced, but the inner, the soul, remained untouched.
This phrase, Nahin Ram Bin Thaon -- no refuge other than Rama -- is unique. In this one statement all the Vedas, all the Upanishads, all the Gitas are contained. If this one statement is understood, there remains no need to understand any Koran or Bible. This small statement is like atomic energy -- immense energy within a tiny atom!

And the saints who gave these atomic statements were not very educated people. It is a strange fact that the educated are often unable to attain to saintliness. Exceptions may be found, but as a rule the learned do not attain to saintliness, because those who are highly educated become so skilled in finding substitutes, and so expert at deceiving themselves, that they are never able to catch themselves red-handed at what they are doing. The uneducated -- Kabir, Dadu, Nanak -- enter very easily. They do not have too much load on them to be unloaded, there is no great wall to be demolished -- just a small push and everything falls down.

This statement is the essence of the life experience of such uneducated people. The statement is direct, the words present no difficulty: there is no shelter other than Rama; there is no other shade, no other refuge than Rama.

Under what conditions does such an understanding dawn? We seek refuge and shelter in wealth. The language of the people all around me is that of money, they measure people by their money. How much you have is the weight of your soul. If you have nothing, you have no soul.

But wealth, in whatever currency, is external -- and you are within; whatever you have, there is no way to take it within. There is no way to take your safes inside; they will have to stay on the outside. Great kingdoms too will have to stay outside, there is no way to take them within. And you are always within, there is no way that you can be brought outside. This is why wealth and soul never meet. Soul means interiority, wealth means outer, always outer, and these are two lines that can never intersect each other. They simply do not meet anywhere, ever; there just exists

no way of their meeting. Their dimensions are different, they are two different worlds.

But we measure a man by what he has -- how much education, how much status, how big a position, how much power! You are what you have -- this is our criterion. This criterion is utterly wrong. Because of this criterion, if someone asks us of our inner experience, "There is no other refuge but money" will be the essence of our answer. We even weigh the mystics in monetary terms. Had Mahavira been born in a poor family, Jainas were not going to recognize him as their tirthankara, their spiritual master. I say this with absolute certainty, because all twenty-four tirthankaras of the Jainas are sons of kings. It is worth considering that in thousands of years not a single person from a poor family became a tirthankara. Is it that only the sons of kings can become tirthankaras? Then the future is dark, because there are no kings now, so no one will become a tirthankara. Now this is a great difficulty. Gautam Buddha is a tirthankara, a jina, he attained to Buddhahood, but the public mind would not have accepted him either had he not been the son of a king. Give birth to Rama and Krishna in poor families and you will see, they will not be acceptable as avataras. Our mind measures even the mystics in material terms. So if you look at the Jaina or Buddhist scriptures, the Jainas recount therein how big an empire Mahavira had. It was not in fact that big -- cannot be, because the kingdoms of those days were just small estates of landlords. There were some two thousand kings in India at that time, so how big can these kingdoms have been? It cannot be bigger than a small district of today. So, Mahavira's father was just an average landlord, he was not

a great king. Had Mahavira not been born as his son, nobody would have mentioned him in history. But Jainas ascribe to him enormous wealth -- with such a big empire, so many horses, so many elephants and so on. The number of horses and elephants they recount, there could not have been enough space for them to even stand in his small kingdom. And so many gems and diamonds -- all bullshit! But there is a hidden truth in all this, and that truth is that the mind of a Jaina does not want to agree to the idea that his tirthankara may come from a poor family. It is worth knowing this truth. "My tirthankara must have been a chakravartin, a world ruler. How could he come from an ordinary background?" Then the false aura of enormous wealth is created around him.

And when Mahavira speaks, listeners rush to occupy the seats which are spread thousands of miles around him, because if there are only ten or twenty listeners the tirthankara lacks greatness. No, the audience numbers billions and trillions. This is impossible though. Today it is possible because of modern technology, and hundreds of thousands of people can listen simultaneously. But in Mahavira's time this was not possible. Inevitably Mahavira spoke to small groups. But the Jaina mind cannot agree to this, because the value lies in numbers! How many people? We do not care at all about truth or falsehood.

The devotee and the enemy, they never care about truth. Devotion speaks falsely, exaggerates things. The enemy also tells lies and exaggerates. In love and in hate we forget everything. The river starts flowing unchecked, breaking all barriers of truth and lie. We do the same about Buddha, and the same about Rama or Krishna. What we attribute to

them bears no relation to what they actually had or had not, it only indicates about our criterion: if they had nothing, we wouldn't accept them. We recognize the vastness of the soul by exaggerating material wealth! We measure Mahavira's renunciation by the wealth of the empire he abandoned. If he had nothing, we would not be able to call him a renouncer. How can one be a renouncer, if he has nothing? That even a beggar can be a renunciate is impossible in our way of thinking.

Renunciation has nothing to do with how much one has renounced, but with the spirit of renunciation. Suppose A has one cent and that is his total wealth, while B has ten million dollars. A renounces his one cent, and B renounces five million dollars of his fortune. According to you, B is a bigger renouncer, because you think in terms of one cent and five million dollars. But no, those who know say that A is the real renouncer because he gave up everything he had whereas B has not really renounced at all; he renounced only half of what he had. But still we need that single cent for the purpose of our calculations about renunciation. If one who possesses nothing says he has renounced, we will not accept his statement. We will say, "You had nothing, so what have you renounced?"

Renunciation has no relation to what you had, it is an existential state of being. But how to measure that state? Money is our only standard measure, so renunciation is also measured by what one had. It is curious that we measure renunciation and indulgence in the same monetary terms. Money is our measure. Money is our only refuge! As long as money is our refuge, Rama cannot be our refuge. From what state of mind will arise: "Rama is the only refuge"?

This only arises when the illusion of money disappears, when one discovers that money is worthless and that nothing is gained through gaining any amount of it.
Wealth is in conflict with Rama. It is a fight. Wealth is a device to avoid surrender. Wealth means, "I have the power myself, why should I surrender? Why should I go to anyone else's refuge, let people come to my refuge."
Wealth is an arrangement for calling others to your refuge. This is why Jesus emphasizes so much that "those who are not poor cannot come to me."
Jesus says, "A camel may pass through the eye of a needle but the rich will not be able to enter the kingdom of God."
This does not mean that those who are rich will be deprived of entry for ever. The question is not so much of the wealth but whether it is the wealth to which you attach the most value. It may be that you have nothing, you are a beggar, but if your values lie in the wealth, your life is structured towards wealth, the basis of your thinking is wealth, you calculate everything with wealth, then you may well be a poor man but you would not be able to enter the kingdom of God. Why? -- because one who believes in wealth believes in the ego. To take refuge in wealth is to take refuge in ego.
To take refuge in Rama, in God, means that one's refuge in ego has come to an end; it is the end of one's own will. The man who is full of what we call willpower will find this statement quite meaningless because he feels that, "I am my own power. My power comes from me; my success comes from me; wealth, position, prestige, all come because of me. I am the source of power; I will create wealth, expand the empire, increase my power; I will fight

even death and will one day attain to the final victory." A worldly man means a man whose confidence is in his own ego.

To understand this is difficult because we attach great value to self -- confidence, we teach self-confidence, we tell every child: "Stand on your own two feet. Have confidence in yourself. Fight, resist, don't be afraid. Maintain the idea that you will win, then you will win. The very secret of competition, ambition, contest, is in keeping confidence in yourself. If you lose confidence in yourself you will waver and fall." We teach every one that, "You are immensely powerful, do not fear, fight, and if not today then tomorrow, all will come to your refuge."

The day this illusion shatters is the day one feels, "How can any power be mine, because I myself am not! 'I am' is nothing but an idea. I can be only if I can manage to remain separate from this whole existence. But if I have no air to breathe even for a few moments, I will come to an end; no sunrise and I will soon die. In this vast network of existence, even if a single little thing slips from somewhere -- all the bricks of the house, the house called me collapses. Of this whole cosmos I am just a small part, and not such as can be separated. The moment I become separate, I am not."

Just think about it. Separate yourself from existence, and what are you? Immediately you disappear. Your life current flows from the whole, the totality. Your breathing comes out of the whole, and goes back to it. You are born out of it, and in death you return to it. Everything comes from it and returns to it. There is a vast cycle of existence in which you revolve; your existence is not separate. Then with whom is

the struggle? It can arise only if you are separate; then others are your competitors, your enemies.

Remember this: until one experiences Rama as the refuge, everyone in the world is an enemy; nobody is a friend. Even the one we call friend is just a hidden enemy; he too is in conflict with us. We are sitting here and there appears to be no struggle. But let the oxygen content of the atmosphere fall and we will all become competitors as to who inhales the oxygen! Scientists say that towards the end of this century the air will be so badly polluted that only the rich will be able to get oxygen. Ever since the advent of technology, our atmosphere is becoming more and more polluted. Oxygen is not going to remain a free commodity for long, because that too is limited. In big cities like New York and Bombay only the wealthy will be able to buy oxygen; the poor will have to exist on polluted air. Just as now the poor live on polluted water, in dirty dwellings, in filthy clothes, in the future they will have to live on polluted air -- because they will not be able to buy pure air. If this situation goes on worsening, only a few will survive -- those who can afford pure air; all the rest will die.

Even now, sitting here, just breathing we are in struggle. We are sitting, apparently peacefully, and there seems to be no struggle, no competition, but the competitor is there inside. Even friends are hidden enemies. If you maintain a separateness, this whole world is your enemy and you have to protect your life by fighting it. Thinkers like Darwin could come up with theories like "survival of the fittest" because basically they consider everyone to be separate. Then life is a conflict, a chaos, and violence is its rule.

Destroying others is the only way to survive. Your death is my life; my death is your life.

In such a way of life, bliss is impossible. Where violence is the law, bliss is impossible. Where violence is the law, celebration is impossible. Where violence is the law, peace is impossible. Where every moment is a fight for survival, there is no way to attain the enlightened state of life. Where there is battle for every breath and a need to become the other's death, how can there be opportunity and room for rejoicing and celebration, and for gratitude? If I am separate -- as we all believe -- then enmity is all around, and how can you arrive at fearlessness amid such enmity? The day this illusion of being separate drops, the feeling of I am-ness dissolves, the ego disappears; one instantly finds that one is a part -- a part of a living universe. That tree there, the cloud wandering in the sky, and I, are all expressions of the same one original source, and are born of the same spring of life. Differences are of the forms; the original source is one. This difference is of the shape, not of the soul. Shapes are different; the soul is one. Forms are different, but the formless stream of consciousness running through all is one.

I am not separate -- that is the meaning of the statement, "Rama is the only refuge." My will is no longer my law now. Surrender is the law of my life, now I bid farewell to struggle and begin floating -- that is the meaning of "Rama is the only refuge." Instantly, the whole universe becomes a friend.

But it is not really right to say this, because how can there be any friendship where there remains no enmity? The whole world becomes a family; there arises the recognition

of the internal familyhood of all the forms in the world. Then I am within all, and all reside within me.This is what Hindus have been calling nonduality.

Don't get confused by the word Rama in the statement "Rama is the only refuge." It has nothing to do with the Hindu deity Rama, the son of Dasharatha. In this sutra, Rama means Allah, God, the absolute existence. Rama here means that phenomenon in which we are living, in which we are breathing and breathe, in whose existence is included our existence. Try to understand this. If this is true, if this experience of the mystics is true, that we are part of the whole, then there can be no such thing as death for us, because it is only persons who disappear; the whole remains forever. It was when I was not, and it will be when I am no more.

If I am separate, then my birth takes place and my death takes place, because separateness both has to be born and has to die also. But if I am not separate, then I was before my birth ; only my forms may have been different. I will remain after my death; my form can be any but there is no way to perish. If I am one with the whole, then life is eternal, with no beginnings and no ends, from infinity to infinity. The fear disappears, and then arises celebration in life. How can fearful hearts dance? Death is omnipresent, casting its shadow from all sides, lurking round every corner, following wherever you go.

The sense of separateness gives birth to death. If I am separate, then death is inevitable. If I am one with this vast oneness, death perishes. Or, to put it another way, the moment ego disappears, death disappears. As the will dissolves, there is no death and the deathless is born. This

is why the mystics say that surrender is deathlessness. People search for nectar....

In the West there is the long tradition of the alchemists. In the East -- in India, in China -- people have been experimenting with metals and chemical formulae, in the hope of finding nectar, something which makes man immortal. But no chemical research will ever lead to nectar, because nectar is not a chemical; neither will it come from mercury, nor from gold dust, nor from pearls. No, none of these will help, because the very meaning of nectar is something else: it is not the product of a chemical process. Nectar means surrender. Nectar means the disappearance of death; it is the death of death itself. As it is, your inner existential state is death. You may try to hide it and you may try to ignore it, but your inner existential state is death. Every moment you are shaken by death; every moment death is resonating within you. Your body is traveling fast towards its death. Each moment brings death a little nearer, and from all around death is watching you. You see an old man and you are reminded of death; you see a demolished house and the memory of death stirs in you; a withered flower is sufficient to bring the fragrance of death; a fountain has run dry -- again it is death looking at you. Look anywhere. Death prevails, and you are shaken by it. In this shaken state....

Kierkegaard, the Danish philosopher, was a great thinker of the West. He says that man's actual state is a trembling; man is shaken every moment. Some time or other just close your eyes and you will find that there is nothing but fear inside. Because of this fear, you may pray to God -- but that too will be only an extension of your fear. The masses that

kneel in the churches and mosques and temples are not bowing down to any God; they are bowing down out of the fear that exists inside them. God is merely a cover-up for the fear that prevails within; kneeling is just a symptom of the warrior who is losing on the battlefield. Inside is an intense trembling. Death is standing in front of them! Frightened, man kneels and wrings his hands, begging to be saved. And this we have formalized into prayer: we face God afraid, and tell him of the death that is pursuing us; we pray for relief, and beg him to save us from death!

I have heard, in Damascus there was a Sufi master. One morning his servant came to him and asked him for his horse. "I have not much time," the servant said. "I was in the market buying vegetables for you, and somebody put his hand on my shoulder; he was shrouded in black. 'Who are you?' I asked. 'Your death! Be prepared this evening, for I am coming,' was his answer."

The master laughed and said, "You may take my horse." The servant left Damascus immediately, and fled to Samarra. When he had gone, the master went to the city and visited the marketplace. He saw Death lurking in the corner and asked him, "Why all this playing tricks? Why did you frighten my servant needlessly? If there was any message to be delivered, you should have brought it to me."

"I did not mean to frighten him," said Death; "it was a surprise to me when my hand reached out on its own and placed itself on his shoulder. I wondered how he came to be strolling around here, when my appointment with him this evening is in Samarra, which is far away. It was my own surprise that placed my hand on his shoulder."

The master laughed again. "But why do you laugh?" asked Death.
"When he asked me for my horse this morning, then too I laughed," replied the master, "and I felt sorry for him. I also felt that he must reach Samarra before nightfall, and walking all the way would wear him out, so I gave him my horse thinking that if he is going to Samarra his death is predestined there."
Run anywhere you like, but even if your horse is the fastest -- there is no escape. All the alchemists passed away. Many claimed to have discovered nectar, but none of them is alive; only their stories live on. Now scientists are repeating the same folly. What we know as chemistry also derives from alchemy, and it was the search for nectar that led eventually to the discovery of oxygen, hydrogen and so on in chemistry. Now, once again, science is proclaiming that something has to be done so that man can be saved from death; and scientists claim that something can be done. This belief that man can overcome death has prevailed since the beginning of time.
And certainly something can be done, but that has nothing to do with a laboratory; it is something that happens in the inner layers of one's being. As long as my own will remains, as long as I am there, death will surely be there. Only on the day when I am not will death cease to be, because the whole never dies; the vast existence never perishes. Waves come and go, but the ocean remains. As long as I am a wave I am going to die; once I am the ocean there is no way to die.
In this sutra, Rama symbolizes this vast ocean. It has no relation with the Hindu or the Christian or the

Mohammedan. For Hindus, Rama is a very sweet word indicative of the universal reality. It does not refer to any person, to any historical figure. To surrender to Rama is to surrender to the whole by effacing oneself. I am not; only the vast expanse, the vastness, the ultimate reality, is -- and there is no other refuge than this. One who is searching for refuge elsewhere will go astray.

Life after life we have been wandering, searching for this refuge. A place of shelter is needed, a shade where one can rest. We have been searching for it through birth after birth, one road leading to another, but the shelter never comes. Many times overnight stops come but not the destination. An overnight stop means one stops for a brief respite, then comes to know that this is not the destination, and so begins a new journey. Every journey links itself to a new journey, but the traveling itself does not come to an end. Only in Rama does the traveling come to an end.

This does not mean that afterwards you do not move anymore, that you do not flow anymore. No, you do move, you do flow because the flow of life goes on non-stop. But you are no more. The journey remains, but the traveler is no more. And the day the traveler disappears, how can worry continue? The day the traveler is not there, who will do the worrying? Then life is a festival, a celebration. Then life is a dance and a music, saturated with samadhi! As it is now, life is a worry, a restlessness, an inner turmoil. As it is now, life is a sadness.

Rama is the only refuge.

Certainly, there is no other refuge but Rama.

Anything more, Maitreyaji?

Question
BELOVED OSHO,
SOME PEOPLE CAME TO KNOW THAT RAMA IS THE ONLY REFUGE BY ARRIVING THERE, BUT WE START FEELING THIS JUST BY LOOKING AT YOU. WHY IS THIS SO?

Yes, you can feel this provided you look -- but who looks? In order to look, a different kind of eyes is needed. There are times when, without your knowing, such eyes appear on their own; there are times when, without your knowing, you forget yourself. In those moments when you are absent, when you are not, the curtain in front of your eyes disappears. In those moments you catch a glimpse.
Seeing happens when there is no seer inside, because the seer is continuously distorting the vision. He has his biases, his theories, his concepts and so on. He is constantly disturbing the seeing, saying: "Look in this way," "See this," or "What you are seeing cannot be." The seer inside does not allow you to see. But sometimes the seer moves aside. This happens unaware, without your knowing. If you knew, you would not let it move aside; you would go holding on to it. Sometimes, listening to me, you simply forget that you are. Then for a moment the curtain moves away from the eyes and you can see. Sometimes, when you are sitting quietly by my side, my peace becomes dense within you too, because peace too is an element, just like the coolness of the air; it is not just your imagination.
You visit a garden; sitting there the cool breeze touches you and everything in you cools down to your very core. Peace is also a similar elemental force. If I am at peace, and if you

can even sit quietly by my side, in a state of acceptance, then the peace which is within me will also penetrate you, will touch your nerves deep within and soothe you to your very core.

And seeing happens when the eyes are cool. Excited eyes cannot see anything. Excited eyes, filled with their own restlessness, are insane eyes. So whenever you are at peace, seeing happens. And for this to happen you do not necessarily have to come to me; I am just an excuse. If you can be at peace and in silence even sitting in your own aloneness, the same will happen. Even if listening to the birds you forget yourself, the same will happen, because the birds are also singing the same song: Rama is the only refuge.

This is not a matter of you alone; the whole existence is saying the very same thing. Except man the whole existence is living with Rama. Only man has gone off the track a little and gone astray. That is why except in man there is nowhere else any anguish; except in man there is nowhere else any insanity. The trees also are born and die, but no ego possesses them, so they are always in bliss. The birds too are born and die, but they are forever dancing and singing; nothing hinders their celebration!

Man has gone astray, and he has the potential to go astray because he is conscious. The birds are full of bliss, but they are not aware of their blissfulness. Man is unhappy because he is aware. If man can forget himself, he too will enter into bliss, just like the birds and the trees. There will be just one difference, which is also the ultimate difference: man will know that he is blissful.

It is this very potential of being aware that has led man into unhappiness, and it is the same potential that will take him into ultimate bliss as well. It can happen anywhere. You are sitting on the river bank; watch the flow -- forget yourself and let the flow go on. Don't even think about the flow, because thinking will bring you back in. Become as though absent, forget that you are, just let the flow go on. At once, as though out of nothingness, the bliss will fill you from within and without; thousands of flowers will blossom within you, and you will be able to see.

Seeing is possible, experiencing is possible, all that is needed is your absence; everything else is an excuse. Having invited you, I am sitting with you, talking to you. This talking is just an excuse. My talking to you is just a device -- a device that perhaps you may get engrossed in my talking while one thing leads to another and you may forget yourself. You may get so engrossed, perhaps you may not be able yet to be so engrossed with a river. Perhaps you have never really looked at the trees, have never really heard the birds; you are not acquainted with that language. But you are familiar with my language, you are familiar with the language of human beings. Perhaps you may get drowned, absorbed in this language; perhaps the poetry of this language may catch hold of you. In that moment, suddenly you will be able to see. Your eyes will be open, as if lightning flashed and all that was in darkness got illuminated.

Even if you see for only a single moment, you will never be the same again, because whatever is seen becomes part of your being. Whatever is seen calls you again and again.

Whatever is seen becomes a challenge to you, and the search begins for what you have seen.
Once you come to understand that my talking to you was only a device to open your eyes, then you can use even the sounds of birds for the same to happen; then they will become your master. Then you may look in the eyes of a cow and she will become your master. Then you can find a master anywhere.
If one knows how to be a disciple, the master is revealed everywhere. The real question is of discipleship. This is why Nanak called his disciples sikhs. 'Sikh' derives from shishya -- disciple. Learn to be a shishya, and the master is available everywhere; even a stone wall will become a master, even a rock will become a master. And if one does not know how to be a disciple, then even a master is no more than a stone wall. So once in a while such glimpses will come to you here. Preserve such a glimpse, nourish it within you, because there is nothing more valuable than this. And keep the search in the direction where you can get the same glimpses even in my absence. Soon, with constant search in that direction, the thread leading to these glimpses will be in your hand. And the thread is such that it cannot be explained; only by persisting with your experiences and searching will you understand it.
It is just like swimming. Ask any swimmer for the key to swimming, and he will be unable to tell you; even a top-class swimmer will find himself unable to explain it. Instead he will say, "Come, let's go into the water! Throw your arms and legs about, and slowly you will come to feel from your own inner experience what kind of hand and leg movement makes swimming happen." Slowly slowly the

haphazard movements of hands and legs will become systematic. And swimming after all is nothing but a systematic thrashing about. If you throw a man who does not know how to swim into the water, he too will thrash his arms and legs about, but without any rhythm or system to it. If he drowns, it will not be because he did not know how to swim, it will be because he did not know the right kind of swimming. Thrashing his arms and legs about chaotically, he will trap himself into drowning.

The difference between a swimmer and this man is not that of thrashing the arms and legs, but of the movement being systematic or unsystematic. The system comes out of experience. By and by, you will move your arms and legs with more expertise, with less labor. When you become still more expert, probably you will not even move your arms and legs; you will be able to simply float on the water. You will cease all doing, the water itself will support you. It is not necessary to thrash your arms and legs; you will be afloat without any effort, just like a flower, like a lotus flower. Then you will not need to do anything. But this floating will happen only out of constant experience.

I am guiding you into a similar swimming experiment. Often you will catch a glimpse, and when you do, look after it; take it within and nurture it. Move with the care of a pregnant woman -- just as a pregnant woman moves cautiously with a baby in her womb. Let this seeing, this moment, become your pregnancy. Gradually, this moment will grow bigger; it will spread all over and you will disappear.

Certainly, being near to me, many times you will feel that Rama is the only refuge. But it can be so even without me, and that should be the target of your meditations.
Enough for today.

Nowhere To Go But In

Chapter #2

Chapter title: None
26 May 1974 am in Buddha Hall

[NOTE: This is a translation from the Hindi discourses: Nahim Ram Bin Thaon. It is being edited for publication, and this version is for reference only.]

Question
BELOVED OSHO,
HEARING YOUR DISCOURSE ON 'RAMA THE ONLY REFUGE' I REMEMBERED YOUR DECLARATION IN THE ANANDSHILA MEDITATION CAMP: "I HAVE COME TO AWAKEN, NOT TO TEACH. SURRENDER AND I WILL TRANSFORM YOU. THIS IS MY PROMISE."
PLEASE EXPLAIN THIS IMMENSELY REASSURING STATEMENT TO US IN DETAIL. ALSO, PLEASE TELL US WHAT IS THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LEARNING AND AWAKENING, WHAT IS THE RELATION BETWEEN SURRENDER AND TRANSFORMATION?

There is a lot of difference between learning and awakening. Learning is very simple, awakening is arduous. For learning, awakening is not a precondition. Learning can happen even while asleep -- in fact everything we learn is learned in sleep, there is no need for the sleep to be disturbed!

Perhaps you know that for the past ten years Russian psychologists have been conducting experiments in teaching children who are asleep. This is a valuable experiment -- to let the child enjoy his night's sleep and yet be learning. Then there is no need for the child to attend school during the day; he can play, he can feel free. School is a day-prison and he will get rid of it. And the experiment is succeeding. The teaching machine is placed near the child's ear while the child sleeps, and instructions in mathematics, language, geography and so on are fed into his unconscious mind.

It has been observed that the disturbances present during an awake person's learning are missing when learning happens during sleep. Awake, the mind is distracted -- other things attract it. The child sitting in the classroom hears the birds singing outside and loses track of the lesson. Somebody walking past outside, or even just a sound is enough to distract him. But the mind of a sleeping child is undivided. And learning happens through the unconscious, not the conscious; all learning happens in what Freud calls the unconscious mind. This is why we have to repeat things that we are learning.

If you are learning a language you have to repeat words and their meanings over and over again, and through this repetition the new information is processed from your

conscious into your unconscious. Recite a poem many times and you will be able to recite it by heart. Recite it just once, and it is forgotten. First the conscious mind reads and learns, and then, through further repetition, the new material sinks deeper and deeper into the lower strata of the unconscious where it is assimilated and becomes in time a part of the unconscious mind. We learn through the unconscious; when we sleep it is the conscious that sleeps, and our unconscious is awake. In sleep the interior mind is awake while the periphery of the mind sleeps. Learning in sleep is learning directly through the unconscious mind. I am recounting this experiment to you so that you can understand that learning can take place without one's being awake -- and may even be better.

Learning and awakening are quite different things. Learning is just a matter of memorizing; no knowing is needed. The knowing may be someone else's -- you can still learn.

This is how all our education operates. All education is borrowed knowledge, there is no concern for one's own experiencing. The libraries are full of books that will help you to learn about love. You can read them all and conduct great research programs, and can even write your own treatises on love; no loving is necessary in order to learn about love. Learning does not require that you experience. To experience, waking up is necessary; and to experience the divine you will have to be fully awake -- it is the experience of complete awakening, it can happen only if you are perfectly awake. You can accumulate worldly knowledge in your sleep too, but to come to know truth is impossible in a sleeping state. These Russian scientists may

succeed in imparting instruction to the sleeping, but there is nothing in this world that can turn a person into a sage in his sleep. At the most one can only ever be turned into a pundit.

Between sleep and erudition, there is no conflict; they are deeply related. But sleep and true knowing are great opposites facing each other, for the very meaning of true knowing is that there is no sleep left, no unconsciousness left, only perfect wakefulness.

We live our lives in slumber; walking, talking, sitting, working, we slumber, unaware of what we are doing. Hungry, we gobble down a good meal. We have to work, so we spend our day in the office and go home in the evening. But these and our other activities are carried through by force of habit; no awakening is needed for them, they are all mechanical routines.

You maybe have heard about somnambulists who walk and do many other things in their sleep. Some of you probably walk in your sleep, because psychologists estimate that a minimum of five percent of adults are somnambulistic. They get up in the night, eyes open, while everything inside remains asleep. They leave their beds and walk around in the dark in a way that they might well be unable to do when awake. They wander through the house, picking their way around the furniture and finding many jobs to do.

It has frequently been observed that the families of such people think they have a ghost in the house; the simple fact is that the ghost creating all the disturbance is living in the family. He also does not remember, and in the morning he will deny any part in what he alone did during the night. He

was as unaware of his actions as a drunkard wandering along a road.

Sometimes drunkards are so at home in their drunkenness that you may not recognize their condition. Sleepwalkers share this same ability to wander over great distances, and to perform tasks that can only be considered as miracles when a person is asleep. There are even people who have committed murder in their sleep, and then returned to bed; and of course, in the morning they have no knowledge of what they have done.

In New York in 1940 there was the case of a man who used to jump from the roof of his house to the roof of his neighbor's house in his sleep. Fifty stories high, and he would leap from one roof to another! People got to know about it, because punctually, on the stroke of one o'clock at night, he would make the leap, and the return leap, and go back to bed. Before long, crowds were gathering each night to watch his death-defying jump -- the distance from one roof to the other was excitingly great! Thus it happened that one night people began cheering as the man made his roof-top leap. They cheered so loudly that their noise brought the man out of his sleep. Now he was not in danger, because he had already finished his first jump, but the moment he awoke he was flooded with fear. Finding himself standing there on the roof, with the crowd below, and the noise, he was so terrified that in the return jump he fell to his death. The very thought that he had made such an impossible leap led him to his death. The jump that he had made so many times in his sleep was, to his conscious mind, impossible!

Learning can take place in a sleeping state. To be asleep means to live a life in which awareness has no place. You are doing something, but your mind is somewhere else. You are walking along the street, your body is there in the street, but your mind is having a conversation with your wife, or may already have reached the office ahead of your physical arrival there. Your mind is already making arrangements in the office while you are still walking along the street. Mind in one place, body in another, is the characteristic of lack of awareness. Mind accompanying body is the characteristic of awareness.

You are here, listening to me. In these moments of listening, if your hearing is all, if only your hearing remains and your mind wanders nowhere else but is here and now, if hearing is the only thing happening, as if the rest of the world has disappeared, as if nothing else remains. Here, I am the speaker, there, you are the listener and a bridge is created between us. Your mind does nothing else, it falls silent, utterly silent; it hears, only hears. When only hearing remains, you experience awareness. For the first time, you discover what meditation is.

Meditation means being in the moment, not leaving this moment. Someone asked Buddha, "How shall we meditate?"

Buddha replied, "Whatsoever you do, do it with awareness; this is meditation. Walking, walk attentively, as if walking is everything; eating, eat with awareness, as if eating is everything; rising, rise with awareness; sitting, sit with awareness; all your actions become conscious, your mind does not travel beyond this moment, it remains in the moment, settles in the moment -- this is meditation."

Meditation is not a separate process. Meditation is simply the name for life lived with awareness. Meditation is not an hour-a-day affair where you sit for one hour and then it is over till tomorrow. No, if twenty-three hours are empty of meditation and only one hour is meditative, then it is certain that the twenty-three hours will defeat the single hour. Non-meditation will win, meditation will lose. If you are living twenty-three hours a day without awareness, and only one hour with awareness, then you will never attain to the state of buddhahood. How can this single hour triumph over the other twenty-three hours?

There is something else that also has to be understood. How can one be aware for one hour if in the remaining twenty-three hours one is not aware? How can you be healthy for one hour if you are sick the other twenty-three hours of the day? Health and sickness are the result of an internal flow. If you are healthy for twenty-three hours of the day, you will be healthy for all twenty-four hours, because the internal flow cannot suddenly be broken for just one of those hours. The current that is flowing goes on flowing.

Meditation cannot come about just because you visit a temple or mosque or gurudwara.. If you were not awake in the shop, in the marketplace, or at home, how can you all of a sudden be awake in the temple? Nothing is going to come about suddenly, when it is not part of an internal flowing. This is why Buddha has said that meditation can happen only if you are meditative for twenty-four hours a day.

So understand well that meditation is not just one of life's innumerable activities. It is not just one link in the chain of man's endless doings. It is like the thread on which all the

flowers of a garland have been strung. Meditation is a lifestyle, not an activity. If one is meditative in everything one is doing, if the thread is running through each of the flowers, only then a garland is created. The thread is not even visible, it is hidden underneath the flowers. Nor can the meditator be seen; he is present, but hidden behind all the activities being done through him. An individual is awakened the day when he begins to live meditatively. While he lives nonmeditatively, he sleeps.

Someone asked Mahavira what was the definition of a sadhu. Nobody else has ever given the answer that Mahavira gave. He said, Asutta muni, sutta amuni -- the one who is not asleep is a sadhu, the one who is asleep is no sadhu".

Who is not asleep? The one whose every action is meditative is not asleep. Religion, liberation, is an experience that happens in such a wakeful consciousness.All other learning is of the mind asleep. This is why I say there is a big difference between awakening and learning.

My whole effort here is not for teaching you. The whole world is available to you for that. There are great universities, pundits everywhere, endless treatises and libraries in which you can learn. The world is vast and you can learn anywhere. There are countless teaching facilities available everywhere.

Moreover, there resides within you an intense ambition for learning, because through learning you become powerful. The more information you have, the higher your degree of expertise in a special subject, the more power you have. The more information you have, the more wealth you have.

Knowledge too is wealth. Some people amass wealth in bank vaults, others in their memory. And remember, the one who gathers wealth in his memory system is cleverer, because the bank can be broken; the financial position of the country can change, a communist revolution can happen. The bank vault is not really safe at all. Thieves, communists, the state, can snatch it away. The protection of the bank is unreliable. But to steal from the memory system is not so easy, though that too is happening now. Ways are being devised to make the theft from the memory system possible. Until now, the memory system never changed with a change of power in the state, but efforts are afoot to bring this about, too. In China and Korea, communists have performed great experiments in stealing or changing the memory of the population, because in the final analysis memory, though hidden within, is also wealth. To reach within the brain is a highly complex and subtle task for man, but nowadays this too has started to happen.

In the old books, in the ancient universities it was taught that to gather material wealth is unrealistic: it can be stolen. But to gather knowledge was considered realistic because knowledge cannot be stolen. Wealth will betaken away by death, knowledge can survive death. Hence the old Indian saying, that the dignity of a pundit is all-pervading; wherever he goes he will be respected. All this is now obsolete. We have found the means to break even into this internal vault. Brainwashing is being exhaustively investigated -- how to change the head by cleansing it of what it has.

It is the Chinese communists who have carried out great experiments -- very dangerous! Their targets were

American prisoners of war in Korea. Their effort was to brainwash these young Americans. And the brain can indeed be washed, because memory is made up of signs, and just as the cassette of a tape recorder can be cleaned and re-recorded, so the memory can be cleared and recharged with new memories. Without his knowledge a Hindu can be turned into a Mohammedan Erase his Geeta, insert the Koran, and the Hindu is converted into a Mohammedan. In the same way a Mohammedan can be turned into a Hindu. Seeing their returning prisoners of war turned into communists, America was shocked. What was consciously impossible had been achieved. Carrying out their own investigations of these prisoners, they found that some meddling had been done, that ways had been found to break the memory.

Now in America too great experiments are afoot in this field. Skinner is a great thinker. He says that now it is not necessary to make people understand; now we have the means to change them. If anyone needs to be made "good" then his head can be changed accordingly. There is no need to tell him or to try to teach or instruct him in morality. With the aid of chemicals, or with surgery, the brain can be changed. Electrodes can be inserted in the head, and the individual can be controlled. In the brain of each child an electrode can be fixed right at the moment of birth, without the knowledge of the parents -- what to say of the child! Through the electrode the whole life of the child can be controlled, yet the child will remain under the impression that his every act is his own. He will not feel that anyone is ordering him; he will feel as if whatever he is doing comes from his own free will, his own inner inspiration.

Through this research of Skinner and his colleagues, the greatest dark age of man's slavery is about to begin. Man may feel that what he is doing is his own doing, while the fact is that he is being controlled by some external agency -- from the capital, through the radio for example. His brain is responding to broadcast waves. Skinner says that even if a whole town has become troublesome, it can be brought to peace in a moment. If people are mutinous, they can be rendered obedient. If soldiers are sent off to war, they can be rendered fearless. It is simply a matter of erasing their awareness of death, and they will act without fear, as if there is no death. Now the means exist to erase, change, steal or renew memory. But this is only possible because memory is also a commodity.

There is only one phenomenon that cannot be annihilated by anybody, and that is awareness, inner wakefulness, inner consciousness. Buddha, Mahavira, Christ are not people with better memories than us, they are people of more awareness than us, a higher degree. Nothing can be taken away from them. We can murder them and cut their bodies into little pieces, but we cannot destroy their awareness, because awareness is not an outcome of any physical mechanism; awareness is the name given to the nature of our spiritual heart, to our inner center, to the core of our soul, or however we may choose to describe it. So awareness cannot be destroyed by anybody. Memory can be emptied and refilled. Memory is given to us from the outer world, hence it can be taken away. Awareness arises within, it does not come from the outside; hence it cannot be snatched away from us.

Except meditation, nothing else transcends death. Not knowledge but meditation alone can be our friend in the moment of death. Meditation alone liberates. Because of this, Hindus have always said that there is no liberation other than meditation. All other phenomena are bonds, and we are bound from all sides. Our morality is a bond, our knowledge is a bond. Only meditation liberates.

So when I said I am trying not to teach you but to awaken, my purpose was to say that I do not wish to strengthen your memory. There is no benefit to be gained even if your memory is increased. You will know a little more, that's all. Your store of information will increase, but this is not going to be of any real advantage. But with a greater awareness, with a deeper consciousness, a higher degree of wakefulness, a revolution can happen in your life.

The efforts for awakening are basically different from those for teaching. Teaching means to tell you something in words which you do not know. Awakening means to make you go through processes so you become that which you are not yet. If, sitting on a river bank, I tell you something about swimming, your information will be increased. If I push you into the river, then swimming itself will be born. Those who wish to make you a swimmer, have no other choice but to push you into the river. You begin to flail your arms and legs, and it is this flailing that is the beginning of swimming.

The experiments in meditation that I am constantly asking you to do are the efforts leading towards swimming. My emphasis is more on technique, less on information. The emphasis on information is only enough that you can be persuaded to do the technique.

If anybody asked Buddha, "Does God exist?", he used to remain silent. But if someone asked him, "Is there any device to find God?", he would immediately speak. If he was asked, "Please, tell us something about liberation", he would not speak. But if someone asked him, "How can I attain liberation?", he would at once begin to answer, as though he was just awaiting the question. At the very end of his life someone asked him, "What was the principle you wanted to teach us?" and Buddha replied, "Principles as such I did not want to teach. I just wanted to give you techniques with which you could come to know the ultimate principle."

Method and information are two different things. We can discuss food for hours at a time, but that is not going to satisfy anyone's hunger; actually it may increase. But if we prepare food, this will satisfy hunger. It does not matter that the food may not be of the highest quality. We may not be able to prepare delicious food at our very first attempt, yet this attempt will satisfy the hunger.

God is a hunger, a thirst within us. It cannot be satisfied by theories. No scriptures can quench this thirst; but if they can just intensify the thirst, they are doing enough. Just through preaching sermons, no master can ever quench this thirst, but if he can intensify it for you, that is a great blessing. And this is what the master does; he does not quench your thirst, he intensifies it. He does not give you satisfaction, he makes you more dissatisfied. He does not leave you at rest, because rest is just death. He makes you more restless, and pushes you into an unknown journey of a mystical nature. He lights a fire in your being so that every pore of it can grow thirsty, every breath becomes

dissatisfied, your whole life becomes transformed into a hunger. You become restless and perturbed until that hunger is satisfied.

When you are around a real master you develop an intense restlessness, while near a pseudo-master you merely receive information. The pseudo-master will convert you into a pundit, you will start knowing many things without really knowing them. Scriptures will settle in your heart, but you will have no contact with the truth. Contact with truth happens only when the thirst crystallizes to such an extent that you become thirst itself. When the thirst crystallizes so much that you don't even feel that you are thirsty, rather you feel that you are a thirst, that every fiber of your being is on fire -- and the moment every fiber of your being becomes aflame, the showers come. And that is the moment of revolution, of transformation. In that very moment you are in contact with truth.

Coming to a master you will receive pain -- pain because you are hungry, you are thirsty, you are unfulfilled, because you don't have that which you are yearning for. Near the master you will receive no consolation. In fact he will take away all your consolations. He will never tell you that everything is okay, that everything will be alright. The master is a revolution; he will disturb all your arrangements for sleep, and make you aware that nothing is alright, that everything is a mess, that whatever you have achieved so far is all rubbish, that you have not taken even the first step towards anything of value, that your hands are full of stones while you are clinging to the golden illusion that you are carrying diamonds.

He will take away everything you have. He will strip you bare. He will reduce you to a complete nothingness. And it is from this nothingness that your spiritual thirst will awaken. He will take away everything from you so that all your assurances are lost, so that your sense of security, all your illusory dreams and plans are shattered.

The master is an iconoclast. But it is not the idols in the temples that he destroys -- that is nothing but folly -- he shatters the image of yourself that is within you. You are not what you consider yourself to be. The serenity on your face is false. Your smile is nothing but a social behavior, an etiquette. When you say that everything is okay, it is a lie -- nothing is okay.

When someone greets you in the morning and asks, "How are you?" and you answer, "Fine!", it is mere words. You have never given it a second thought, how much truth there is in what you are saying. You don't have even the courage to give it a thought, you are afraid of doing that, because you know that nothing is fine, that what you are saying is only politeness, it is just being proper to say to others that everything is fine. But by and by, saying this to others for a long period of time, you yourself have started believing that everything is fine, and you have forgotten that nothing is fine.

Hence approaching a master is dangerous, risky. He will demolish all your illusions; and the fact is that you are nothing but a bundle of illusions. He will cut away all your satisfactions, and such a dissatisfaction will be born in you which will not disappear until you are one with the divine. Such a restlessness is born, such a yearning for the divine, which pricks your heart as though you are full of thorns

within. Such an unease is born that there will be no recovery from it until you attain to the supreme health. This is why only very courageous people go to a master. It will be right to say that only daredevils can approach a master. To approach a master is playing with fire. To approach a master is to set out on a voyage to another world, to travel from a world which is known into an unknown world, to which there is no map, and about which no information is available. It is not a business; it is a gamble, in which we put ourselves at stake without knowing what will happen.

It is these gamblers that I call seekers, sannyasins. They stake all that they know for that which they do not know. The sensible and thoughtful world around them behaves in an exactly contrary manner. Hence, the world always considers a sannyasin to be crazy. The world lives by the rule of business -- bid one dollar only if it is sure to return a dollar and a half. It is better, says the world, to have half a loaf of bread in your hand than to risk it for dreams of the whole loaf. It is better to hang on to what we have, rather than risk losing it to seek more in an uncertain future where we do not know whether we will receive anything at all.

Omar Khayyam, in his famous Rubaiyat, says: "Be not sparing with this life, drink your fill of all that is at hand, because you know not whether what you do not have exists at all. Enjoy this world -- no need to raise the question of the other. If it comes to us then we shall do it justice, but who knows whether it exists or not? Enjoy what you have -- body, senses, and the world. Drink it to the full!"

Enjoy what is at hand, and don't think of what is not -- this is the logic of the worldly individual. The logic of the

sannyasin is just the opposite. It says, "What I have is all rubbish, just stones and garbage. There isn't even anything of value that could be extracted from it. There is nothing to extract, and nothing of any interest can be derived from it. But the moment I leave it, the doors to the unknown open. And that is where joy abides!"

Only gamblers can play this game. This is why I often say that a business-minded man cannot be religious; a businessman lives by mathematics.

I have heard: once a businessman bought two lottery tickets for one dollar each. As it happened, he won the first prize -- a million dollars! Friends and well-wishers rushed to congratulate him, not surprisingly in festive mood; but they found him lying in bed, quite inconsolable.

"What's the matter?" they inquired, "You have won such a fabulous prize, and you are miserable?"

"Yes," he replied, "but I don't know why I should have bought this other ticket. Look at this one which won me a million dollars! But, alas, the other one is such a waste of one dollar!"

This is the attitude of the businessman; hence his inability to become religious.

You will be surprised to know that the great religious figures of this country were all born into kshatriya families -- the warrior caste. They were neither sons of brahmins -- the religious caste, nor of vaishyas -- the businessmen. Mahavira, Buddha, Parshvanatha, Neminatha, Krishna, Rama, all come from kshatriya families. A kshatriya can afford to be a gambler; his is a different style of mathematics. He thinks not in terms of interest, but in terms of staking. For him, to live or to die is\more like a leap.

No matter where he is in the world, the religious person is of a gambling nature. The gambler is a daredevil. The gambler is one who stakes what he has for that which he does not have, he wagers the real for the possible.

A poet may become religious, but a shopkeeper? -- Never! If a shopkeeper turns religious, he makes religion also a business. Religion does not change him, he changes the religion. He brings his ledgers and account books into the temples and the mosques, converting them into shops.

When I say, "I have come to awaken you, not to teach," I am saying that I want to demolish your commercial attitude. I want you to become daredevils, gamblers. Look at what you have with open eyes, and see the nothingness of it -- so that you can set out in search of that which you do not have.

The journey is difficult and it can be carried out only if you go with wakefulness. If you are sleepy, you will go astray. The chances of straying are enormous, because the expanse is enormous. The path for reaching is very narrow -- mystics say it is a razor's edge -- but for going astray is a vast expanse, bigger than this earth. The whole universe is there for your wandering.

Meditation is the razor's edge. The moment you try to meditate, you will understand why mystics have called it razor's edge: it is so minute, atomic, so easy to miss. For a moment meditation happens, and the very next moment you are again in the state of non-meditation. Some time or other try this experiment: take a watch in your hand and try to observe continuously the second hand. Find out how many seconds you can watch the moving hand without being distracted by thoughts. You will discover that three

seconds is your limit, and that too with great difficulty. Even before three seconds have passed, your mind has wandered off somewhere -- on some wish-fulfilling fantasy or into some desirable state. The watch itself, not just the second hand, is forgotten. You will be appalled when you suddenly discover for how many seconds you have completely forgotten the second hand -- then you will understand why mystics refer to meditation as the razor's edge. Just a tiny movement, just for a moment, and you have missed it!

Yes, awareness, awakening, is arduous, but it is worth the difficulty. Compared to what you get, the difficulty is nothing. Everyone who has ever attained has declared that what they did was nothing, while what they gained was all. Hence they talk of attainment as the sacrament, prasad, the gift: it cannot be achieved through effort, it has no relation to what we do. It is as though we did a dollar's worth of work, and received a billion dollars in return. We have done nothing, and we receive all. There seems to be no cause-and-effect relationship between the work and the reward; hence the word prasad -- the gift. It was not attained through our effort; it was offered to us out of grace.

But while we are in it, it is difficult; and this is so because our investment in the sleep is great. Our great hopes, and the wildest fantasies of our dreams, are all contained in sleep, and if we break out of our slumber, all these hopes and dreams begin to collapse. You say to your wife, "I love you"; but when awareness fills you, you will have to say, "I have never loved you". You tell your children, "I am living for you"; but filled with awareness you will discover that it

is not true. You are not living for your children, you are keeping them alive so that you can live on through them when you are dead. Your children are your desire; they are supposed to complete that which you were unable to do. You are trying to travel on their shoulders into the future. Through them you are seeking immortality -- you may die, but your son will remain. Something of you, that is, will remain, something of yours will survive to carry on in the world.

People love to carve their names on stones: "This stone will remain, even though I am gone." If there is so much pleasure in carving one's name on stone, how much more in carving it on a living person? To die without becoming a father is considered a tragedy, to die without becoming a mother is an anguish, because you will leave no living trace behind you.

Your death will be complete, not a shadow of yours will remain. The flow of your current will no longer be continued. Hindus say that unless you leave some offspring behind you when you die, you have not paid your debt to your father.

It is a matter worth considering. Why is it that your debt to your father is paid only when you become a father? Because you are the medium through which your father is living on, and if you bring the flow to a stop, your father's life will continue no further. So make sure you leave a child behind you. A son is needed, and if all else fails, adopt one. No matter that the son is false -- that he is someone else's -- adopt anyway. Hindus have been so bound up in this attitude that they used to invite someone else to come and have intercourse with the wife if she and the husband had

been unable to produce a child. This was not considered to be adultery. So important was it to have a son that the adultery was not seen as such. There was no immorality in it, because the paternal debt has to be paid.

Man longs to escape from death, and he makes his attempts in numerous ways. He builds mighty mansions and huge castles from the most durable stones he can find, and leaves his signature in fine monuments. One way or another he must leave his child in the world. And every father seeks to create the child in his own image. He never stops to consider, "What is so good in me that it is worth leaving my image behind, which is going to make the world more beautiful? It was ugly enough because of me, it was a weight, a dead weight, and now I want to leave my image behind me?"

And if the son deviates a little from the behavior of his father, the father gets disturbed, because it means that he won't be a true image, a true representative! So all parents repeat again and again to their children, "Look, kids, it's for your sake we are living!" But in the light of awareness they will see that they are rearing their children for their own sake. It is hardly surprising if children turn rebellious and take revenge in their youth -- because no one wants to live for the sake of somebody else, everyone wants to live for themselves. The desire of every living being is to give expansion to itself, not to anybody else. So in every son there is a deep hatred of the father.

One of the basic findings of Freud's research is that it is very difficult to find a son who is not, at root, his father's enemy. Superficially he behaves in an acceptable manner and may even respect his father, but deep down there is

opposition. It is equally difficult to find a daughter who is not deep down her mother's enemy.

Gurdjieff used to say that if a person can be found who truly respects his parents, he should be treated as a saint, because it is very difficult to love one's parents. And if it happens... it can only happen because of complete awareness. In this wakeful state you come to recognize that your parents are living in a state of unawareness, and you see that this is not their fault, and then you start feeling compassion and kindness for them.

It is a natural symptom of unawareness to exploit and torture others -- and to disguise the torture as morality. When a father beats his child, you think he is doing it for the child's own good. With just a small amount of awareness you will come to see that the beating has in fact nothing to do with improving the child. What has happened is that somehow the child has hit the father's ego, scratched it; and because of this the father is enraged. He is beating the child because of the knock to his ego, but he says to him, "I am only doing this for your own good," and pretends that he is doing him a favor! Let awareness arise in you, and all these things will drop away!

When a man offers himself as a candidate in political elections, he says he is doing it so that he can serve the public. But no politician ever contests an election for the purpose of public service. True, he himself thinks that this is why he is standing. He is not just saying it, he actually believes it! He is deceiving not only you, but himself as well. "Without a position, how can I serve the public? How to serve without power?" This is his logic. But every servant, just at the moment of rising to power, is converted

to lordship and ownership. He sets out with the idea of serving you, and ends up cutting your throat. He himself was under the impression that he was serving you, but somehow, massaging your legs, he progressed to your shoulders, and ended up cutting your throat, unsuspected by you or by himself. Awareness will reveal to him that his politics is not in fact about serving others; it is about expansion of the ego, and the harnessing of others to his service.

When you serve, you serve only in order to receive the service of others. When you give, you give only so that you can grab what you want. All that you do is exploitation. You just employ high-sounding titles to conceal the truth. This is why I say that you have a great investment in unawareness.

On unawareness depend some of your greatest projects. So it is very difficult to break your unawareness. To break it means to understand that the world you have created around yourself is false, it is only self-deception. It is only a net woven of your own desires, ambitions, violence and jealousies.

It is not easy for anybody to see his whole life empty, and yet be unafraid. We get frightened!, so we shut our eyes, and convince ourselves that whatever is, is right. Let it be! -- there is no need to break it.

This is why meditation is so difficult. You are all ready to learn, but no one is ready to wake up. This is why I have to speak to you -- so that in your desire to learn you become attracted and come to me. It is a great temptation. You are tempted just as fish are tempted onto the hook with the help of bait!

Buddha also speaks, and Jesus too, knowing very well that speaking is just meaningless, that there is no point in it. But you are fish that would not come near without bait. To teach is like bait, and to awaken is the hook. It will hurt, it will make life difficult. It will bring an end to this life as you know it but will give birth to a new life. It is a rebirth. Every rebirth is preceded by death. In awakening, you will have to die. You cannot continue, you will come to an end. And who is ready to die easily? But in learning, your continuity is unbroken. You remain the same -- maybe even improved, sharpened, cleaner. It is making you more sophisticated. The more you learn, the more cultured, civilized, educated, sabhya you seem to be.

Sabhya is a very sweet word. It means a man who is fit to sit in a sabha, a meeting. The more knowledge you have, the higher is your eligibility to be in a meeting. The more you know, the more sophisticated your ego becomes, just as the facets of a diamond are created by cutting and polishing so that it shines more. The uneducated man is like an uncut diamond. Only a jeweller can recognize an uncut diamond. An educated man is like a cut diamond; any fool can see the glitter and sparkle of it. You are all willing to learn because your ego will not only continue, but will actually become more polished, more refined. But you are not willing to become awakened, because awakening will bring you to an end, and the new will be born.

So I begin with teaching so that I can awaken you, but teaching is not the purpose. And if a person comes to me directly in order to be awakened, I do not try, even in the least, to teach.

In connection with this you need to understand about surrender. If I am teaching you, surrender is not needed; what you need is will. Only the person who has will and willpower can learn, because for learning concentration is essential. For learning, the narrower the channel of your mind, the better; because through a narrow mind things enter directly into the unconscious to become part of your memory. Hence all schools emphasize concentration -- it is necessary for learning. A thousand and one ways -- rewards as well as punishments -- have been devised to promote and improve concentration.

Through fear of punishment concentration is achieved. Will you ask anybody how to concentrate if someone is holding a knife against your chest? Your concentration will be total, you will forget everything else. The tune you were humming will disappear, the train of thought you were following will come to a halt. All your attention will be concentrated on this sharp point. Out of fear comes concentration. This is why students in schools, colleges and universities are made to live in fear. Very subtle ways of fear are used. If you fail in the examinations you will lose face, people will laugh at you. But this is not all, there is fear about the world too. If you go on failing like this, where do you stand in the world? How will you earn your living? Where will you find a home? You will be a nobody! This fear has first to be deeply instilled. As the fear crystallizes, you begin to concentrate. This is why a student's concentration deepens as the exams approach; his fear has crystallized more, and his frightened mind deepens its concentration.

The opposite side of fear is reward. There is not much difference between punishment and reward. Reward is inverted fear. Attain the first place in exams and you will win a gold medal, your name will be publicized, honors will be showered on you, and all sorts of opportunities for high professional status and good jobs will come your way. To fulfil your ambitions will become easy. The ego will be further refined, and it will enjoy its prestige. Then comes the fear of not achieving the gold medal, and also the greed to achieve it.

All education is based either on greed or on fear.If you want to teach, you must frighten. Hence all these so-called gurus who want to teach you will first have to scare you. Hell was created for this purpose, and heaven too. There is neither heaven nor hell; they are nowhere to be found, except inside you. Geographical exploration is pointless: dig as deep into the earth as you like, you will not find hell; nor will the rocket aimed toward the stars ever reach heaven. Outside yourself they are nowhere to be found. Heaven and hell are within you, they are extensions of greed and fear. The greed is for heaven, and the fear is of hell.

Religions understood that if you want to teach people, you have to frighten them or create greed in them. It is a strange contradiction that religions continuously exhort you to be free of fear and greed, and yet go on preaching of heaven and hell.

Rabiya was a Sufi mystic -- a woman. One day the townspeople watched her running through the town. In one hand she held a burning torch, and in the other a pot full of water. People used to consider her to be mad -- people have

always treated mystics as mad; only these so-called mystics who have the same business mind that you have will not be regarded as mad. Only the one who is not much different from you will be treated as a saint. But between the saint and yourselves there has to be a fundamental difference!
So people considered Rabiya mad, and her behavior today was excessive -- a flaming torch in one hand, and a water pot in the other!
In the marketplace people called to her, "Rabiya, where are you rushing off to and what is all this in your hands?"
She replied, "This flaming torch is to burn down your heaven, and this water is to drown your hell. Until your heaven and hell are annihilated, there is no way that you people can become religious."
How can one become religious without destroying fear and greed? But if you have to teach, then fear and greed are necessary. Through fear and greed the mind learns to concentrate, and only when the mind is concentrated can you learn.
If you want to awaken, concentration is not needed at all. In order to awaken, there is no need whatsoever for fear and greed. Greed and fear and concentration of the mind have to come to an end. This may be difficult for you to understand because concentration has been mistaken for meditation. Concentration is not meditation. Concentration is a state of tension. Meditation is a state of relaxation. Concentration is narrow, meditation is expansiveness. Meditation means that mind has come to rest; it is not flowing in any particular direction, it is not fixed on anything; it is simply at rest.

You are sitting under a tree. If you want to concentrate, then recite some mantra, some chant, or place a sacred article in your hands on which to concentrate your mind. This is nothing but an aspect of learning. This can produce power, because from the will issues power. But no peace will come from this; there is no relationship whatsoever between willpower and peace. Out of concentration only a Durvasa, the notorious Hindu saint, famous for his fits of anger, can be born.

Durvasa represents the last milestone on the highway of concentration, he is the ultimate in concentration; this is why if Durvasa curses you to death, there is no escape. You will die then and there, because Durvasa has concentrated his mind to such a degree that whatever he says will enter into your unconsciousness like an arrow, and once there it will become a suggestion. It will take root there, like a seed. If Durvasa cursed you to die, you cannot continue to live. You will have to obey him; so intense is his power of concentration that you will have to submit to it, and you will wither under his gaze. In the face of a Durvasa you will have no choice but to be afraid.

This is why I am unable to call Durvasa a sage. How can one whom we have to fear be a sage? The sage is one in the face of whom all our fears are dispelled. But the man of concentration is to be feared. Just a glance from a man of concentration and you will feel the tremor within you. Rasputin in Russia was a Durvasa of this age. Wherever he cast his eyes he created danger and deep fear. Prince Yusupov, the man who assassinated him, closed his eyes while shooting because if Rasputin had managed just to look into his eyes he wouldn't have been able to use the

pistol. Rasputin's eyes were so powerful that he could enter you with no hindrance. Blinking was a phenomenon unknown to Rasputin. If he turned his gaze to you, you would become uneasy. His unblinking eyes, and his concentration, accumulated for years, would arouse fear in you. Wherever he looked he created difficulty -- this much was certain. It was just through the power of his eyes that he had gained his place behind the czar's throne. The czar's young son was a hemophiliac; just a little cut, and he could bleed to death; a small wound, and nothing could stop the blood oozing away. But if Rasputin just looked into the young boy's eyes and said, "Stop!" the bleeding would stop. At the time this was considered a great miracle. But researches in hypnosis say today that blood is also under the control of deeper levels of the mind. If I want to raise my hand the hand will move, it will be lifted up. And if a hand can be moved then blood can be stopped. The hand obeys, and what is a hand but bones and blood and tissues? When I want to walk my legs obey; when the whole of my body obeys me, why not my blood as well? Only a little practice in concentration is needed.

While the child was in Rasputin's hands, he overpowered the whole of the royal family. If Rasputin were absent just for a day and the child began to bleed, no doctor would be of any help. Rasputin made a very strange forecast: he predicted that the power of the czar would cease to exist very soon after his -- Rasputin's -- death. Now, he made this statement of course so that the czar should protect him, and the czar indeed did his best. But within a year and a half of Rasputin's death, the three-hundred year old czarist empire came to an end.

As I understand it, Rasputin's words must have reached deep into the czar's heart. Rasputin was assassinated eighteen months before the Russian Revolution in 1917. With his assassination the czar's empire began to disintegrate. With each passing day the czar and his wife must have felt more and more the impossibility of continuing without Rasputin. How could the empire be run, even for a single day? All is destroyed, even as Rasputin is destroyed. The feeling must have gone very deep.

There is a superficial layer of history at which events can be viewed. On this superficial historical level, Lenin is the most important personality behind the Russian Revolution. But there is a deeper level of history, and at this level it is Rasputin who is the most important figure behind the revolution. It is because of Rasputin that the Russian Revolution could happen. This is psycho-history; its events are not visible on the surface; you can only see them from within.

If you are sitting under a tree and practicing concentration, power will arise in you. Power of any kind feeds and nourishes the ego. Hence you will always find that the sannyasins who practice concentration of mind are great egoists. Their each and every action is a great manifestation of their ego; whether they are talking, walking, sitting or doing something, all is full of ego. How can a man who is filled with his own ego be in tune with existence? It is impossible.

Meditation is a state exactly opposite to concentration. Meditation means that you are sitting under a tree, with your consciousness open to all directions. It is not running in any direction -- it is open to all. It is not running; it is

steady and available to all. The bird's song will be heard, with no thought as to whether it is a cuckoo or some other bird. The moment thought enters, meditation disappears; with thoughts, concentration begins. The bird will sing, its song will echo in your inner emptiness because you are open and available, but there will be no ripple of thought; the sound will echo and disappear. A plane flies by overhead, and its roar too will echo and vanish. A train whistle blows; its sound echoes within you and fades away. The leaves will be falling from the trees, their sound echoing in your inner emptiness, but you won't be thinking, you will just be.

Meditation is the name of this being, of being without thought. And meditation is no narrow state of mind, it is no narrow-flowing river, it is an ocean. Concentration is like a river, actively flowing fast into a certain direction. Meditation is like the ocean, a vast expanse open to all directions, but not flowing anywhere. The river can be flooded; to the ocean, flooding is unknown. Rivers are running and narrow, a small amount of water fills them up -- just a little less water and they run dry. Concentration can be flooded and stormed with great power, and concentration can also run dry and become lifeless. Meditation is never flooded and never runs dry. It is steady within itself.

Wakefulness is attained through meditation and meditation is surrender. Concentration is attained through willpower, meditation through surrender. Surrender means abandoning oneself to the whole, becoming one with it.

Nahin Ram Bin Thaon -- become one with Rama who is everywhere present, become one with existence. Let your

drop disappear into this! Let your separate identity go, because as long as you remain separate you cannot be open, the doors and the windows will have to be closed, a wall will have to be put up. Leave them all open. Let the breeze pass through you, without meeting any obstacle. Let the sounds pass through you, let there be no walls to hold them back. Let your self become an openness, an open sky. This will happen through surrender.

Surrender is one inner state; will is another. Will means conflict; surrender means no conflict. A man swimming in a river is a symbol of will; a man floating on the river is a symbol of surrender. The swimmer can drown, the floating man will never drown. Have you ever seen a corpse drowning? A living man will always fight. Even if he is floating he will be conscious of drowning; there will always be some resistance. But the corpse is utterly efficient; it is very meditative. It has no regard whatsoever for anything that may happen, and the result is that no river can drown it.

Doctors actually use this phenomenon for a test when making post-mortems of people found dead in water. If a corpse is dragged from a river and found to have water in its lungs, it indicates that the body was alive when it entered the river. If there is no water in the lungs, then the person must have been dead before being put in the river, because a dead man does not fight with the river -- and the river therefore does not fight with him, but floats him like a flower upon its surface.

A meditative person is one who has died to his ego. Surrender means dissolving one's ego and saying to existence, now it is Your will, not mine. This is the very

meaning of this sutra: that it is You, not I; that I surrender my ego to You. This ego, which I have so carefully preserved, which has brought me so much unhappiness, which I have carried through birth after birth until all my strength has gone; this ego, which has weighed me down and brought me nothing of any value, I am returning to You!

Surrender is this returning of the ego. Surrender is to live life without an I. Sitting, it is no longer I who sits; getting up, it is no longer I who gets up. One becomes only an instrument through which existence sits and existence gets up. It is existence who gets hungry, whose hunger gets satisfied; it is existence who gets thirsty and whose thirst gets quenched;let the "me" be moved aside.

Surrender does not just mean bowing down to someone's feet. Surrender means to live a life in which "I" is no longer formed, in which "I" is not created; in which existence works through you without hindrance.

Krishna's whole message to Arjuna in the Gita is just this, nothing else: allow yourself to disappear, and let existence be. If existence wants this war to happen, let it happen; if it wants it to stop, let it stop. You just become an instrument, a tool. Let the sword stay in your hand, but allow it to be in the hands of existence. Let there be nothing of yourself within you. Then there will be action, but no concern about its fruits -- because it is always the ego which looks for the fruits.

Action is a part of life energy. Action is nothing but the play of energy. The desire for the fruit is the desire of the ego. Ego asks, "What will be the fruit of my action?"

This is why small children are able to play. But as we grow up, the play ceases, because ego begins to ask, "What will I get from it? What about the fruit?" A small child is whirling around on his own, just whirling around and around, and we ask, "Why are you wasting your energy like that?"

Wasted, we say, because that much energy could have made some money, that much labor could have earned something. So we ask the child, "What are you getting out of what you are doing? What is to be gained?"

Ego always inquires after the advantage: what will be gained? People come to me and they ask, "What will be gained through meditation?" I tell them, "Nothing will be gained through meditation; on the contrary, you may lose what you already have!" Who has ever gained anything out of meditation? Everything is lost, and when everything of yours has disappeared, all that remains is God. This is moksha, liberation. Rama is everything. I am nothing!

But by Rama, do not understand the warrior, the archer, that Rama whose statues are standing in the temples. He is useless. You may drop everything at the feet of these temple statues but nothing will be dropped. Nobody ever really goes to the temple to offer; on the contrary, everyone goes there to beg. If a man bows down at Rama's feet, it is only to ask for something in return. He has come with a demand. He is only trying to persuade Rama.

"You are great and marvelous," he says, "you are the savior of the fallen!" He is just flattering; what he means is, "I want something; fulfill my demands!" He is just playing the game of greed on Rama.: if you do not fulfill those

demands, all praises will cease, and condemnation will take its place.

But the Rama you can influence by your praise is not Rama, the Rama you can sway by your criticism is not Rama, the Rama who listens to your demands and caters for them is not Rama. He is just the webwork of your own desires; he is a statue of your own making. He is your toy. It is you who have installed him in the temple. The temple is just a part of your dream. No, I am not talking about that Rama.

I am talking about the Rama who is singing in the birds, who is swaying in the trees, murmuring in the fountains; I am talking about the Rama who is in the open sky, who is everywhere. I am not referring to a person, I am referring to the ultimate energy. If you have eyes to see, you will experience the expanse of energy everywhere. You will see the expanse of a supreme energy which manifests in various forms and then dissolves. All this vast play is Rama.

Hindus have chosen a beautiful word, Ramleela, to signify the drama of Rama's life. This is a sweet word, a tempting word. Leela means play -- children's play, which implies an abundance of energy. With so much energy, why just sit or lie around? Let us play! Only Hindus have the concept of play in their religion. Christians say, "God created the world." Creation seems to have a seriousness about it, creation seems to be loaded with some purpose behind it, some end in view, somewhere to reach.

Hindus say, "The world is God's play, leela." Leela means there is so much overflowing energy, just to sit idle is impossible! So, God thought, "Let me play!" This is the

reason why children cannot sit quietly. Ask the older ones, whose energy has faded, who find it difficult to walk; they will happily agree to sit quietly. But children bounce, overflowing with energy! They cannot sit! Even if you try to make them sit, they will start fidgeting. The energy is overflowing.
God is infinite energy, and we are his overflowing. The whole existence is his overflowing. It is all his abundance that is flowing. And he can never be exhausted. This energy that can never be emptied, is called Rama. And the day this Rama becomes your final refuge, the day you come to experience that there is nowhere else to go but within, you find that an overwhelming gratitude has arisen in your life. No gratitude can arise in life until this happens.
Enough for today.

Nowhere To Go But In

Chapter #3

Chapter title: None
27 May 1974 am in Buddha Hall

[NOTE: This is a translation from the Hindi discourses: Nahim Ram Bin Thaon. It is being edited for publication, and this version is for reference only.]

Question
BELOVED OSHO,
OUR IMPULSES SEEM TO BE STRONGER THAN OUR UNDERSTANDING. WHEN WE LOOK WITH

AWARENESS AT OUR OWN FEELINGS OF HATRED, JEALOUSY AND ANGER, THEY SEEM TO BE ARISING FROM THE NAVEL CENTER. THE WITNESSING AND RISING UP OF THE WAVES HAPPENS SIMULTANEOUSLY. PLEASE, TELL US WHY THESE WAVES ARISE FROM THE NAVEL CENTER? IS OUR UNCONSCIOUS RELATED TO THE NAVEL CENTER AND IS THERE A GREAT STORE OF THESE IMPULSES IN OUR UNCONSCIOUS, OR ARE THEY CREATED MOMENT-TO-MOMENT?

There is no division in the flow of consciousness. It is only as a result of repression that there is a division between the conscious and the unconscious. It is important to first see this rightly.

When a child is born, its consciousness is one, and undivided. There is neither a conscious mind nor an unconscious mind; there are no such divisions. But before long the process of compartmentalization begins -- because we will start teaching the child what is right and what is wrong, we will preach what is good and what is bad, what he should do and what he should not do. When we go on teaching the child, "You are not to do this, this is bad," what is the child to do? Nothing dies just because we categorize it as bad. We tell him that anger is bad. The child hears and understands, but the anger in him is not going to cease to exist just because we say it is bad -- because anger is a natural instinct. The child has not learned to feel anger, he is born with it; anger is as much a part of him as his body, his eyes, his hands.

Nature uses anger. Anger is energy. Without anger, the child will not survive. Anger will give him the strength for struggle in his life, anger will give him strength to stand up against conflict anger will give him the drive. Anger is an unavoidable feature of his life's journey.

We say, "Sex is bad," but sex is not something that has been learned from the books and movies; otherwise, how would the birds and beasts learn it? They don't go to movies -- though our so-called saints blame the movies for spoiling people -- nor do they read sex literature, but sex is there. So the child is born with it. We say that sex is bad, and those people who say sex is bad have given birth to this child through their sex. Had there been no sex, the child would not be here. Each child is a living symbol of sex. Each and every cell of his body is constructed of particles of sex. His whole body is a crystallized form of sex. And we say it is bad! What is the child to do?

For the baby, nothing is bad and nothing is good... yet. He has not even thought about such things, we implant such thinking in him. And we are powerful. We reward him for doing what we call right, and punish him for what we call wrong. And it is not we alone who are labelling things as bad, the whole society all around is calling it wrong. The child is alone. He is very natural, but he is alone, weak, helpless; and he is dependent on those who are labelling our impulses as wrong. It is they who feed him and clothe him; they can beat him and punish him. What is the child to do?

If "wrong" could be brought to an end just by saying so, the child could bring his wrong impulses to an end. But no, it does not come to an end, so the child begins to repress it.

Repression begins and whatever the parents and society call wrong, the child relegates it to the basement of his mind. And it is all this hidden away stuff that becomes the unconscious. This is how the unconscious is born.
Whatever is kept in the back cellar, the child has no wish to see, because if it is seen the child will become restless and troubled. So the child begins to create an inner blindness so that he cannot see the bad things in himself.
You may have noticed that at the first sign of fear, children close their eyes. Perhaps they think that if they cannot see, then the fear will go away. This is the logic of the ostrich. On seeing an enemy, the ostrich buries its head in the sand. This way it cannot see the enemy, so it thinks there is no enemy there. What is not seen, does not exist! Only what is seen, exists. What is the child to do? We have no idea of the child's dilemma. The things that he has been told are bad, are now hidden within himself; he stops looking at them, turns his back on them. It is this turning of the back that gives birth to the unconscious.
Thus, you will be surprised to know that you cannot go back into your memory earlier than when you were four years old. Go back and you will find that your memory stops at a certain point, and you cannot go beyond that point. Five years, four years, three for those who can look back furthest -- that's all. There it stops. Those three or four years at the beginning of your life you have completely wiped out. But if you are hypnotized and asked, those memories appear. It is not that the memory was really erased, but just that you have turned your back on it.
Why should you be unable to remember the first four years of your life? Psychologists have been very anxious to

know. After all, you were conscious. The child less than four years old lives in a world of conscious experiencing; there are events happening, there are happinesses and unhappinesses happening. Why is their remembrance lost? The scientific finding of psychologists is that we turn our backs on that which makes us unhappy -- this is our way of getting rid of unhappiness. But everybody says that the childhood days were such happy days! Had they really been happy, those memories of the first four years would be available -- because we preserve the memories of happiness, it is the unhappiness that we tend to forget. Had childhood been happiness, it would have crystallized in our memory; we would never have lost sight of it. But it is not the whole of our childhood that we remember, and herein lies the reason why we have the idea that childhood was such happiness -- because the unhappiness is forgotten. Those four years that we have forgotten have become our unconscious.

It is or this reason that Freud and his followers, who have worked most deeply on the human mind, see it as their first task to restore the lost memories of childhood to their psychiatric patients. All psychoanalysis is the process of going back to the childhood memory. "Whatever your illness today," they say, "its root cause lies hidden in your childhood, and the illness cannot disappear until the cause is uprooted."

All that we have repressed during our childhood will follow us like a shadow throughout our life, influencing our personality and coloring all our actions. You may go mad when you are sixty; but the seed of your madness might be lying in those first four years. Over the years that seed has

become a tree, but its roots are in the childhood. If we dig down to those roots and cut them away, the whole tree will die. Hence the preoccupation of psychoanalysis with childhood.

The unconscious is created out of repression. Repression is the child of nonacceptance. Your impulses are lying hidden in your unconscious. Everything that is suppressed is very powerful. Society has labeled it bad because it is powerful. Because society is afraid that if it is not repressed, it is so powerful that it will shatter society to pieces, it will destroy it.

The most powerful of all is sex; hence it is sex to which society is most opposed. Society seeks the total suppression of sex, because as soon as one's sexual feelings are repressed, the person becomes a slave to the society. Look at a bullock and compare it with a bull. The bullock has been castrated, the bull's sexuality is intact. These two animals seem not to belong to the same species. The dignity, the grace, the power of a bull gives it such a different quality compared to the bullock. The bullock is lifeless, without passion -- but if we want to harness an animal to a cart, only a bullock will do; the bull is so powerful that his strength will make it impossible to control him. It is difficult to say where he will go. He will take the cart where he wants -- into ditches and hedges, into ups and downs, which the cart will never survive. It is not so with the weak, domesticated bullock.

Every child is born a bull; and society converts every child into a domesticated ox, because only then can his power be harnessed and yoked; only then can he be used. It is because we have converted the wild into the domesticated

that life lacks interest, magnificence and grace; and we have been doing it for such a long time that we no longer know -- we have no idea -- what we are doing.
Society is afraid of what the new generation will do if every child is left completely free in sexual affairs. Will they still carry the burden of society? The fear is that they will not.Will they still be prepared to become school teachers? The fear is that they will not. Will they still work as clerks, sitting in offices all their lives? The fear is that they will not. Ultimately will the institution of the family be able to survive strong liberated sexual passion? The husband will be afraid: is the wife going to care for him? One feels fear with the idea of this much energy. Everything will be thrown into chaos, and anarchy will be the result.
Society's fear of energy runs very deep; hence the necessity to weaken the child. But the weakness is only superficial, just like the embers which stay alive and glowing from the inside, spreading their heat to the ashes. The topmost layer of your personality has become just like ashes. This is why you are so miserable and lusterless, smothered, because no one can be blissful and joyful without energy.
The experience of pure energy is bliss. William Blake, a great Western poet, said, :"Energy is delight."And where energy is on the wane, bliss is lost, weakness enters. Another name of weakness is lack of interest; and the whole of society is out to weaken you, and all that is lying buried inside you. Whatever was powerful and has been buried will drive you, push you, moment to moment.
So when you experiment with witnessing or meditation, on the one hand the witness will be there, and on the other

hand the fiery waves will be rising up from the unconscious. Desires will be awakened, anger will be in an active state. There is no way to avoid it. Whatever is repressed will have to be witnessed; whatever is buried inside will have to be faced. Wherever we have made ourselves blind, we will have to create eyes. We will have to undo the things we were taught to do as children, and redo them in a totally different manner. We will have to return to that point in our childhood at which our energy was stolen. This is why all religiousness is nothing but reclaiming of childhood.

Jesus says,"Only those who are like children will enter the kingdom of heaven." Like children! -- that state of pure energy, uninterrupted and undivided, where there are no labels like conscious or unconscious, only a continuous flow of one undivided consciousness; where the madness of right and wrong is still unborn; where everything is accepted; where the child has not yet begun thinking, where no thinking abides -- this state will have to be regained.

Religion is a way of getting free of all the injustices perpetrated against you by society. Religion wants to return to you all that society has stolen from you.

This is why religion can never be social.

Religion is basically revolutionary and non-social. That is why whenever there is a religious person -- a Jesus, a Buddha, a Mahavira, a Krishna -- the society is always against them. Society never accepts a religious person, because rebellion is the basic stance of the religious man. His essential process is to demolish whatever injustice society has done to you -- wherever society has paralyzed you, stolen your energy from you, blocked the upsurge of

your fountain of life -- and to free you utterly and completely.

So society is essentially anti-religion, and religion is essentially anti-society. And it may surprise you, because Hindus, Mohammedans, Christians, Jainas and Buddhists, are all social. Buddha is not social, Buddhists are. Mahavira is not social, Jainas are. It is again one of the society's tricks -- to absorb religion.

A sect is born when society manages to convert even a rebellious religiousness from a bull into a bullock. Just as it turns each rebellious child into a conforming child, when society manages to cut off the revolutionary element of a religion. then it becomes a cult, it is no more a religion. Jesus is religious, Christianity is a cult. So Jesus is crucified by society -- it has no alternative but to crucify him -- and around his crucifixion the church is created and Jesus is worshipped. Now the revolutionary element is dead, and in place of Jesus, enters the pope.

Adi Shankaracharya, the Indian mystic, was likewise scorned and was the target of much abuse, but the present shankaracharyas of his monasteries receive great honor. Adi Shankaracharya was an unbounded flow of revolutionary energy, a Ganges rushing towards the ocean. He cannot be channeled like a canal. And these shankaracharyas today are like canals; you can lead them anywhere you like -- they have no freedom of their own.

Understand it well that religion is the greatest revolution possible in the world, because the goal of religion is to take you back to that original, innocent state of being in which you were born; it is to undo everything that society has done to you. Zen masters say, "Religion is discovering your

original face." When you were born you had no inkling of life and death, right and wrong; neither was there fear or hatred, attachment or freedom, nor were you worldly or religious. At the moment of your birth you were like pure water, with not even a hint of any impurity. Religiousness is the name given to the regaining of that clarity, and religion is its process.

So when you become a witness to what is happening in you, all that society has taught you to repress will begin to rise, because witnessing means that the weight holding it all down is removed. Right now you are sitting on top of it, so everything remains suppressed. People come to me to tell me about the strange states arising out of their meditations. They expected meditation to bring them peace, and instead they find themselves facing inner tempests. They expected meditation to bring them satisfaction, and find themselves aflame with dissatisfaction. They thought anger would disappear, and find themselves, to their dismay, hot with anger!

In the beginning this is bound to happen. You have been sitting on the lid that covers your repressions, and you have been riding on that lid a long time, trying continuously to hold down everything beneath it. To become a witness means that you have finally jumped off the lid; now you will only stand aside and will not do anything. Now you will no longer repress, now you will just witness. So everything suppressed will arise, all the repressions will catch fire; you will find flames leaping where there were only ashes. All the anger and sex and turmoil will surge up, will surround you, but even in these moments you maintain your witnessing. It will not last for long, because it is just

the explosion of the repressions. As these flames flare up, and fade, the fire below will begin to disappear; and as the smoke is dispelled into the vastness, you will find a clear, smokeless space within. A day comes when you find suddenly that you are standing alone, nothing is left to be seen. The witness is there, but there is nothing to be witnessed -- no anger, no sex, no hatred, no envy, no jealousy. But this will take time....

If you were dealing with the accumulated repressions of only one lifetime, it would be different. But these are the repressions of numerous lives. Nobody knows how many times you have been born, and how many societies have crushed you. And each time a different society, and all these societies destroying you in different ways... this is why you carry so many inner contradictions.

Once you were a Hindu, and you were taught that this is right and that is wrong. Then once you were a Mohammedan and you were taught exactly the opposite, that this is wrong and that is right. Once you were a Jaina, and once a Buddhist... the number of societies you have wandered through is endless. You have learned so many rights and so many wrongs, and they are so contradictory to each other that you are in deep inner conflict and great confusion. So many people have carved and shaped you that no single image of you has developed. So many images have been carved, and your stone would have looked so much more beautiful if it had been left untouched. The sculptors have made it deformed and ugly.

The process of witnessing will take time, and this will depend on the effort you put into witnessing, and also on how much is repressed within you. If your effort is really

profound, things may happen very quickly. If the effort is only lukewarm, you may begin to feel the effects only after a few lives, or may never feel it at all. The time taken will depend on how intensely, how enthusiastically and how totally you give yourself to the effort to become grounded in witnessing. If your witnessing can be total, all the turmoils can come to an end in an instant! If you become the very awareness, if in the moment of awareness all your energy becomes awareness itself -- no doer remains at all, only the watcher -- then even in an instant such a seeing will burn up everything lying suppressed within you.

Have you heard the story of how Kamadeva, the divine embodiment of sex, went to tempt Shiva?

Shiva was sitting in meditation, and all around him Kamadeva was weaving the web of passion and sex. The moment Shiva opened his one eye, Kamadeva's body was burnt utterly away. Since then he has no body, and is known as Ananga, the bodiless. Such a thing can happen to you, too. There will be no need to open even two eyes -- just one eye is sufficient, provided your whole being is flowing through it, provided you are able to see in your totality through that eye. Then whatever rubbish you are carrying within will be burned away and will cease to exist.

It is important to remember that anger, sex, jealousy, are all aspects of your body, they are not aspects of you. This is where lies the difference between society and religion. Society thinks of them as belonging to you yourself, and so engages itself in suppressing them. Religion recognizes that they are not part of your essential being, but are parts of your body. So religion sets out to awaken you. Society endeavors to repress you, religion endeavors to awaken

you, because it is the understanding of religion that the more awakened you become, the more you will be free from passions. The society thinks that the more you are repressed and made to sleep, the more you will be relieved of passions. Society's insight is based on the experiences of mediocre people; people like Buddha do not create society. People like Buddha are born into their aloneness.

There exist no societies of such people, hence, so far, none of the laws of society are intelligent. Society is made up of great crowds of fools, mobs of unintelligent people, and the laws are framed by them. It is as though the laws are made by blind men; and when a child is born with eyes, those blind men operate on the eyes of the child to blind him, saying, "This child is born with an accidental deformity. Eyes should not exist, but this child has eyes. Cut them out!" Or else they will teach the child to keep his eyes closed, because no one sees; and when no one sees, it is a crime to see. They will create in the child a sense of guilt about seeing, and teach him to regard it as a sin. "If you see you are a sinner, so be prepared for your eyes to be removed, or agree to keep them shut."

Society is made up of the blind. Those who have eyes have no society; they are born alone. Kabir said, "There are no crowds of mystics and they do not form a group." The mystic is all alone, because these heights are such that they can be attained only by individuals. The crowd cannot reach there. The heights are so difficult and arduous to climb that it is only once in a while that an individual makes it; the rest of the people are left behind. Society is made up of people who have no intelligence. But the fools also create the rules, and they live under the impression that

they are intelligent. The first principle of the unintelligent is that you are the body, and nothing else but this body -- this is the first principle of the ignorant -- so whatever resides in your body is you. The first principle of the mystics, of those who know, is that you are not this body; you are other than the body and separate from it. Your being is altogether unique and unconnected with it. You are in the body, but you are not the body. The body is like a house and you are its resident. The body is like clothes and you are wearing it to hide yourself. The body is like an instrument to be used, or a chariot, and you are the charioteer.

So the first principle of the mystics is that you are separate from the body, and the first principle of the ignorant is that you are identical with the body. The whole trouble between the two is based on this. If you are not separate from the body, then whatever faults and shortcomings you have will have to be eliminated from your body. But these things do not get eliminated by your efforts, they only go into hiding. Once they are hidden, they create diseases; all manner of diseases arise.

Freud says that of all the diseases known to psychoanalysis, ninety percent are the product of sexual repression. And modern medical science says that a minimum of fifty percent of all diseases are of a psychological nature. You will be surprised to know that a minimum of three out of four individuals are troubled by one or another kind of psychological disease, and Freud says that of these, ninety percent are the result of sexual repression. As soon as sex is repressed, a climate of disease is created. It is as if a kettle is boiling, and you have sealed the lid down with a heavy weight and closed off all the outlets -- and all because you

are inimical to steam! And underneath, the fire is still burning. Now the explosion is bound to happen.
Every day your body is active, every day you eat meals, and with every breath you take oxygen into your body. All this creates new blood cells and through all this sex is being born. The food provides the fire, your breathing assists the combustion, and the fire finds its expression in sex -- and that is what we are repressing. The stove is burning full, we keep on adding new fuel to the fire, and we have placed great stone weights on the lid of the kettle -- stone weights of religions, morality and social behaviour. Neither do you allow the steam to escape, nor the fuel intake to lessen. Then what is going to happen? Explosion! This man is in a diseased state; he will go mad. Madness means the explosion, madness means all norms and boundaries have been broken. The kettle is blown to pieces, the fuel is scattered everywhere, and the contents of the kettle too!
So some so-called religious people -- who are not actually religious at all -- begin to remove the fuel instead of removing the weight from the lid of the kettle. They eat less food because they are afraid of sex.... because if the body is fed, then sex is going to be vitalized. It is food that provides the energy for sex -- so the saint fasts! Through fasting, no new energy is created, so there will be no explosion in the kettle. But the saint who is like this will be impotent and long-faced. It is unusual to find a blissful saint, a happy and smiling saint. He will be sad, old and serious, a stunted tree, because he only allows himself as much food as he needs to keep himself alive. A little more food than meets this basic need, and sex will stir in him.

Passion is abundance of energy, it is an expanding, it is your surplus energy involved in sex play. So the saint will take only the minimum food necessary. He will eat only once a day, and not enough, separating out the nutritious part alone. He will live on dry foods so that he absorbs no extra fuel. Now there will be no fire, only a mild, smoky warmth, enough to warm the contents of the kettle so that life can somehow continue, so that it does not altogether go cold. Naturally, this man is in the same situation as an oven with only smoke: the smoke produces a little warmth in the water, but there is no boiling, no steam, no music from the kettle.

Many Zen masters have sung the praises of this steam-music, and Russian poets have sung songs to it. It is a music to be heard in the early morning before the bustle of the day begins, when people are still in bed, when the birds have not yet spread their wings. Then you can listen to the murmur of the kettle. But without fuel this music will cease to play.

Hence, it is very difficult to find a saint humming with energy. His life force is weakened, he is almost dead; he walks, he sits, he moves around, but he is tired. He is tired even without doing anything; the flow of his life energy has stopped. There are other dangers, too, if the earth is full of such monks as these. A gloomy person cannot endure the bliss of others -- he wants everyone to be gloomy. And the gloomy person creates a sense of guilt in the minds of those who are smiling. The diseased man always look at the healthy ones with jealousy, and creates an atmosphere as if to be healthy is a sin.

It may surprise you to know that Leo Tolstoy, who was very favorable towards this diseased saintliness, has written that to be healthy is to be ill, and that if a man seeks to be spiritual he will have to drop the desire to be healthy. Instead, he must be ready to be sick, he must be ready for a pitiful lack of vitality, and for a generally wretched state of health.

So in the name of spirituality there are two possibilities available: either withdraw the fuel supply so that there is no fear of the steam being created, or go on adding weights on the kettle lid so that there is no fear that it will blow off. In one case the result is a dull person who is dead before he has died, and in the other a person doomed to go mad when the explosion finally happens. Those whom we call monks follow one or the other of these two paths of sickness.

But look at Buddha or Mahavira; they look neither sick nor insane. It is rare to find a body as beautiful as Mahavira's. His every cell is the incarnation of dance and bliss.

Looking at an image of Mahavira it is hard to imagine that we could ever find a more beautiful body. But just look at the monks who are followers of Mahavira! The degree of emaciation will make you feel ill. They look really sick; there is none of the bloom of Mahavira in them. And how can there be ahimsa, nonviolence, where there is no blooming? A miserable man must be violent. He would like to see others as miserable as himself, and he cannot rest until he has made you all miserable. That is why these so-called holy men devise every means they can to bring others into misery. "Eat less," they teach. "Take the vow of celibacy." And if you don't, they look at you as though you are the greatest sinner in the world. You will feel hatred

and condemnation from their eyes. But what this condemnation from the "holy" men really amounts to is the declaration that they have not found their own health, their lives are sick.

The true saint is an individual overflowing with infinite dance; he is a continuous music. Sitting near him, even if he is sitting still, doing nothing, you will feel that something is dancing in him. You will hear his poetry even when he is silent. If you have ears and you are around him when he is walking, you will hear the music of a dancer's bangles. In his every action you will discover the melody of his life's Veena. His whole being has become musical and artistic. Only then is life a festival, and only then can a man give thanks to existence.

How can a miserable saint be thankful? Even if he talks to God, he only complains. All he can say is, "What a life you have given! What a burden! Stop it!" The only thing he can possibly be full of is complaint; he cannot be full of gratitude. You can only thank if you have known the beautitude.

And witnessing is the path to beautitude. No withholding of fuel, because in the fuel is life. No decreasing of energy, it has to be increased -- because energy is bliss, and God is just a name for the supreme energy. You cannot attain to it through de-energizing yourself. You can only experience God when your energy is growing to such abundance that it floods all your boundaries and barriers. You can attain it only when your energy is overflowing, flooding all the banks. How can a dry river reach the ocean? As the water becomes exhausted, puddles will appear obstructed by heaps of sand; everything will go dry. And if the river

flows any further at all it will be only to form a few more such puddles -- if you withhold the fuel.

Enhance the energy of life! Let life-energy reach to its ocean -- and at that point there is no end to it, because the energy of life is infinite. With life-energy, excess is impossible. You cannot have too much energy, because no matter how much you have, you will discover that there is still more.

The river that is bound for the ocean has to have abundant water and abundant joy. A flowing force is needed so that it does not end in puddles but can maintain the flowing journey across all boundaries, immersing all that obstructs... and such a river one day will finally reach to the ocean.

If you are to reach the ocean, you will have to become the ocean to a certain extent, because only like can meet like. If God is infinite energy, then de-energized you cannot meet him. If he is vast, and you are depleted you cannot meet him. So at least to some extent become like him. If he is life, how can you journey to him as a corpse? Look around! He is dancing. Flowers are blossoming in him, melodies are pouring from him, and all around life is full of exultation.

We have a few festive days. Once a year we observe Holi, the festival of colours, painting ourselves and each other with bright colors. Once a year we celebrate Diwali, the festival of lights, and light many lamps in the darkness. But our life is dry and dull; and it is just because this is so that man has had to create festivals. The birds, the beasts, the plants, the rivers, the waterfalls -- they have neither Holi nor Diwali. It is because man is sick that he is satisfied with just one Diwali. One Diwali is just a consolation. So on that

day the new clothes, the firecrackers, the lighted lamps -- and then we return to the same gloominess, the same prison, the same misery, the same anxiety.

When Holi comes, and we sing and dance, breaking all bounds and throwing off our normal codes of conduct. On that day we throw all our morality, rules and etiquette to the winds; for one day our river flows, breaking all disciplines. But do you think that a river that flows for one day of the year is going to reach the ocean? And even this one day is only an apology for the real flowing; it is just a mockery of our real selves!

Look at nature: there is Existence enjoying Holi every day, and celebrating Diwali daily. In nature the colors flow afresh every day, new flowers open each morning. Even before the old leaves fall, the new buds are bursting out and the new shoots are springing up. The festival does not stop even for a moment -- it is non-stop, every moment is Diwali. Such will be the life of a religious person. He will be festive each moment -- he is grateful that he is. His every breath is an expression of gratitude and benediction. And this is a by product of witnessing. In witnessing there is to be no frugality with the fuel; you are not to be de-energized. And neither is the lid to be weighted down -- you are not to be turned insane either. It is not intended that you should explode into madness, be broken into chaotic pieces. Witnessing means seeing from a distance whatever is happening. This burning fuel is very beautiful; these rising flames have a magnificence, and this life which is manifesting itself like a fire, has a deep attractiveness. These songs of boiling water -- the humming, the bubbles,

the foam, the rising steam -- it is all so beautiful! All this is accepted.

Remove the lid, let the steam. Let the fire burn and the steam fly free and you see all this from a distance, and an extraordinary truth reveals itself: that you are watching all this happen in the body. This fuel, this water, this steam, all are happening in the body. You are surrounded by it but you are beyond it.

The day you begin to see that you are beyond all that which is surrounding you each moment, you have transcended. From that day on you will no longer be disturbed by anger, you will not be troubled by sex. From that day, even if you enter into sex you will be standing at a distance, and now you will know that you are flowing with the supreme energy of existence. If existence wills that you should enter into sex, okay! Let it be done! And even if you are angry, after this day has come, then anger will be a playing, a game, an act. If it is necessary you will allow it; but not for a single moment will you be identified with it. You and the passion will remain separate.

To be in the world, but not of the world; to be in the body, but to not belong to the body; to pass through the river, but without getting wet -- this is the essence of witnessing.

A Zen master was bidding farewell to his disciple. He was telling the disciple to go into the world and tell others all that the master had taught him, to give them whatever the master had given him. Just as the disciple was descending the steps of his master's house to set off, the master added, "And when you cross the river, see that your feet do not get wet."

The disciple was taken aback, and his agitation was evident. To cross the river without getting his feet wet? If the feet are not to get wet, then better to avoid the river! It can only be crossed if the feet are allowed to get wet -- so don't go to the river!

The master said, "It is better that you stay back. If you have not understood this small matter, then the time for your leaving has not yet come." The disciple asked him to explain. "This is not a matter to be explained," said the master. "You begin your meditations again. Practice witnessing again, because this is the meaning of witnessing."

This is the whole meaning of witnessing: go through the river, but don't get your feet wet! If you avoid the river, it is because you are weak. If your feet get wet, then you have gone astray. It is difficult, but as the witnessing begins to happen, so the complications begin to evaporate. You remain only the watcher, you do not become the doer. So watch the anger, watch the sex, watch the jealousy, and know well that you are the seeing, and not that which is being seen. Break your identification with the seen, and connect it with the seer.

As you start getting glimpses of it, you will slowly find that the world is running on its own energy. You need not support it, you are not needed. The body functions without you. The body feels hunger, demands food and itself puts it in. You are unnecessarily coming in between. The body feels the heat, and the body seeks out the shade of a tree. If you come in between, you do so unnecessarily. You were not needed. You could have just watched the body feeling the heat, watched the perspiration telling the body it was in

trouble, and watched the body rising and moving into the shade. If you can just watch this body in trouble because of the heat, moving into the shade -- a witness to the scene, but not its doer -- then you are already liberated. There is no other liberation. And before long you will find that you are free of all that society repressed in you. But whatever is given by nature, from that there is no liberation.

Witnessing will relieve you of all that society has forcibly repressed in you, of all that is unnatural. But understand this well, that there is no freedom from that which is given by nature. If the disciple does not understand this he will be in difficulty, because he will think that freedom has still to happen from this and from that.

Remember, you can get rid of that which is given to you by others, but not that which you have brought with you. You will be able to leave that only on the day you depart from your body.

One who has found liberation from society and from its conditionings we call jivan mukta; one who is liberated while living, one who has no repressions left in him. But still nature must run its course in him, even now. The jivan mukta will still experience hunger -- and he must. In fact he will experience hunger in a way which is not possible to you, because everything in him has become so pure. The witness is pure in him and stands separate from him.

The hunger that you feel is not real hunger, and this is because you are not a witness. If you eat food at one o'clock every day, then just the clock showing one o'clock makes you hungry -- and it may be that the clock stopped in the night at one o'clock, and is showing one o'clock now when in fact it is only eleven o'clock in the morning! Just

seeing this false indication of lunchtime, and hunger can arise. This hunger is false, and it is interesting to observe that this hunger will disappear if you just wait a little. Only false hunger can disappear. If this hunger were real, it would only grow in intensity. If you go to sleep at ten o'clock every night, then every night at ten o'clock you will feel sleepy. This drowsiness is false, mental. If for ten minutes you don't go to bed, and instead find something to do, the sleep will disappear, and you may stay awake the whole night. If it were real, it would have been more intense by ten-thirty, and still more by eleven; the sleepiness would have just grown more. But it is not real; it is your imagination, it is your identification.

So you cannot feel the kind of hunger that the enlightened one feels, nor can you experience the kind of sleep he experiences; even on the body level you cannot derive the same pleasure that he does. But whether it is pleasure or pain, sleep or no-sleep, or hunger or thirst, the enlightened one is standing detached -- that is his enlightenment. He allows the body to run on its own. He understands the fact that the body functions on its own, that there is simply no point in being the doer. Remove yourself, separate yourself a little, and just see whether the body continues on at its own or not! Your doing only creates problems. You create trouble by interfering and preventing the body from working with its own ease.

Whatever has been imposed by society will disappear in witnessing. Whatever is given by nature will be purified and cleansed, but will only disappear with the disappearance of the body. The jivan mukta is liberated only from the society, and when he becomes free of his

body, that is the final liberation, the supreme liberation. Then, free from nature also, he remains the pure witness. The buddhas talk of two nirvanas, two enlightenments: nirvana and mahanirvana, the great nirvana. Nirvana happened to Gautam Buddha on that day when, at the age of forty, he came to know that he was a witness. Buddha lived for another forty years after entering this state of nirvana, experiencing hunger and thirst, needing to drink and to sleep at night; he continued to know the tiredness of the body after walking during the day, and knew both health and sickness. Then came mahanirvana -- the body also disappeared. First society disappears, then nature. And when society and nature both disappear, then pure brahman, pure soul, the absolute reality alone remains.

Let society disappear first. Sannyas is the declaration that now I have begun the work to free myself from society. This in itself is the meaning of sannyas. Sannyas does not mean that you have retired into the jungle to become a religious seeker -- because it is quite easy to take society into the jungle with you. Go to the jungle, and if you were a Hindu here and continue to regard yourself as a Hindu there also, then you are carrying into the jungle what you learned in society and have not left society at all.

Renouncing society does not mean running away from society. There is nowhere to run away to -- where will you run? Renouncing society means finding freedom from all that has been imposed by society. And that freedom from society's chains is to be found in the reclaiming of your childhood innocence. Become as fresh again as you were in childhood. To regain the lightness of a child is to be freed from society.

Your nirvana will happen on the day that you finally attain complete freedom from society. First you will begin to feel how nature and your self are separate. Society lies between the two, spanning the two like a bridge. That bridge will disappear. On one side you, on the other, nature; purush and prakriti, soul and nature -- and there is great juice in the game!

This game played by pure soul -- purush, the male, and pure nature, prakriti, the female -- is very juicy. It is this game that the Hindus have called in their mythology rasleela -- the game of purush and prakriti, of the soul and nature.

Look at Krishna playing with the gopis -- the thousands of beautiful women who were his lovers. That story is beautiful. Krishna, the soul, purush -- the male energy -- has become a pure witness, and all around him dance the gopis, seducing the one who cannot be seduced! The day the bridge disappears within you, there is no social link left. And it is hard to find a more asocial being than Krishna. Hence no matter how much you worship Krishna, deep down you remain afraid of him. If you were to suddenly meet Krishna, you would be afraid to introduce him to your wife -- this man is dangerous! Nor would you want your children to have anything to do with him -- this man is a troublemaker! If is fine to worship him from a distance, but to be close to him is a different matter. Krishna has let go of society completely; he is totally asocial.

This story of the gopis dancing around him is the story of what happens when you shake off every last trace of society's impositions and become pure again like a child. This is why Krishna is mostly portrayed looking like a

child. He lived to be eighty years old, but there are no paintings of Krishna as an old man, not because he never grew old -- he must certainly have done so because nature will have its way. His body must have become frail and bent, his teeth gone -- maybe he needed a walking stick to support himself. But to think of Krishna walking with the aid of a stick is inconceivable to us; we cannot allow ourselves such thoughts. It seems improper to think of Krishna's body as old and tired.

Yes, nature must have taken its course, but still purush, the spirit, must have remained constantly fresh and boyish, like newly-sprouting leaves. Hence artists, and poets like Surdas, all reflect in their lyrics and pictures the childhood of Krishna. This is the essential nature of the pure spirit. Krishnamurti calls this childlike state the unconditioned state -- free of all conditioning, free of society, free of the slightest trace of a line drawn in you by anyone else: unconditioned, undisturbed consciousness.

But the fact that you have disappeared into pure witnessing does not mean that nature stops at once. Nature continues her dance; she has her own momentum. If you are pedaling a bicycle and then stop, the bicycle will coast on for some distance under its own impetus. If you are pedaling uphill at the time, this distance will be very short, but if you are riding downhill you will be able to freewheel a long way. Hence, people who enter nirvana before they are thirty-five years old are like the cyclist who stops pedaling when he is traveling uphill. It is difficult for the bicycle to travel much further. Up to the age of thirty-five, life is an uphill climb. Thirty-five is the peak. Hence those who attain to knowing, nirvana, before they are thirty-five, do not live very long

lives; nature's dance comes to a standstill very soon after that. Only with great difficulty can the dance of nature, of the body, be made to continue. The desire, the passions, that previously provided the impetus have now ceased. The impetus to keep the body going can now come only from compassion, and this is not easy. So all those who become enlightened before they are thirty-five, like Shankaracharya and others, die young.

People who become enlightened after they are thirty-five, their bicycle continues running on its own momentum; life is now on a downhill course. So Mahavira and Buddha lived till they were eighty. Once life is traveling downhill, it can run for much longer without you pedaling. Even though you have become only a witness, the dance of the body goes on -- the hunger, the thirst -- but now you are standing at a distance. Before you were the doer; now you are the watcher. Up to now you were a participant, but now you are a witness, no longer bothered about the results, no longer trying to affect them. As long as you were a participant you lived with an inner anxiety about the result, the consequences. Now, whatever the outcome, there is no anxiety.

This is what Krishna says to Arjuna when he asks him to stop worrying about the outcome of the battle and to drop any desire for victory. He is asking Arjuna to be a witness, to simply watch whatever happens. Let nature -- prakriti -- take her course and do what she wants. You stand aside. First every trace of society, its conditionings will disappear. Then nature, prakriti, will also come to a standstill. How long can the gopis keep on dancing? They will get tired.

The Sankya Sutras say that when purush -- the male manifestation of soul -- is able to witness, then prakriti -- the female manifestation of soul, nature -- puts all her talent into her dancing, trying to seduce, because she too feels unhappy at the thought of you being at a distance. Your becoming a witness and standing aside is bringing her game to an end, so she employs all her artistry to call you back again, to engage you again. But the sutras say that once you have begun witnessing nature, the dancer, she gets tired and eventually dances to a standstill. She drops all memories of you, and you are beyond her limits. Then is mahaparinirvana. Then there is no more birth. Now the soul is one with the vast ocean, gone in the fusion of is and is not. The soul is not, because now there is no center of ego, of I. The soul is, because there is no way for what is to die! The soul becomes one with the great centerless void. You as you are will not remain; only as the whole you will remain. This is the goal, this is what we seek.
Enough for today.

Nowhere To Go But In

Chapter #4

Chapter title: None
28 May 1974 am in Buddha Hall

[NOTE: This is a translation from the Hindi discourses: Nahim Ram Bin Thaon. It is being edited for publication, and this version is for reference only.]

Question
BELOVED OSHO,
GAUTAM BUDDHA BECAME ENLIGHTENED SITTING UNDER A TREE. YOU SAID ABOUT SOCRATES THAT HE WAS STANDING UNDER A TREE AT THE MOMENT OF HIS ENLIGHTENMENT, AND A SIMILAR STORY IS TOLD OF KRISHNAMURTI. YOU YOURSELF LEFT YOUR HOUSE AND WENT UNDER A TREE ON THE NIGHT OF YOUR ENLIGHTENMENT. ARE TREES CONNECTED IN SOME ESOTERIC WAY WITH THE HAPPENING OF THE HAPPENING OF ENLIGHTENMENT? COULD YOU ALSO EXPLAIN THAT IF ENLIGHTENMENT IS A SUDDEN HAPPENING, HOW DID YOU COME TO RECEIVE THE INTIMATION OF ENLIGHTENMENT THAT PROMPTED YOU TO LEAVE YOUR HOUSE AND GO AND SIT UNDER A TREE?

Enlightenment is not related in any way to any external object. It cannot be; enlightenment is an inner happening. It happens in you, and it happens because of you. Even its not happening is because of you. That it has not happened so far is also because of you. No one else is responsible for your ignorance; likewise, no one and nothing else can be the cause of your enlightenment.
And remember, if anything could be a hindrance, then the same thing could also be a help. No tree is responsible for your unenlightenment. The bodhi tree is not a hindrance to Buddha's enlightenment, so it cannot be a catalyst either. The tree has no responsibility. What relationship can

Buddha have with a tree? That buddhahood did not happen was due to Buddha, and that it did happen was also due to Buddha.

So first of all understand that this is a fundamental truth, because it is in the very nature of our minds to throw the responsibility on someone else. If something bad happens, we think it is because of someone or something other than ourselves; perhaps the stars, the planets, the constellations, or somebody else, or certain circumstances; and if something good happens, then too we think that its source is somewhere else other than ourselves.

There is a reason for this habit of mind. If the responsibility is someone else's, then your own responsibility is at an end, and the mind can rest. So some talk of fortune, others of destiny, others of God's will; some say that it will happen whenever it is destined. As a result, the question of you doing something, of you making an effort, of you moving in a certain direction, does not arise; it will happen when existence wills it. In fact except for your own will no one's will can either assist or oppose.

Still, the fact remains, Buddha came to his self-realization sitting under a tree, Socrates was standing against a tree at the time of his enlightenment, and Mahavira too was close to a tree. What could be the reason? It cannot all be dismissed as coincidence. The reason is just this, as I was telling you yesterday: the first, the outer layer of the individual, is of culture, society, conditioning. The second layer is of nature. And the third, the innermost layer, is the basic divine being.

So you can understand the phenomenon in this way: culture is the outer layer, nature is the deeper inner layer, and the

being, the self, is the base. Or it can be seen in this way: the being, the self is the center, nature is the circumference, and covering the circumference is the web of conditionings. The tree is the symbol of nature. All these people going into the wilderness, casting off society and their conditioning -- take it as a symbol. All these people dropped their conditioning and went to the forest. The happening took place amid nature. It could not happen in the so called civilization; it happened somewhere that was free of man's imprint, where there was nothing that had been touched by man's rules and customs, where man's artificial web did not exist. Yes, the event happened under a tree, but the reason is not hidden in the tree. It is just that these people left society and went to nature.

Once in nature, these people disciplined themselves to withdraw from nature; they dropped nature also. You can leave civilization for the forest, but where will you go from the forest? Both nature and civilization are outer, external, so you can move from society to nature and from nature back to society. But if you have to drop both, then where will you go? On the outer there is nowhere left to go; the only way now is inwards. Leave society and go to the Himalayas; leave the Himalayas and return to society -- but both are on the outside. The one who has left society for nature, and now wants to go onwards from nature, will have to turn inwards.

So the first journey is from the so-called civilization to nature, and the second is from the outer to the inner. The enlightenment of these people took place in nature because the second journey can only begin from that place.

Nature is a stage between conditioning and being, and there is a need to rest awhile in that place. The myth that buddhas attain under trees reflects the stories of people who, having put aside the so-called civilization and their conditioning, have been at peace in nature. From this resting place begins another journey -- inwards. Buddhahood does not happen under a tree, it happens only within the self. The tree was just a stage on the way.

If you understand it in this way you will find it easier to travel through the difficulties of your own journey. First your slate has to be cleared of all that man has written on it in the name of culture. When it is cleared, you find yourself under the tree, in nature. To come to nature means to enjoy pure childhood, to live in an innocent simplicity, empty of all calculation, of all the cleverness that society has given you. What arises then is flawless and sacred. Now you are neither good nor bad -- no tree is good or bad. You cannot make any distinction between trees -- that these are sacred trees and these are profane trees. If you are sitting under a tree and a fruit falls from the tree and injures your head, you don't say that the tree is wicked. Even if the whole tree falls on you and kills you, nobody will say the tree is a murderer, because the consciousness of trees is not yet divided into good and bad. Even if you die under a tree, it is only a matter of coincidence; the tree is not responsible, because it harbored no wish to kill you.

To enter into nature is to withdraw from the concept of good and bad, and to live in the realm of the pure and unhindered nature -- where there is no duality, where there is no choice, where whatever happens is accepted, where we float with no attempt to control. This is the tree, and it is

under such a tree as this that we find the Buddha's enlightenment happening.
When man is relieved of the burden of humanity, he becomes light. You may not have considered this, but the peace that one finds on going to the mountains is not caused by the mountains, it comes from being free of mankind. You go for a walk on your own, there is no one else around, and suddenly a man comes into sight on the road. At that very moment you change, even the way you are walking changes, because now a new weight is on your mind: society has entered. Up to this moment you were all alone with the trees, the sky, the stars, there was nobody to oppress your mind, to decide whether what you are doing is right or wrong, whether your way of walking is as it should be or not. You were alone, wandering along amusing yourself, maybe smiling, humming a song perhaps, and in this aloneness you had become as a child. Maybe you were talking to yourself, gesticulating, making faces, dancing -- and suddenly a man appears on the road and everything changes. The childhood disappears, you come back to your calculating state of mind -- what will this man think? It is society that has entered in. Now your behavior will only be such as is acceptable to society; otherwise you may well be regarded as insane. Now you will walk in a fitting manner. Society and the social codes have all come back. The happiness which aloneness has to offer is the happiness of feeling free of society, because society is an ever-present prison, it encloses you wherever you go.
People come to me and say that they are beginning to catch a taste of bliss in deep meditation, but they do not allow themselves to go totally into it, because, "someone may be

watching. We are afraid of what they may say about us, so we do not go fully into it." The very idea creates disturbance. The deciding factor is the other's eye, because he will not only see you, he will also judge whether you are right or wrong in what you are doing. The other will form an idea about you, or if he already has an idea about you, he will change it. Up to now he regarded you as a gentleman, a cultured man, a prestigious person, and if he sees you here, weeping and screaming, his opinion of you will change. And we live by other people's opinions, valuing their opinions of us because we have to live with them. Tomorrow you might need this person to do something for you, and he may not even allow you in his office. You may say hello to him and he will look the other way, afraid of what others will think of him -- that he has some relationship, some friendship with this person who is mad. Certainly this man may also have some madness in himself.

The fear of opinion is great, and society is a web of opinions all around us. One woman said to me, "I will come and watch the meditations, but I won't be able to join in, because there are a hundred or even two hundred spectators there, and many of them are my acquaintances." The Western seekers who come here enter into meditation far more easily than you do. The reason is that none of their acquaintances are here; and as they have no dealings with you, they are not bothered by what you think of them. You would find it just as easy to enter into these meditations if you were in England or America, because that society is not yours, those people are nobodies as far as you are

concerned. No matter what they see and think of you, how can it affect your interests?

But in the case of acquaintances, with whom you have to interact, with whom you have business and other interests, there is much fear. They may well affect your interests. And if your image changes in their eyes, you will find yourself getting uneasy, because you have no self-awareness. You have taken it for granted that you are that which others think you to be. If others say you are beautiful then you think you are beautiful. If others see you as being good and a nice guy, then that is how you see yourself. And if others regard you as mad, it won't be long before you start having doubts yourself, and finally one day even start believing you are mad.

Psychologists maintain that we retard the intellectual development of most children because we treat them from their very childhood as though they are stupid. If you consistently tell a child that he is stupid and unintelligent, when can he learn to trust his intelligence? Never! And remember, it is you who are committing the sin of making him stupid. When the father tells the child he is stupid, when the schoolteachers tell him he is stupid over and over again, the child begins to think, "They must be right! If they all think so, then I must be stupid!" Then the child begins to prove them right, because his logic is that it is not good to oppose what so many people say. What so many people believe must be right! And whenever any situation proves him stupid, he will say to himself, "This was bound to happen, because I am stupid, just as everybody says." Repeat any idea often enough, psychologists tell us, and eventually it will take root in the mind and affect your

behavior accordingly. You have created your self-image out of all that society says about you. This identity of yours is borrowed, you are dependent on the views of others for this image. Only those who have discovered their own true identity, who have realized their own self, can be free of this pseudo-identity. Only one who knows himself can liberate himself from this borrowed self-image, and only in breaking the borrowed image can you know yourself.
This is why Mahavira and Buddha go to the forest -- it is not that the forests attract them, but that they are repelled by you. It is not that the mountains are calling, it is you that are driving them there! The mountains are lovely because they do not judge you. No mountain will regard you as insane if you dance ecstatically. Trees are like saints; they do not think about you, they form no opinion about you. You are sitting, that's fine; standing -- perfectly okay; weeping, laughing -- all okay! The tree accepts you as you are; the tree will not disturb your being in any way.
But man is very strange. Man cannot accept that there is any freedom of your being, that you have the right to be as you are. Man says, "I shall interfere, I am going to improve upon you." Everybody is engaged in molding everybody else. The husband is busy molding the wife, the wife is busy shaping the husband, the father is shaping the children, the children are also shaping the father.
Everyone's eyes are like guards watching others. They are not just eyes but bayonets. And through them we are expressing our opinions, right or wrong. From all sides come the condemnations and praises. Caught in this web, it is difficult to find the self.

This is why people withdrew to the wilderness. This is why Buddha had to leave the palace. Remember, my emphasis is that it is not a question of leaving the palace, nor is the wilderness calling, but the web, the net of conditionings within us is so intricately connected with the palace that it will not break unless we leave the palace itself. And it will be surprising if it does break even on leaving the palace -- the fear is that it will follow you even when you have left the palace.

Buddha left his palace and traveled, and the kings of the neighboring states, wherever he would go, would come and say to him, "What are you doing here? If you have any problems with your father -- they were all friends of Buddha's father -- then my palace is open to you, and my daughter is available to marry you. You can rule half of my kingdom. This going to the forest doesn't suit you. It is not fitting for a prince to wander like a beggar. If you don't get on with your father, it doesn't matter, you are always welcome here. I am your father's friend, hence just like a father to you."

Buddha would laugh and say, "There is no quarrel between me and my father, and it is not about my leaving or not leaving the palace, it is about transforming myself. And if I cannot accomplish this in my father's palace, it will be far more difficult to transform my being in your palace. If I cannot transform myself among my own family, it will be utterly impossible among those who are not my friends and relatives." ... Because your own people may even excuse you in some matters, but why should those who are not connected to you?

For six years Buddha constantly received such invitations. When Buddha's father found out that his son was begging on the streets, he assumed that he had gone crazy. "We have everything he could ever need," he would say, "and none of our ancestors has ever been a beggar. We have always lived as the emperors we are. What kind of madness has happened to this boy?" In the eyes of his father Buddha must have looked insane, and to protect himself from these eyes Buddha needed to go to the forest. Had his father been able to accept him, had he been able to say, "This is the way he is, fine!" -- but it was not so!

The ways of being in this existence are infinite, and every soul has the right to become whatever it can, whatever it wants, whatever its potential is, whatever it is destined to be. The meaning of love is simply to allow the other to become all that he can; to allow the seed to become a tree and come to its flowering, without hindering it. Love does not require the lily to become a rose, or the rose to become a lotus. Love allows the lily to be a lily, nurturing it as a lily, watering it with care the way a lily needs to be watered, and being careful not to create problems for it. This is what love is.

And it is evident that there is no love at all in this world. Had there been love in the palace, Buddha would not have needed to leave it -- because love accepts you as you are, love does not try to change you. The effort to change others is an expression of hatred and violence -- it is a kind of surgery: "I want to carve you like a stone, mold your features, shape your insides into my image of you. I will cut into you with hammer and chisel, telling you that you are wrong, until you turn out the way I want you to be."

And everyone is trying to improve upon the other by adding their own bit of carving.

But there happens no improvement, only a bit more perversion, because every individual can become only that for which he has the potential. There is no way on earth to make him anything else, and whenever we attempt to do so, we will do him a twofold harm. He won't be able to become what he was born to become, and of course he can never become that which he carries no potential for. He will be crippled -- hung in the middle, neither on the earth nor in the stars. His destiny has been altered, and he is destined to fail to fulfill what his destiny has now become. This is why we are so stunted. This is why we live such ugly lives, and die ugly and half-formed, with our seeds never reaching to their flowering. This is the reason, too, why there are so few Buddhas and Mahaviras seen in the world.

Every man is born with the potential to become a Buddha, but there are so many people engaged in shaping him. It is said that too many cooks spoil the broth. So many people, so many artists and sculptors are after each individual that there is no way that this statue can be made; it will be destroyed. The mother wants to make the child something, the father wants to make him something else, the uncles want something else; the grandfather and the brothers want something still different; teachers are trying something different; politicians have some other designs on him. In their very effort to make something out of the child is his destruction.

We may offer our hand to help, but the other can become only that for which he carries the potential within himself. And this is tricky, because we only offer our help to

exploit. Our help is a kind of bargain, requiring the other to agree with you. Even the father says to his son, "Unless you are prepared to listen to me, these doors are closed to you!" It is not out of love that these doors are open, the father is committing an act of violence with his bargain: "If you comply with my wishes, with the decisions of my ego -- if you agree to become what I want -- then this bread and butter is yours, then this house is yours. If you cannot become as I wish, then what is my relationship to you? If you want to become what you want, then stand on your own two feet!"

The quarrel that is perpetually going on between husband and wife everywhere in the world -- its roots lie in this kind of attitude. The wife cannot allow her husband his independence; she wants to govern every aspect of his behavior, his every line of action....

I have heard: a schoolteacher wrote a letter to the mother of one of the children in her class. It said, "I am fed up with trying to control your son. He is after every girl in the school. Already he has got half of them into trouble. I am finding it more and more difficult every day to control him -- I don't know what to do!"

The boy's mother wrote back, "When you find a way to control him, please do not hesitate to let me know, because I have the same problem with his father. So if you find a way to stop him harassing all the girls, please tell me, so that I can use it with his father. I have been trying for twelve years, without success!"

Every wife tries this her whole life and fails. They fail not because men are bad, but because no one can ever succeed in shaping another's behavior. And the husbands too are

watching all the time. Such eyes cannot be full of love, because love accepts, love trusts. Trust is the sign of love. But the husband is sitting in his office worrying about the possibility of his wife laughing and chatting with some other man, because the husband cannot tolerate the idea that his wife should even smile when he is not with her. Without him, she should be constantly miserable. All husbands expect their wives to behave like a character in Kalidasa's poetry, receiving messages with clouds, pining for their husbands while becoming pale and fading away, and hardly noticing the existence of any other man in the world. Without him she is lost, as though for the woman there is only one possible source of pleasure -- her husband. All joy must come through him, as though the rest of the universe is empty.

This is neither trust nor love. It is just an attempt to mold the other to your own specifications, as if the other is an instrument, an object to be possessed and ornamented, rather than an individual with a soul.

This effort to change the other in every conceivable way is the trademark of society. And it is a trait that runs so deep that Buddha has to go to the forest. And where will he sit in the forest? Under a tree, of course! This is why I say it is just coincidental. Buddha sits under the shadow of the tree to keep himself aloof from the society, because this fire of the society burns you out; this poison of the society kills you. Up to now we have been unable to create a society on the earth in which buddhahood can be nurtured. I will only call it really a society in which it is not necessary to go to the jungle to grow to one's buddhahood. Until that happens,

know well that all we have is a pseudo-society, barbarians, a violent group of killers.

But the ways of cutting the throat are so subtle and refined that the one whose throat is being cut is also feeling glad of it. He lives under the impression that this is all being done to him in his own interests. For centuries it has been propagated that whatever society is doing is all in your own interest: Even if we kill you it is for your own good! And as others are doing to you, so are you doing to others. It is essential to move away from this mess; hence the event takes place in the wilderness.

But remember, once he has attained to buddhahood, Buddha returns to society. When his self-realization has happened, Mahavira returns to society. Little thought has been given to this subsequent happening. Why do they return? -- because now there is no danger. Now you cannot destroy the Buddha, neither by cutting his throat, nor in any other way. In his buddhahood he has attained something which cannot be annihilated. Now the immortal is part of Buddha's life, and its flowing through him is eternal. Now if you come close to Buddha, it is you who will be in difficulty, not the Buddha. In approaching him now it is you who is taking the risk. And Buddha is not trying to change you, but the very nature of being a buddha is such that in his presence you will change.

A master is not one who is seeking to change you. A master is one in whose proximity the change begins on its own. A master cannot be more than a catalytic agent, and if he is more, he is a charlatan. If he is making any direct effort to change you, he will also oppress you. If he praises you or condemns you, if he persuades you to agree, if he is

annoyed when you don't agree and smiles when you agree, then he too is using the heaven-and-hell, greed-and-fear technique on you. Then he too will harass you, he too will destroy you. This is why most so-called masters are actually the enemies of their followers, and near the majority of such masters the disciples do not find new life-energy, they just rot and are destroyed.

It is only the master who is not anxious to transform you directly, who is not at all engaged in liberating you, who can liberate you. His presence transforms you indirectly. Being around him the changes begin to happen, just like the bud blossoming into a flower when the sun shines. If the bud does not open the sun feels no disappointment. It does not worry that its rays may not open the bud. And the bud opens anyway in the suns rays, blissful to be opened by the sun, thankful to be able to drink in the sunbeams. From lifetime to lifetime it has been the dream of every bud to dance in the rays of the sun.

The bud opens on its own, the sun is not forcibly opening it. Nor is the sun knocking at the doors of the birds' nests telling them that it is time to get up, that the early morning is no time to be sleeping. The birds have opened their eyes on their own. As the sun's rays creep over the horizon, the birds begin their morning chorus; their eyes open and their song begins. A moment of festivity has arrived and they are riding on it. Enjoying this festive moment is the birds' own doing. The sun does not act upon them in a direct way, but in its presence something is happening. The sun is not doing anything itself, but indirectly, in its very presence, something is happening. Even if the whole earth continues sleeping, even if not a single bud opens or a single bird

begins its song, it will make no difference to the sun's delight. It is not that by noon the sun is going to feel disappointed, withdraw its rays and begin to shed tears, or wonder whether to rise at all the next day, whether to set out on the journey in the first place: "Why should I bother about these people who have rejected me?"

A master is like the sun. The disciples open in his presence, but there is no effort on his part. Whether they are saints or sinners, the disciples are all equal in his eyes. There is no praise for the saints and no condemnation for the sinners. Only in such a person is there a catalytic potential; only near such a person can something happen. When Buddha returns to society he is like the sun: things simply start happening in his presence, in his proximity.

We have given a name to this being in the presence of a master: satsang. Satsang means to be near the master. Also our unique Indian scripture is called Upanishad, which also means to sit near the master -- not doing anything, just being near the master, so that the rays from his unknown being can begin to open your bud. To use the verb "to open" in this way is a little inaccurate, because there is not really any action of opening going on. No, it is just that in his presence your bud suddenly starts to open. The master does not do anything, but much happens around him. Around the guru who does things, nothing happens.

A buddha returns to society. For him now there is no society. Up to now, before his buddhahood, society was; society was because it was destroying him. But now no one can destroy him, now he can return. The poison of society is no longer poison for him; his destruction is now impossible. Even someone who comes to destroy the

buddha will now gain something, he will share the buddha's love. He will receive a gift which will influence him for life after life.

The wisdom is attained in the forest, but it showers abundantly back in society. Not a single buddha has remained in the forest. If he stays in the forest, then buddhahood has not yet happened -- because the moment bliss happens, the longing to share it happens simultaneously. Understand this well; we want to give what we have. If we are unhappy we want to give unhappiness; if we are blissful we want to give bliss. And whatever we have it increases through sharing. When you give unhappiness your unhappiness increases; when you give bliss your bliss increases. Whatever you share increases. Sharing is the way to increase. So if you are intelligent you will not give unhappiness to others, because this will increase your own unhappiness. And you will not cast thorns on others' paths, because they are thorns on your own path -- sooner or later you will come across them. If you are wise you will never spread unhappiness, because you own unhappiness will increase in the giving, and in not giving it will fade away. If you are wise you will always share joy, because your joy will increase in the sharing, and if it is not shared it will die.

Sharing is the formula for growing. The miser only dies, he does not live. The miser is a dead man, a corpse. No celebration ever enters his life -- it cannot, because the celebration is born in giving, in sharing. This is why we give each other presents on festive days. Even if we have nothing to give, we at least offer the greetings, share the delight that is in our heart. All the holidays are days of

sharing. The miser can never share, no delight ever enters his life. In this world it is hard to find a man more dead than a miser. Even the deadest of corpses is not as dead as a miser.

I have heard: a Scotsman died, and the doctor was called to confirm that he was dead. When the doctor arrived to examine the body he simply put his hand in the man's pocket, withdrew it and said, "This man is absolutely dead."

The people who were watching said, "This is a novel way of examining a dead body. We have seen many methods, but what is this?"

The doctor replied, "Put your hand in a Scotsman's pocket, and if there is a flicker of life in him he won't be able to lie there, not even if his pocket is empty!"

The Scotsman is the most miserly in Europe, so even if he were at his last breath he would stand up to prevent you from going through his pockets. The man is dead, for sure! No further examination is necessary.

The personality of a miser is shrunken. How can one who shrinks attain to Brahman, which means the supreme reality that is constantly expanding? Only one who is himself expanding can attain to Brahman. In attaining bliss he gives bliss to others. In attaining wisdom he gives wisdom to others.

You too are distributing what you have. If you have not attained wisdom you are distributing your ignorance. Of all the things given in this world, nothing is given as much as advice. So many are ignorant and everyone is advising! Because of this, ignorance expands ad infinitum. The ignorant person never cares whether he knows anything

about the things on which he gives advice. Whether he knows is not the issue; the point is that he enjoys the sensation of knowledgeability that he gets through giving advice. The one who knows may hesitate to give advice, but not the ignorant man. Ask him any question and he is ready to answer it.

Ignorance is distributed; unhappiness, competitiveness and ambition are all distributed. In our abundant giving we spread around the germs of all these diseases, and in doing so we convert the world into a teeming madhouse. But the one who knows -- the blessed one, the man of consciousness, the man who has attained godliness -- he also gives, he also distributes, and all his giving can only take place in society. The happening of knowing may well take place under a bodhi tree, but the distribution of that knowing can only take place where you are.

All the awakened ones return to society, but they return only when society can no longer influence them in the least, when not a single trace of society can be imprinted onto them. Society can carve as many lines as it likes, but they will be like lines drawn on water; no sooner are they drawn than they disappear. Neither your praise nor your condemnation have any influence. All that you say to them is meaningless.

No, there is no esoteric relationship involved, so don't go on thinking that enlightenment can only take place when you are sitting under a tree. It can happen anywhere. The sky is as faultless as any tree. It can even happen under the roof of this house, because even the thatch on the roof is more innocent than a human being. Among rocks, under the open sky -- it can happen anywhere! The event of

enlightenment has no causal relation with any tree, but many times it has happened under a tree because society is not yet mature enough that it can itself be the bodhi tree for enlightenment to happen. Society is as yet crippled, impotent and diseased; hence... but you need not seek for any hidden or esoteric relationship!

Question
BELOVED OSHO,
THERE IS A SANNYASIN OF YOURS WHO IS MY FRIEND. HE HAS BEEN IN YOUR DIVINE SATSANG FOR MANY YEARS. THE OTHER DAY, IN THE COURSE OF CONVERSATION, HE SAID TO ME, "I HAVE NOT YET LEARNED EVEN THE FIRST LESSON GIVEN BY OSHO!"
I SAID TO MYSELF, "THIS MAN IS TELLING MY OWN STORY!" IS THIS A SYMPTOM OF OUR FOOLISHNESS? OR IS THIS KIND OF LEARNING VERY HARD? OR IS IT THAT IN REALITY WE DON'T WANT TO LEARN THE LESSON?

They are all true together. It is a very hard kind of learning, because it is totally concerned with the unknown. And if you set out to learn that which you have never known, have never come across, which has never concerned you, and with which you are not at all acquainted, then whatever is said about it, it all disappears into the void. If even a tiny experience of the phenomenon were within you, then things said about the unknown would gather around that experience. But there is no such experience within you, and this is why all the talk disappears over your head. This

science is about the unknown, and it does not relate in any way to anything known to you. If it did relate, then it would stick and crystallize somewhere within you. All these talks go by you in vain, without touching you, because you are unable to catch them.

And how are you going to catch them? They are in no way related to that with which you are trying to catch them. It is just like trying to catch air in your fist: you shape your fist to capture the air, but find that there is no air in it. And the interesting point about it is that as long as your fist remains open the air is in it, but as soon as you close your fist, the air disappears. What kind of logic will a person use who finds that the air disappears as he closes his fist? His logic will say, I could not close the fist in the right way, I was too slow, I should close the fist faster so that it is shut before the air can escape. His logic will look for the hole in the fist through which the air is maybe escaping. The facts are plain and simple, and we know they are wrong, but this is how logic works, this is the conclusion it will reach. Logic will never say that it is because you are closing the fist that the air escapes -- if you don't make a fist, the air will still be there.

But our intellect will say, "How can there be anything without something to hold it?" Money stays if it is held in a safe, if it is held in a closed fist. But on an open palm, money will not stay for a moment. Even the closed fist is no guarantee of its security, what to say about the open hand! Leave the key to the safe lying around for a single day and the money is gone.

The experience of life tells us, "Grab it fast, only then will it be yours." And so we don't know how to catch air,

because there the opposite applies. There, if you open the hand, keep it loose, the air is yours. Make a fist and you have missed it. Air can't be locked up in safes, nor can there be any key. Air is the name of freedom, it has been flowing since eternity. And if by some means you manage to enclose it, it will become stale and dirty and the juice of life will disappear from it. In stale air there will be no oxygen; only nitrogen and other lifeless elements will remain. In the first place it is difficult to enclose air, and if you do enclose it you will lose that which made it worth enclosing, and only those elements that are worthless anyway will remain.

This is exactly the situation with the known. All that we know is related to the material and physical world, and everything else is unknown. In approaching the unknown we use the same means that we have used successfully in dealing with the known. Hence all that is successful in this world proves to be a failure in the other world. All that you have learned up to now was with the help of memory, but nothing of the other world can be learned through the use of memory; only through experience can anything be known. All that you have known up to now is worthless, limited, and can be put into words. That which I am telling you about is limitless, vast and beyond words.

People ask, "Please define God." This is such a foolish question! Only that which is finite can be defined. And definitions are always done by linking something with its opposite. If someone asks you, "What is life?" then immediately you will have to bring death in to define it. You will find yourself saying that life is that which is not death. If someone asks you, "What is light?" you will

immediately have to bring in darkness, to say, "It is that which is not darkness." It is amazing that even the greatest dictionary is just like a child's plaything. Consult a dictionary and ask the meaning of matter, and it will say, "Not mind." Turn a few pages to find out what mind is, and it will say, "Not matter." Is this any kind of definition, where the meaning can only be expressed with the help of its opposite? This is only a game, and it is very difficult to continue this game when you are dealing with God, because there is no opposite to God, so there is nothing that can be used to define God.

Your home has a boundary around it, it has its limits. But have you ever considered that this boundary is defined by your neighbor's home? If you are alone in the world, how will you determine the boundary? To define the limit, somebody else, the enemy, the opposite, is required. But there is no one other than God -- there is no one who can be called the other, there is no enemy. This is why God cannot be defined in terms of duality. Many people who come to me ask me, "What is the definition of God?" I tell them that there is no definition. Then they say, "Then the talk cannot proceed any further!" They are right! What is the sense in speaking about a word which cannot be defined? This is why modern Western thinkers say that god and other such words are meaningless.

For the past five decades in the West a great movement of philosophers and linguistic scholars has been giving birth to a new doctrine and developing a new sect. The foundation of their sect is linguistic analysis, the analysis of language, and they say, "As long as there is no definition pertaining to a word, we don't want to discuss it" -- because how will

you discuss it? Until the meaning of the word is determined, discussion of it is meaningless. I will say something and you will understand something else, a third person will understand a third meaning and a fourth yet another. The experts in this type of linguistic analysis say that for millennia philosophy has been engaged in futile discussion. First a word must have a clear cut definition, and only then can we proceed further.

Then there is no possibility to grow into godliness, there is no possibility to grow into soul, love or meditation. All doors are closed. This is the difficulty. Whatever you know about this world is useless there; whatever methods you may have found useful in this world will be of no use there. This is what makes this learning so difficult.

And because of this difficulty it has been necessary to keep it secret for thousands of years; there is no other reason for the secrecy. If you are not going to be able to understand, what point is there in discussing it? You will have to be prepared and made ready first so that you can understand. Only when you are ready, only when you are worthy to receive, will you be able to understand -- only when you are standing at a place where the message that is beyond words can reach you. This learning is difficult.

And the second point, that man is stupid, is also true. That complicates the issue even further. The learning is difficult, and man is stupid. What do I mean by stupidity? To be stupid does not mean to be lacking in information, because even a scholar can be stupid just as an uneducated man can be far from stupid.

Stupidity is a covered state of mind -- covered with ego. Stupidity has nothing to do with how little information one

has. If to be less informed is to be stupid, then Kabir is stupid -- and Buddha would have difficulty passing his matriculation. If Buddha could be brought back from his mahanirvana to sit his matriculation exams, he would surely fail. So this means that your children who are getting through matriculation are less stupid than Buddha!

Where will Jesus stand? Would he pass? And how will Mohammed get on? He could not even write! When the first verses of the Koran descended upon him, Mohammed's words were, "What are you doing? I don't even know how to write! How can I write down what you are telling me?" Then Mohammed heard the divine word saying, "Do not worry. If the experience comes to you, then writing will come to you as well. To those who are dumb, speech will come. The experience will flow. Don't be afraid!"

But Mohammed was terrified. "What is this work that is being done through me? I cannot write. I cannot even sign my name!" The word of the divine told him that his signature was unnecessary: "The Koran will not descend on one who is still interested in his own signature. Your signature is not required. Just silence your mind, and don't be afraid!"

Mohammed returned home and asked his wife to fetch him a blanket because he was feeling very feverish. His wife covered him with many blankets, and he lay there, his body trembling. His wife asked him, "How has this come on so suddenly? You were fine when you left here an hour ago. How is it that you are now in such a high fever?"

Mohammed said, "This fever is of a strange kind, as though my whole life is at stake. Some great work is being done

through me for which I find myself utterly incapable. I will not be able to do it. It is totally beyond my capacities, but I can't prevent it. Somebody is flowing through me. This heat is not mine; this fever is not an ordinary fever, it is something else which I cannot even recognize, because this is the first time I have ever felt anything like it. How can I define it? It has never happened before, how can I understand it? This is a divine fever. Just let me rest!"

For three days Mohammed was in a continuous fever, and when after three days he got up, his face was transformed, as if gold had passed through a fire. An ordinary, uneducated man had suddenly become a knower! What had happened? What was this great happening? Without this Mohammed was just simple, ordinary. That is why the Koran has none of the literary excellence of the Upanishads. When a Hindu begins to read the Koran he cannot see what is in it. He does not know that it was written by an uneducated man -- that the divine instrument was unlearned and illiterate; he could not be expected to write refined literature. But just because of this, the Koran has a quality which is absent from the Upanishads. It is the same quality as when an uneducated villager speaks; there is no literary finesse to his words, but he has an impact -- his language is born in life, not in books; it is not dead. It is not soft, but it is alive.

So among all the scriptures, the Koran has no equal in the whole world as far as living force is concerned. Its whole expression and style is rough, primitive, and it hits your head like a stone. Its impact is profound, coming directly from life experience. There is no tenderness, no poetry, no metaphors, no great fantasies; just straightforward village

style -- but very clear. This is why there has never been any need for commentaries on the Koran. Commentary is out of the question; even the most uneducated can understand it. The Gita needed thousands of commentaries, and still it is not understood; it is the language of sophisticated men. But the Koran can be understood directly. So commentaries on the Gita are many, and many people read them, but the Hindu religion could never spread the way Islam spread, like a wildfire. The Hindu religion could not touch the common mind; it is a pundit's religion, a religion for the learned. And the way a Mohammedan is ready to die for his religion, a Hindu is not. How can one die for something which has only entered the intellect and has not become your life? Islam has a much more profound impact because it enters into the heart itself.

And this descended onto Mohammed, whom we would call uneducated, uncivilized, illiterate. Jesus too is uneducated, the son of a carpenter, coming from a poor family. So in the Bible also there is no poetic glory, only simple statements, but they read like fire. Where will you find words like those of Jesus in the Bible?

When I say stupid I do not mean less informed. What I mean is that even if you know everything and do not know yourself, you are stupid. And if you do not know anything except yourself, you are a wise man. So here, knowledge has only one meaning: knowing the self. And as long as you know only your ego you will not be able to know yourself. 'I' is the only disturbance. This is why ego is stupidity -- the ultimate stupidity! Egolessness is knowledge. Certainly, man is stupid, and this science is difficult.

And the third thing you say is also true -- that you say you want to know, but in reality you don't want to know. Deep down you are not ready to know, you want to avoid knowing. What must be the reason for this complexity? To be engaged in knowing while you don't want to know -- why this contradiction?

It is a delicate issue and worth understanding. And unless you understand it, unless you understand your own duality, you cannot become nondual. I have the experience of knowing thousands of people who come close to me, all of them saying that they want to know. But of all those thousands there is hardly a single person who could truly be said to have that wish to know. Then why do they say it? Who are they deceiving? And what is the point of the deception? They are wasting all their time, all their life that should have been given to the pursuit of knowing. If they do not want to know, why not drop the whole matter? Why this duality? There are reasons for it.

The first reason that you do not want to know is because the life you are leading contains not only suffering, but also glimpses of happiness. You do not want to drop those glimpses of happiness, you only want to cast off the unhappiness. This creates a conflict. Understand it well. Happiness and unhappiness are both there in your life. Happiness may be just a little, perhaps only a glimpse, a hope or even an illusion, but still it is there. And unhappiness is there as well. You want to get rid of the unhappiness, so you approach the one who knows because he offers you some possibility of relief from your unhappiness. But when you approach the man who knows

he tells you to cast off the happiness as well as the unhappiness, because only then can knowing happen. Really, this is where the difficulty lies. You don't want to cast off the happiness that is yours. You have only recently got married; the wife is beautiful, people have been congratulating you, expressing their delight that you are married and now you have the one you wanted. You want to preserve this happiness. The arrangement you are seeking is one in which the unhappiness of the world disappears but the happiness remains -- and this is impossible. No one has ever been able to manage this, nor ever will, because the happiness and unhappiness of the world are two sides of the same coin. Either you retain the whole coin or you throw the whole coin away. You are trying the impossible and that is why you are divided within yourself. You want to leave one half and keep the other. But this life cannot be divided. Life is whole, to divide it is impossible.

When those who know talk of freedom and relief from unhappiness, of the way to bliss and ecstasy, you begin to think of your happiness. You think, "Yes, this is what our wish is, that our happiness should become ultimate." But the bliss of those who know and your happiness are two different things. The word bliss coming from a knower leads you into a false understanding. You think, "This is exactly what I want, the great happiness. Let us go and listen to the knower." And listening to him you find yourself in difficulty, because he tells you to leave the happiness as well as the unhappiness; leave them both, then the bliss will happen. And when he says so, logically it makes sense to you also.

Suppose your wife gives you happiness. Then from this same wife you will also get unhappiness. Only one who can give you happiness can give you unhappiness. One who cannot give you happiness cannot give you suffering either. Your neighbor's wife cannot give you suffering, and if she can, then know well that you are also finding some happiness in her, even if it is just by seeing her. And from the one who brings you happiness will also come suffering. If you go to pick roses you will also find thorns pricking you, because they are part of the roses. Your wife's smile is a flower to you when she is happy with you today. But tomorrow, when she is displeased and unhappy -- then what? Then her misery is going to be a thorn. You want your wife to be happy because that in turn makes you happy. But your wife cannot remain happy twenty-four hours of the day, day in, day out, because the ordinary flow of life swings between opposites.

Except for the supreme knower, no one can remain happy twenty-four hours a day. Just as there is day and night, so there is happiness and suffering, and similarly pleasure and dejection. If your wife is very happy, be prepared: misery is not far away! And if you are getting pleasure from her delight, then her misery is going to bring you suffering. You yourself cannot remain happy and peaceful all day long. The opposite will come. Just as the river flows between two banks, so do you flow between the dualities. A river cannot flow with only one bank, nor can you. Buddhas flow without banks, they are like oceans. It is not that one bank has been dropped; both banks have been dropped. One who wants to drop only one of the banks will not be able to drop either. So it is your greed that brings

you to those who know, and intellectually it is true that you understand their point. You know they are right when they say that as long as happiness is there, unhappiness will also remain. As long as you find happiness in life you will find unhappiness in death.

If you are getting prestige and position, and deriving pleasure in it... what happens when the position is lost? And these positions are going to be taken away, otherwise how will others get them? If they were not snatched away, then how did you get them? You only got the position because it was taken away from someone else. So the taking away and the getting will continue. If your position brings you happiness, then when it is taken from you you will contract and suffer. Today glory, tomorrow shame! Today people are singing your praises, tomorrow they will be criticizing you. They too cannot sing your praises forever -- they get tired. Criticism becomes necessary. And remember, one who has praised you a lot, he will have to put you down. He will grow tired of singing songs in your praise. When he sang them he selected all that was good in you and turned a blind eye to the bad. But how long can he avoid it? If not today then tomorrow he will have to see it. The more songs of praise he sings the more it will be revealed that he was lying.

This is the most remarkable thing -- take anything to its extreme and its opposite will immediately begin to come into view. It is as if you are saying about a man, "How beautiful, how extremely beautiful. No one was ever so beautiful!" Immediately that man's ugliness will begin to reveal itself to you, because you have gone to the extreme. Everybody is somewhere between beauty and ugliness; no

one is entirely beauty and no one is entirely ugliness. If you go to the extreme and say, "No one was ever as beautiful as this," then that is the moment when you will begin to see all the ugliness. One who has been singing praises always gets ready to criticize. The one who has been criticizing, today or tomorrow he will sing songs of praise. One who befriends prepares for enmity, and the one who is your enemy either is your old friend or will become a friend before long.

So whatever has brought you happiness, today or tomorrow will bring you unhappiness. The point has been understood logically, intellectually -- not through the heart, only intellectually. So when you are near the sages you understand this clearly, but all your understanding evaporates as soon as you walk away from them. The emotional drives in you, the stupidity in your life, the ignorance, all revolt: "What is this you are thinking? This way all your life will be a waste. If you throw away your happiness too, what is the point? Do something to save the happiness, just cut out the unhappiness!"

This is what the worldly man is doing -- saving the happiness and getting rid of the unhappiness. The sannyasin drops both. That is the difference between the sannyasin and the worldly man. The worldly man thinks, "There must be some way, somewhere, which saves the happiness and destroys the unhappiness." We call a sannyasin someone who has reached to the understanding that this is impossible, that this cannot be, that this is against the laws of nature and life.

Happiness and unhappiness both have to go; there is no way to keep one and lose the other. When this

understanding crystallizes -- not in the head but in the heart -- when your every cell experiences the truth of this, in that very moment, for the first time, you will want to transform yourself -- not before that.
Once you really want to transform yourself, no stupidity can distract you. The day you want to transform yourself it is very easy to cast off the ego. It is just like a man carrying a heavy load on his head, feeling very burdened because the load is too heavy, but because he thinks that the load consists of gold bars it has to be carried. The moment someone lets him know that these are not gold bars, but only rocks, that is the moment when he will immediately drop the load.
The day you wish to transform yourself, the weight of your ego will feel like a weight of rocks, not of gold or precious diamonds, and in that very moment you will drop it. And when this stupidity drops then this science is not difficult. From that day on it becomes a very simple affair -- because how can it be difficult to enter into your own nature? How can it be difficult to find that which you always are?
Enough for today.

Nowhere To Go But In

Chapter #5

Chapter title: None
29 May 1974 am in Buddha Hall

[NOTE: This is a translation from the Hindi discourses: Nahim Ram Bin Thaon. It is being edited for publication, and this version is for reference only.]

Question
BELOVED OSHO,
SINCE YOU INITIATED ME INTO SANNYAS, I HAVE BEGUN TO FEAR YOU A LITTLE. BEFORE THAT THIS FEAR WAS NOT THERE, ALTHOUGH I HAVE BEEN FRIGHTENED THROUGHOUT MY ENTIRE LIFE. I KNOW TOO THAT THE FREEDOM AND LOVE I HAVE FOUND IN BEING CLOSE TO YOU WERE NOT AVAILABLE TO ME EVEN AROUND MY PARENTS. IF IN THE SHADOW OF YOUR OVERFLOWING LOVE I AM NOT GOING TO FIND FREEDOM FROM FEAR, THEN WHERE ELSE? HOW IS THIS FREEDOM FROM FEAR POSSIBLE?

Many points will have to be understood. Freedom from fear has no relation whatsoever to any other person. The master cannot free the disciple from fear, because the fear is within you and the master is outside. What a master can do, at the most, is to create in you the illusion of freedom from fear -- but then he is not a real master. He may give you the feeling that the fear has disappeared but it can only be an idea, a belief. Courage, bravery, can be created externally, but not fearlessness.
Fearlessness means that there are no causes for fear within, and courage means that the causes for fear are present within, but from the outside you have made yourself strong, pulled yourself together somehow. There is not much

difference between a courageous man and a coward. The coward is unable to hide his fear, while the man of courage is able to do so; this is all the difference there is between the two. The one whom we call courageous is also afraid inside, just as a coward is; and if the coward tries a few techniques he too can become courageous.

So your guru may make you courageous, but fearlessness can be attained only from within. Fearlessness cannot be imposed from the outside -- it is not like face paint or Brylcream; it is not a cosmetic, it is not makeup, it is an inner experience.

What I mean by inner experience is that fearlessness cannot be born in you until it is the realization of your inner being. The fear is there because we think that we are the body -- not only think, we are certain that we are the body. And the body is going to fall, the body is going to die: the destruction of the body is quite certain. When our destruction is a certainty, when death is inevitable, how can there be fearlessness? The fact of withering away makes us tremble. Death may look far away, yet it is very near. What does it matter whether it comes after seven days or seventy years? Death is standing there by your side all along. Nothing is as close to you as death. This realization of inevitable death makes one tremble.

So the master may make you forget this fact, he may make you understand that the soul is immortal, that you will never die, that no one ever dies. Even if you understand this doctrine, if you accept it and agree with it, still you may become only courageous, not fearless... because the doctrine has been given to you by someone else, it is not your own experience. Someone has told you. No matter

how much you trust in it, your trust cannot be total. Total trust can only happen when it is your own experience.

So until you realize and experience that the soul is immortal, fearlessness will not happen. Near the pseudo-master courageousness will be born, but near the true master fear will be created in its real sense for the first time. So it is possible that this state of fearfulness has arisen in you -- that the fear has crystallized. This has to happen, it must, because whatever is within you, whatever has been repressed, will have to be expressed. Wherever you have been deceiving yourself, all your defensive walls will have to be brought down. You have to be revealed to yourself in all your nudity, and only after that can the journey proceed further. One who has set out on the journey of truth will first have to begin to recognize untruth, and the one who is traveling in the dimension of reality will first have to shatter untruths.
So all the consolations you have gathered around you, all the false truths you have made, and all the flowers that you have pasted onto your exterior and which have not come from within you, will all crumble in my presence; and as they fall your fear will grow. I am not interested in indoctrinating you on the deathlessness of the soul. Instead, you will have to confront the fact that your body is going to perish, that you are going to die, and that nothing is going to remain of all that which you think you are. You don't know anything of that which will remain. You will just die -- the full death, nobody can save you, neither the premise of deathlessness nor any master. No, nothing can save you -- to die is your nature.

So first your realization of death is to be intensified, and then your trembling will grow. A moment will come when you are nothing but fear itself, and every cell of your being is nothing but weeping. And when you see the fire of death burning your every cell, on the funeral pyre, that is when you will abandon your identification with the body, that is when your eyes will turn towards that which is deathless. Only the experience of the totality of fear will lead you to fearlessness.

Life is very complex. It may seem strange to you when I say that only if I take you deep into your fear will you be able to find fearlessness. To you it will appear to be the right thing that I should make you courageous, conceal your fear, and embroider your death in beautiful colors. If I say to you, "Death is your friend, death is the door to God," if I console you -- "Why are you afraid? You will never die, you have never died" -- all this will be very sweet to listen to, and you may feel that your fear is getting less, your trembling is ceasing, but you will remain stuck with the body, because you have no idea who you are. So whenever I say that you are deathless, you will relate it to all those falsehoods you are identified with; you will understand your ego to be deathless. Ego is not deathless. In fact nothing in the world is as full of death as the ego, nothing is more false than the ego. Ego in itself is dead.

So first of all I will bring you to a total trembling. You will feel that you are fear itself, all the passion of your fear will be crystallized, you will be unable even to sleep in peace. You will continue to move around, but the trembling will be there all the same. You will see death all around you, as though the whole world is ready to kill you, to annihilate

you; as if you have been thrown into an ocean when the waves are roaring and rushing towards you to swallow you up, and there is no shore in sight, no boat, no shelter, no one to hear you however much you scream -- all around you the roaring waves of the ocean, you, and death, and nothing else! In this intense realization of death happens the transformation when you for the first time jump out of the body, and the glimpse, the experience of soul takes place.

Near the master you will feel much pain at first; all the anguish of separation and the extreme of your agony. Only then will be born that contentment, that sense of the deathless, from which fearlessness grows.

Here a point has to be understood: often it is out of fear that we begin our search into religion, so our natural desire surfaces that somebody should minimize our fears. But it is not a question of minimizing the fear, it is a question of completely uprooting fear. It is not a question of adjustment with fear, it is a question of burning away fear utterly.

In this world we are only able to drop things when the pain becomes so unbearable that we cannot afford to keep them anymore. The identification you have with your body is not yet so intensely agonizing to you. So no matter how much the sages explain it to you, no matter that the mystics say, "You are not the body, drop the identification with it!" you just hear them saying it, but inside you are rigidly attached to your body. You may regularly repeat such statements as "I am not the body" -- you may have recited this many thousands of times -- but still you are convinced internally that you are the body. Any hurt to the body is a hurt to you. If the body is ill, you feel ill. You feel beautiful if your

body is beautiful, and if you body is ugly, you feel ugly. When the body grows old, you grow old along with it. Naturally, when your body dies you will die. How ever much others say it, at the most we can create a false illusion around us, but without experiencing, the truth does not arise in us. So you have come here certainly with the intention of getting rid of some fear, but I will enhance your fear because that is the only way to destroy it.

One very basic point of the complexity of life is that when a disciple comes to a master, the motivation of the two is very different. And it should be so, because the disciple is standing in darkness, he is not yet aware what is good for him; at the most he thinks in that direction. The master is standing in the light; he knows what is good. So often you come to the master for some reason, and the master starts doing something else with you. You can regard this as a criterion: if your reason for coming to the master is also the reason of the master, and he starts working on it, then the master is also standing in darkness.

You have come to me because of fear. I know it. But my actions are not designed to minimize your fear, but to awaken your fearlessness. You have not even come to me to attain fearlessness. You came looking for courage, for bravery, so you can fight -- that's all. That will satisfy you. You are satisfied with such meager gifts. Your dissatisfaction does not run very deep. A drowning man will clutch at a blade of grass to save himself, and I know that blades of grass cannot save anybody. Perhaps you may drown because of the blade of grass, because one who takes the blade of grass for a boat will stop looking for the real boat. The one who has seen a false shore has lengthened his

path to the real shore. I have no concern with the reasons for which you have come to me; I shall do only that which is right for your true welfare.

In the West recently, some psychological studies have been done on fasting, and a very strange fact has emerged, one that you would not have ever imagined. Man is so complex, he is never what you think! One of the question asked is, "Who are more successful in fasting, the introverts or the extroverts?" For thousands of years we have maintained that the introvert is more successful in fasting -- a great meditator, forgetting his meals and his hunger, deeply involved in Rama, the divine within, immersed in the religious experience and total in his prayer -- and that the one who cannot succeed in fasting is the extrovert, who breaks his fast when hunger afflicts him, is not deeply involved in Rama, has no faith, and is not religious. So all the religions of the world have used fasting as a way to make man religious. But the psychological evidence says just the opposite. It is the extrovert who succeeds in fasting, not the introvert. The extrovert, whose eyes are focused on the external, succeeds, while the introvert, whose eyes are focused on the internal, fails.

Try to understand this, because it applies to all the other facets of life. The extrovert lives externally. If a beautiful woman passes by and he sees her, his sexual feelings are aroused; if there is no beautiful woman around his sexual feelings are not aroused. If such a man goes to the wilderness and sits there, it will appear that sex has disappeared from his life. This is the extrovert -- the cause of his desire is external. If he smells the aroma of cooking coming from a hotel, the extrovert's hunger is aroused. If he

goes to the temple where there are no smells of food, no sight of food, no talk of food, then he will find it easy to fast there.

The introvert lives from within. He feels hungry, then he goes to find food. The extrovert becomes hungry when he sees the food. The introvert gets interested and looks for a woman because he feels sexually aroused. The extrovert becomes aroused when he sees the woman. For the extrovert, the cause is outside, and because of this external stimulus his impulse, his inner flow, is aroused. The cause for the introvert is inside, and his behavior is governed only by the internal stimulus. The implications of this are that if you are an extrovert and you go to the temple to fast, your fasting will be successful. If you are an introvert, going to the temple will make no difference; even there you will feel hungry. Hunger is hunger -- how can sitting in the temple make any difference?

There is a Jewish festival called Yom Kippur. On the day of Yom Kippur the Jews go to the synagogue and stay there, fasting all day. Many of these fasters were observed in this scientific experiment, and it was found that those who were extrovert forgot their hunger.

The Jainas in this country do the same thing. During paryushana parva, the days of fasting, they go on sitting in their temples, discussing the scriptures. There is no food in sight, no talk of food, not even the smell of food, and they forget all about food -- their causes are external. But the introverts will be hungry at the appropriate times; reading the scriptures aloud will make no difference to them.

This then seems to be very strange, because what it means is that those who attain celibacy by going to the wilderness

are extroverts. The same will not happen to the introverts by going to the wilderness. But the extrovert cannot become religious; one has to be introverted to become religious. If one has not even this little introvertedness that he can experience the hunger and thirst which are within, how can he possibly experience the soul? -- because the soul is even deeper within. How can you go inside when your hunger and thirst are influenced by outer things, and you are not even related to your own hunger and thirst? The extrovert cannot become religious. But the extrovert is successful in the so-called religious world. The introvert can become religious, but he fails in the so-called religious world. This is very strange! This means that the flock that gathers together in the name of religion is a group of extroverts.

That the Jaina religion could not be developed was basically because of this. It is a group of extroverts with a big emphasis on fasting; introverts cannot succeed there, only the extroverts will. Look closely at the Jaina holy men -- the sadhus, the munis -- and you will find that they are all extroverts. This is why mysticism could not be born in the Jaina religion, because the mystic is an introvert. As a result the Jaina religion has remained nothing but dry mathematics, full of professionalism and superficial mathematical formulas -- what grade of celibacy, how many fasts observed, how little food eaten, what did you eat and what you didn't, how much sleep, what time you got up -- all just superficial calculation. Those who succeed in this are all extroverts. No internal music can be born in them.

Life is very complex and contradictory. The man who attains courage by suppressing fear seems to have found fearlessness, but in reality such a person can never attain to fearlessness. Only he who first experiences his inner fear totally, lives it, goes through it, transcends it, can attain to fearlessness. Only then fearlessness is born.

Fearlessness is not the opposite of fear, it is the absence of fear. Courageousness is the opposite of fear, the other extreme from fear. Fearlessness is the complete disappearance of fear, its absence. Courageousness can be very easily practiced, just a little discipline is needed. Even a man who is trembling with fear and afraid in the extreme can be turned into a soldier; all that is needed is a little discipline, a little adjustment, a little gathering of courage. The fear gets suppressed and moves into the unconscious. But to attain fearlessness is very, very difficult, because the fear will have to be destroyed from its very roots.

So remember, if your fear increases when you come to me, it is a good sign. Don't even try to become courageous -- it is because of that very effort that you are carrying your fear for life after life. Let yourself be in fear, as deeply in fear as the leaf of a tree that trembles in a storm. Don't stop yourself, and don't fight the fear, because if you fight you will suppress it and if you suppress it it will remain with you. Become one with the fear, understand that fear is your destiny; tremble, get frightened, don't try in the least to console yourself. Don't discipline, don't suppress, let the fear come, be overwhelmed by its onslaught -- become the fear! And soon you will find one day that the fear has come to an end, without your doing anything about it; without any discipline on your part the fear has ceased to exist. And

the day you find that there is no trembling at all, when you find that not a single cell is influenced by fear, immediately you will also find that you are separate from the body, that there is a distance between your body and you, with no bridge in between.

Who is it who trembles? The body cannot tremble, because the body is just matter. The soul cannot tremble, because the soul is deathless. Who then trembles? It is the bridge of identification between body and soul, it is this bridge that trembles. All trembling belongs to it, all fear belongs to it. It is this identification that says "I am the body," that shakes. It has to shake and tremble, because it is bridging a body that is dead with a soul that is deathless; the difference is so vast -- not an atom of similarity between the two -- that the bridge has to shake and tremble, and it will go on doing so!

It is neither you nor your body that trembles. It is neither you nor your body that dies. How can the body die when it is dead already? You are the deathless, there is no way for you to die! Then who dies? It is this bridge between the two that dies. We call that bridge ego, me, 'I'.

What is really happening when a man dies? The body is just as it was before death, not the slightest change has taken place; all the atoms, all the elements, everything is present. The soul is as it was -- there cannot be any change in the soul, it is eternal. Then how has this death happened? This death is the breaking of the bridge between the two. The deathless was connected to the dead, and has become separated. Death is a disconnection, a separation of the two. The valley is in between, the bridge has disappeared. The bridge that joined the two has gone -- it is only the bridge

that dies. But as long as you remain identified with the bridge you will go on shaking and trembling with fear.
My love will not make the fear disappear.
No love can make it disappear. But the day your fear disappears, love will certainly be born in you.
That day the fountain of love will start flowing from within you. Flowers of love are not possible in the life of a fear-stricken person; in such a person, knowingly or unknowingly, enmity and hatred prevail. How can someone full of fear love? One who is in fear sees enemies all around, how can he love an enemy? One whose destruction is coming from all directions, how can there be a moment of love in him?
Love arises when the fear inside disappears. And this love is unconditional. It is not related to any person, it is simply your state of being -- just as fear is your state now. You are not afraid because of somebody, nobody is frightening you; fear is just your state. When this state changes, the trembling will disappear and you will be still. In the stillness the state of love is born. Out of trembling comes fear, out of stillness comes love.
Love is an infinite stillness, a state of rootedness. Krishna has called this state of rootedness sthita-pragya. Love can only happen to one whose mind has come to a standstill, it trembles no more. In fear you tremble like the flame of a lamp in a storm. But the nature of your love is stillness, like the still flame of a lamp in a closed room where there is no draught. When you are still, love arises. And this love is not concerned with any particular person; it is not a question of whom to love, whom not to love. You are full of love, that's all. Even if you pick up a stone in your hand, your love

flows towards that stone. If you raise your eyes to look at a tree, your love flows towards that tree. Whether you look at the ocean or the sky, or the river, or whoever comes near you or even does not come near you, and you are sitting all by yourself, love is constantly flowing from you, permeating everything, like the rays of a lamp shining out all around even though it may be burning alone. At this stage, love is simply your nature.

There are only two states of being: one is love, the other is fear. The companions of fear are anger, hatred, jealousy, competitiveness and envy. All the things we have called sins are the companions of fear. Love's companions are compassion, nonviolence, kindness. All those qualities that we have called virtues are the companions of love. And these are the only two states one can be in: fear, which means your identification with the body, and love, which means that you have known yourself as the soul.

So I am not talking of that love which goes on between husbands and wives or parents and children, because this love is really only a web of fear. Husband and wife are both afraid -- , both afraid and standing together. To have someone accompany you, even if they are afraid as well, seems to give you some courage; it feels as if you are not alone. The presence of another -- although they also are in fear -- gives us a sense, a false sense, that the fear is diminishing. Just the presence of someone else!

Walking along a road in the darkness of night you start whistling. Just hearing your own whistling gives you the sense that there is nothing to fear. Or you hum a song to yourself, and just listening to your own humming you feel as though somebody else is also present; or at least you

forget that you are alone, that it is dark, that the road is very lonely. You slip into your humming and the street is forgotten. Husbands slip into wives, wives into husbands, parents into children, friends into friends, just to forget themselves..... Because as long as we can forget ourselves, we can forget the trembling that comes from our sense of death. -- Thus the fear remains hidden.

No, I am not talking of that love. I am talking of a love which is not related to anybody in any way, which is unassociated. This does not mean that you will run away from your wife, or keep the children at a distance, if this love is born in you. If this love is born in you, just your ideas of the wife as wife will dissolve; the very idea that your son belongs to you will dissolve. The ideas will be replaced by an understanding that everyone belongs to the universe, that you are just instrumental; and your love will go on showering, day in, day out. Questions about who is worthy of your love and who is unworthy will all wither away. You will flow like a river, and whoever is thirsty will be able to fill his cup and take it away with him. Your giving will be unimpeded.

Your fear will not disappear because of my love. Yes, you may forget about it, drowning yourself in my love. But if you slip into forgetfulness, then my love is nothing more than an intoxication and this is damaging. So I am ever alert that your fears do not just hide themselves in my love. My love is love only when it exposes your fear. I am not interested in bandaging your wounds; my interest is that they disappear at their very roots. However long it takes and whatever labor is needed does not matter, but you should be free of wounds. And there is no hurry -- In a

hurry you will probably try to hide the wounds, because to hide is easy, to just bandage is very convenient. Even medicines can be given to you so that you never feel the pain of the wounds.
Theories and scriptures are such medicines; it is because of them that you do not feel your pains. So pain is there, the wound is there, and real religion is interested neither in making you forget your pain, nor in making you hide it. Real religion's interest is in removing all your pains, all your unhappiness and all the rottenness of your life at the very roots, so that you are fully liberated.

Question
BELOVED OSHO,
WHEN YOU SIT SILENTLY, WE ARE NOT ABLE TO TUNE INTO THAT SILENCE. BUT WHEN YOU ARE SPEAKING, WE ARE ABLE TO GET SOME GLIMPSES OF THE SILENCE BETWEEN THE WORDS, BETWEEN THE SENTENCES. BUT IT IS SO TEMPTING TO LISTEN TO THE MEANING OF YOUR WORDS, THAT THIS SILENCE KEEPS SLIPPING FROM OUR HANDS. SO COULD YOU PLEASE EXPLAIN TO US HOW WE SHOULD LISTEN TO YOU.

It will happen so, it is natural. When I am sitting silently, you are unable to sit silently. An endless internal current of thought flows within you; you are talking to yourselves. The habit of talking has become so deep, so solid like a rock, that you are unable to relax even for a single moment. If I remain completely silent, you will forget me, your inner

current will become active, your old habit will catch hold of you and you will drown in your internal conversation. It is a monologue; you are all by yourself but you talk all the same. Also, it is difficult for you to see my silence, because we see only that for which a contrast is present in the background.

A psychologist was carrying out some research in a university. He made a small white dot on a big blackboard and asked the students, "What do you see?" Not a single one mentioned the big blackboard; they all said that they saw the white dot. It is the black background, the blackboard, that is making the white dot so prominently visible.

If I am sitting silently, that silence is singular, without any opposites. When someone makes a white mark on a white wall, the mark will not be visible. How could it be visible? -- The opposite is needed for that. If I am sitting silently, it is a white mark on a white wall; you will not see it, you will miss it.

When I am speaking, there is a silence between the words. The words I am speaking for you, while for me still the silence remains. Words are only the surface, internally I am in silence. There is no inner dialogue within me. When I am sitting alone, there is no talk going on inside. The speaking is for you; silence is my nature. So I am present in the gap between every two words; after one word ends and the next one has not begun yet, in this gap is my silence. Like two black lines on two sides, and between them a white line -- because of these two black lines, my silence in between will be more manifest for you. While I am sitting silently, the silence will not be so manifest to you, because

we see only those things which are on a contrasting background.

If all the ugly people disappear from the world, who will be beautiful? If there is no noise in the world, how will you come to know peace? Again, because of the night, full of darkness, the light of the lamp is recognizable. Because death is, hence the taste of life is. Hate exists, hence the abundance of love. The thorns that stab make flowers all the more lovely. You see and experience because of the opposites.

So when I am speaking, there is empty space, a void, between the sounds of two words, and that empty space will become more manifest to you. But I can understand your dilemma as to what you should do -- whether you should understand the meaning of the words or the silence -- because if you concentrate on the meaning of the words the silence slips away. For a moment, silence shines, but if you are full of the memory of the previous word you will miss the silence. If you are waiting for the next word you will miss the silence. If you listen to the words standing on either side of the silence, you will miss the mini-moment of silence; but if your attention is on the silence, the words will not be able to enter you. What should you do?

If you listen to your own advice, you will pay attention to the words. If you listen to my advice, don't bother about the words, just attend to the silence, because whatever I am saying is not in the words but in the silences. What I want to point out to you is not in the lines but in between the lines where there is space. And if I am using words at all, it is just like using the blackboard so that you can see the white dot. It is just to show you the white dot -- the

blackboard as such has no meaning of its own. So when you are listening to me, don't bother yourself searching for the meaning; meaning will manifest itself out of the empty spaces, you will find the meaning in the silences. Listen to the words, but catch the silences. It is to the silences that you should attend. You will be connected to me only when one word has disappeared and the next one has not yet arrived -- there is the gap, there is the open door. So you don't worry much about what I am saying, just be involved in what I am not saying between the sayings -- find all the emptinesses, because only through emptiness will you enter me. And I also can enter you only through the emptinesses. If I do not speak, you go on talking inside yourself, so you are unable to ride my silences. When I speak, your inner talk stops; you become occupied, so the inner stream shatters. You get interested in listening, so your inner dialogue breaks up. So there is one advantage of my speaking; it is not that I shall be able to convey to you what I want to convey, but that your own inner current of talking will be destroyed. I speak so that you do not talk, that's all! But what I want to say to you is between the words, in the silences. Don't worry about what I am saying, let your attention settle down on the gaps in between the words, and supreme bliss will descend upon you. In that moment neither I shall remain, nor you; in that moment there will be neither speaker nor listener; in that moment the essence hidden within both will become one, will meet and merge. In that moment is a deep embrace, a conjunction of the two rivers. In that moment two consciousnesses throw away their limits and become infinite!

Your mind will ask you to listen to what I am saying, but the reality is that whatever is significant cannot be said. All words are empty in themselves, in themselves they have no value. Words are nothing but foam swirling on the surface. From a distance, the foam on the crests of the waves looks lovely, as though the wave in the ocean is approaching wearing a silver crown, as though flowers have bloomed on the waves -- an endless number of bright, white flowers -- but only from a distance. If you go to there and take the foam in your hands, you will find that it is only bubbles that disappear.

Words are nothing more than foam on the ocean of consciousness. And if the consciousness is deep, beautiful foam arises; if the consciousness is full of music inside, the foam too carries a music in it. If the life has come to an inner peace, a kind of poetry is born in the foam. What I speak is foam; if you experience a poetry in it, a beauty in it, understand that this is only an indication. Nothing will be gained by holding the foam in your fist or preserving it in a steel safe. Concern yourself with that emptiness from which the foam is arising, the depths from which it is coming. The words are the foam; in the emptiness is the ocean.

So, it is only when I am silent between two words that the doors of the temple are open. That is when you should enter. Your whole gestalt will have to be changed.

This word gestalt is worth understanding. It is a German word, used by a school of psychologists -- gestalt psychology. You must have come across a certain picture in children's books, of an old woman, and hidden in the same picture is a young woman too. If you look attentively

you will be able to see the young woman, and if you continue to look, the young woman will change into the old woman. Both take shape from the same lines, but the thing that is so special about it is that both women cannot be seen simultaneously. You can see both; first you saw the old woman, then you saw the young one, so you are now acquainted with both, but whenever you look, you will see only one woman, even though you know that the other is present. So now there is no question of ignorance, of non-acquaintance; but still, when you look at the young woman you won't be able to find the old one, and when you find the old one, the young one will disappear. You know that both are there in the same lines, but both cannot be seen together. This phenomenon is the gestalt.

So when you hear my words, you won't be able to hear the silence; for that, the gestalt will have to change. When the whole of your consciousness is engaged in catching the words, you will be deprived of the silence; and when you catch my silences, you won't be able to catch the words. The old woman will not be visible when you are looking at the young one; and when you catch sight of the old woman, you will lose sight of the young one. Both are present, but you will be able to find only one at a time. Your mind will ask to catch hold of the words, because mind lives only on words; words are its food. Mind grows larger through words, mind is enriched by words, the whole of mind's wealth is words; and if the word disappears, then mind disappears. Let the words go, and mind will go too. So mind will persuade you, "Catch hold of the words, they are valuable. Memorize every word, all truth is contained in them, don't miss even a single word, absorb them all!" This

is what the mind will tell you -- this is what it has been telling you always.

You have learned the scriptures -- you may have learned the Gita, the Koran, the Bible by heart, and still you have not the faintest notion of truth. Even if my words penetrate you and crystallize within you, you will not experience a single trace of truth. I am not going to be able to succeed where the Gita and the Koran fail. No word can ever succeed. Your mind will drink in the words and be further strengthened by them. Don't listen to the mind.

If you listen to my advice, catch the emptinesses, drink in the silences. Do not bother about what I am saying -- I don't bother about what I am saying. I am not concerned today with what I said yesterday, and tomorrow I will not be concerned with what I am saying today. This creates a great difficulty for many friends. They say, "Yesterday you said one thing, today you are saying something else. Which one shall we follow?" I can understand their problem. They are catching hold of only the words. Speaking has no value at all for me, only the empty spaces in between all that I say are valuable. Yesterday I used one blackboard, today I am using another. The blackboard is not the thing that matters; it is the white mark on it that matters. Yesterday I opened the door to my emptiness through certain words, today I am opening it through different words. For me, what is relevant is that emptiness which comes between the words, whether the doors are made of wood or gold or silver, whether they are carved with leaves or flowers, whether they are simple or highly ornamental is all meaningless. All that matters is that open door, that empty space, through which you can enter into me and I into you.

One who listens to my words will find many inconsistencies in them; sometimes I say one thing, other times I say something different. Certainly they are right, there are inconsistencies, but that is not the point at all. For me the words are only instrumental to open the emptiness, and the one who looks for the emptiness will find that I am highly consistent. The emptiness that was opened yesterday is the same as the emptiness that is opened today, and it is the same that will be opened tomorrow too. The doors will change -- and they should change. There is a function in the changing of the doors. If I use the same words today that I used yesterday -- and even the day before yesterday -- and again if the same words are going to be used tomorrow and the day after, you will go to sleep and your internal talk will begin.

This is why people go to sleep when they are hearing the scriptures being narrated in the temples -- the Ramayana or the Mahabharata. There is a reason for it, and the reason is that they know the story already, there is nothing new worth listening to, so why stay awake? They know that Rama's Sita is stolen, they know that she is stolen by Ravana. They also know the end of the story -- that Sita is going to come back, that war is going to take place, that Rama is going to win the war -- everything is known. It has been heard so many times that now there is nothing worth hearing; and when there is nothing new to be heard, sleep overtakes you.

Repetition of the old invites sleep. Mothers know this, even if you don't. When they want to send their babies to sleep they sing them lullabies, and they sing the same lines over and over again. The baby hears it, and after a short time,

hearing it again and again and again, he gets bored and goes to sleep.

The mantras that are given to you for meditation do the same thing. You are sitting, and you go on chanting, "Rama, Rama, Rama..." and the drone catches hold of you. How long can you go on listening to "Rama, Rama, Rama"? -- the same thing again and again. First you become bored, then the boredom takes you into drowsiness, and the drowsiness leads you into sleep. If I tell you the same thing in the same words every day, you will start dozing, and I am here trying to awaken you, not to send you to sleep. So I will go on changing the words every day. For me they are meaningless; there is no question of any consistency or inconsistency in them.

I am not interested at all in what I am saying. My interest is in the gaps which I leave between the words: those gaps are my invitation, and if you miss them, you have missed everything. You can learn all my words by heart; there is no sense in that, they will just add to your load. And already your load is ample; already you know much more than you need to know; already your knowledge is killing you. These words will add to your knowledgeability further; you will become a great wordspinner. You will be able to make others understand with your clever argumentation, you will be able to change others' attitudes, you will be able to shatter their intellects. Nobody will be able to defeat you, but you will remain as you are -- sick, diseased, one who has not reached anywhere.

Wherever you find your mind has disappeared, wherever you find you have been able to hear the silence between words, those are the points where you need to dive deep;

those are the junctures from where you go across to the other shore; those are the points from which all the boats sail for the other shore.

Question
BELOVED OSHO,
WHENEVER WE ARE ASKING YOU QUESTIONS, WE FEEL INFINITELY DISTANT FROM YOU, AND WHEN YOU BEGIN TO SPEAK, WE REACH THROUGH YOUR GRACE TO UNFATHOMABLE DEPTHS. SOMETIMES, LISTENING TO YOU, HAPPINESS OVERFLOWS IN US, AND SOMETIMES WE ARE FLOODED WITH TEARS. SOMETIMES THIS HAPPENS, OTHER TIMES SOMETHING ELSE. SOMETIMES YOU BATTER US LIKE A TEMPEST, AND SOMETIMES YOU SHOWER ON US LIKE RAIN CLOUDS. WHAT IS ALL THIS?

Whenever you ask questions you will feel distant, because when you are asking questions your mind has to prepare itself for action -- you have to think and ask and so on. And when you are doing these things a distance will be created. Your mind is active then, and in this mental activity the meditation is lost. But when you simply listen your mind is defunct, there is nothing for it to do; you listen then with a kind of passivity in activity. When you ask there is an aggressiveness. Questioning is aggressive; there is an attack in it, a curiosity, an anxiety, the tension to know something. Questioning is an internal turbulence, and this creates distance. The moment your asking is over the mind is free to rest. Now there is nothing for you to do but listen.

Listening is not an action; nothing is required of you in order to listen. You have only to be here -- no effort, no endeavor is expected of you. You just sit silently and you will hear. And as you sit empty, hearing me, not doing anything, meditation takes over. And if your mind dissolves fully in what I am saying, if you forget even the very fact of being here and simply dissolve, then certainly you will find that you have entered into another world. You can enter this world any time, even without me; it is just a question of getting the knack.

The knack is that when you are not doing anything -- that is when you enter the other world. Then a new dimension opens that was unfamiliar up to now, in which the unknown approaches and the known disappears. If you feel when you are listening to me that you are transported to some other world, do not connect this fact to me; otherwise a dependency will arise. You will then become my slave, and this is the greatest hurdle in the spiritual field. You will be dependent on me, you will feel that your entry into the other world is because of me, and this is wrong. I am just instrumental. It is you who goes, it is you who falls back, but since your eyes are focused on me, the illusion is possible.

So perform this experiment at home as well, and when you are alone. You can do it sometimes with birds, sometimes with waterfalls, sometimes with the sound of the breeze that may be passing by, shaking the leaves of a tree. You can move into silence just as you do when you are near me. Sitting by a river, enter into that silence. Now, the river is not your master, it does not even know that you are sitting on its bank. The winds are not concerned with you; the

rustle of the leaves does not happen for you. Sitting near the tree you simply hear the sounds, and in a moment you will be transported into the other world. Then you will know that to depend upon a master is to create a new world, a new bondage. You change your master and you are just changing the bondage -- leaving one prison to enter another. You arrange your next prison even before you have left the previous one.

If you become dependent on me, then this satsang, this divine communion, has proved destructive for you. If I become your only door of entry into the other world, then this door will also lead you only into prison, because without me you will be miserable. Then I am only a addiction. If the master becomes an addiction then the whole thing is meaningless.

So sitting silently, listening... it is such a person Mahavira called shravaka, the listener. One who has experienced the other world through listening is a shravaka. Mahavira says there are four types of ghats, or riverbanks, from where the journey to the other shore begins. One is the sadhu, the male seeker, the other is sadhvi, the female seeker; one is shravaka, the male listener, another is shravika, the female listener. Mahavira has said that some people reach to the other shore by practicing great austerity, some reach just by listening. Sadhus and sadhvis work hard, then they get a glimpse of the other shore, but shravakas and shravikas enter the other world just by listening.

Krishnamurti constantly emphasizes "right listening," but right listening can also become a danger. It has its purpose -- it gives you the first glimpses. But don't make those glimpses the base of your life; rather try to get those

glimpses in different situations, so that you can be free of the master. So sometimes standing near a tree, sometimes near a river, sometimes in the middle of the marketplace, listen to the sounds and be quiet. There too the same other world will open up for you.

When you ask a question, when you are wanting to ask, that questioning comes out of your inner restlessness; the questions disturb you and make your mind aggressive. Deep down a question is also a form of violence. But when you listen the mind becomes quiet, the tension subsides, the waves disappear; in that listening you enter the other world. And yes, it's true -- sometimes I storm through you like a tempest, and other times I am like a leafy tree under which you can peacefully rest. Many times you need to be shaken up vigorously so that much in you which is stuck to you like rubbish can fall off. And many times you need to be sheltered, so that that which is newly born in you is able to develop properly. A gardener has to tend his plants according to the needs, sometimes watering them, sometimes pruning them, sometimes shaking down the old foliage, sometimes giving them props to rest on. Sometimes he puts the plants in the sun, and sometimes brings them back in the shade. You are like new plants coming into being, and you need many things. If you are sheltered all the time, you will be devitalized; if all you ever know is peace, you will become a corpse -- your liveliness will disappear, your festive spirit will fade away. Certainly, there will be peace in your life, but there will be no bliss; and peace without bliss is dead peace, the peace of the graveyard.

So you need challenges. You need tempests to fill you with life. You need the invitation from the beyond, so that you can be filled with enthusiasm to set out for a journey towards the infinite, so that you stay lively, so that your peace does not become your death. Otherwise you will become like those seekers who in their search for peace have become almost lifeless. They are like stone statues. No heart throbs within them, because they fear that the throbbing of the heart will disturb their peace. They breathe halfheartedly, in fear, for every proper breath has the possibility of creating trouble. They lead frightened lives, full of precautions to prevent anything going wrong. Their peace is very weak, very frightened, anything can shatter it. They are like those plants which have been kept only in the shade; to bring them into the sun now is a difficult thing, for they will fade away and die.

Can there be life in the shade alone? Shade and sunlight are needed. Sunshine brings life, but an excess of life will also creates insanity. If the energy becomes so much that you cannot bear it, you will go mad. So both are needed, and a rhythm has to be created between the two. You need to be jolted, and you need to be given rest too. You need to be left in the sun, and you need to be brought back into the shade -- because I do not want to lead you to a world of peace only, I want to lead you to a world of bliss.

Dancing peace is bliss! Festive, joyous, celebrating peace is bliss. Bliss is an activity which has inactivity at its center. Bliss is a dance in which the dancer disappears. The dancer is at peace, but the dance goes on! Bliss is such a leap that we touch the highest peaks, and yet we do not lose our contact with the earth.

It is easy to attain the part, to attain the whole is difficult. Worldly people covet life, and the so-called seekers strive after death. I want you to attain both simultaneously. Your ego must die utterly, and the divine in you must come totally to life. Let death be your left hand and life your right. Let your inhalation be life and your exhalation death. Be young, overflowing with energy, dancing like a tempest, and peaceful, silent, empty at the same time. Let the flute of Krishna sing between your lips, even as you sit in silence like Buddha under the bodhi tree. Let the flute not disturb you, and let your silence be no enemy to the flute.

The day the flute is on the lips of emptiness, the day music arises out of silence, that day you have come to know the ultimate meaning of life! That is the day of fruition; there is nothing beyond that!

Hence sometimes I shake you forcefully, so that you do not let the flute slip out of your hands, no matter what is happening. Sometimes I hold you in peace and relaxation, so that the emptiness that is to flow through the flute may be born.

The song of emptiness, the music of silence, a dancing bliss -- this is the aim.

Enough for today.

Nowhere To Go But In

Chapter #6

Chapter title: None

30 May 1974 am in Buddha Hall

[NOTE: This is a translation from the Hindi discourses: Nahim Ram Bin Thaon. It is being edited for publication, and this version is for reference only.]

Question
BELOVED OSHO,
DIFFERENT RELIGIONS HAVE DIFFERENT MANTRAS, SUCH AS: OM NAMO SHIVAYA NAMO, ARIHANTA NAM, ALLAHU AKBAR, OM MANI PADME HUM. IN WHAT STATE OF BEING WERE SUCH GREAT MANTRAS BORN? HOW AND IN WHAT WAY ARE THEY RELATED TO OUR VARIOUS INNER CENTERS? HOW SHOULD A SEEKER SELECT A MAHAMANTRA MOST APPROPRIATE TO HIM?

A seeker's journey can proceed on two paths; one is of power, the other of peace. The journey into power is not the journey into truth, it is a journey into ego -- whether the power is derived from money, prestige, or from chanting mantras. To have the desire for power means that you have no desire for truth. Any power you acquire, whether it is of body, of mind or if it is so-called spiritual power, will only strengthen you, and the stronger you are, the further away from truth you are. The very fact of your power is the assertion of your ego in the face of truth. Your power will turn out to be a barrier. Your very power will in reality become your weakness in the realm of truth. So the more powerful you become according to yourself, the more impotent you become at the doors of truth.

Hence the search for power is not the search of a true seeker. But the seeker moves in that direction because what we seek in this world we start seeking also in the divine. Our aim, in fact, is to get in that world what we are unable to get here in this. So there is a continuity between our world and our moksha, liberation. What we sought after and could not achieve in the marketplace, the same we go in search of in the temple. The search is the same. What we sought in money and could not achieve, the same we seek in religion. The search as such remains the same, and the one who is searching has not changed at all. When you fail in one place, you simply try to succeed in another.

But why in the first place do you want to become powerful? This very desire of becoming is what makes you unhappy. When you disappear, bliss will happen. In your absence nectar is going to pour, but not a drop will be there as long as you are.

Mantras bestow power. Through chanting a mantra one gathers power; there is no doubt about this. Let us understand what a mantra does. A mantra concentrates the mind, bringing all the diffused rays of the mind together. Whatever mantra you use -- Allahu Akbar, or Om Namo Shivaya, or Om Mani Padme Hum, or just Ram, Ram, Ram -- it makes no difference. You can make up your own mantra if you want to, the words in a mantra have no significance at all. Words and meanings are not what mantras are about; the whole purpose of the mantra is to concentrate your mind. So any ordinary phrase, any meaningless word, can serve as a mantra.

When you chant a mantra, all the energy used in your thoughts is released to flow into the mantra. Only the

mantra remains in your mind; all other avenues of thought are closed, all other outlets for your mental energy are shut off; there is nowhere else for it to flow. Normally when you are thinking, your energy flows in countless different currents; one thought travels north, another south, another east, another west. When you think you travel in many different directions. You are not one, you are not a unity; you are divided. But when you chant a mantra, all the energy begins to flow in one direction.

If we use a lens to converge the rays of the sun, fire can be created. The fire is hidden in the sunrays, but when they are separate, at the most some heat can be created, not fire. It is when they are concentrated together that the fire appears. In just the same way there is a great fire hidden in your mind, but as long as the rays of the mind are separate, only a little heat is there. Mantra is a method to concentrate the rays of your mind together. The moment this happens great heat, a tremendous amount of energy is created.

If you consistently practice a mantra, many phenomena relating to energy and power will begin to happen in your life, and they will provide great nourishment to your ego. Whatever you predict will come true, whatever you describe will happen exactly as you have said; if you curse it will come to pass; if you grant a wish it will come true, because so much energy and power is concentrated in you that your statements begin to materialize. The only reason for their materialization is that when a person can invest great power in the things he says, his words enter directly into the unconscious of the listener -- the arrow flies straight to the other's heart. And when anything reaches to the heart it starts taking effect.

Suppose you say to someone, "Tomorrow morning you will fall sick," and suppose, in saying this, it is the only thing in you -- a mantra; there is nothing else, no other line of thought, no distraction. If this sentence, "Tomorrow morning you will fall sick," becomes your mantra, your mind totally full with it, then the moment you say this to someone your words will strike to the core of his heart. Now he will be unable to sleep the whole night; he has seen your eyes, heard the tone of your voice, caught your gesture, and his mind is so impressed that there is no way for him to avoid what you have said to him. His mind will keep coming back to this mantra. In his dreams that night he will see you and hear your words, and although his mind will try to argue that nothing is going to happen -- "Why fear this man? Nothing is going to happen!" -- yet some force will drive him. He is repeating the mantra -- your mantra -- even in his fighting it. He is bound to fall sick by the morning! Half this sickness is your creation, and half his own.

You can do similar things in many different areas of life. Once your words begin to come true, your confidence will grow and you will feel ever more powerful. The more your words come true, the more you will feel yourself to be full of some divine power, some siddhi -- the power to do miracles. This confidence will strengthen your mantra, and the mantra will increase your confidence; slowly you will come to experience many powers. Yoga has named these experiences of power as siddhis. These siddhis are the greatest obstacle on the way to realization. Patanjali has mentioned them in the Yoga Sutras, so that one can keep clear of them. Never move in that direction; and if you

have, then come back -- and the sooner the better, because all the time spent in their company is time wasted, and every time you travel further in that direction, the coming back becomes more and more difficult.

My own point is that the world means the search for power, the search for siddhis; "God" means the search for peace, the search for emptiness -- and in this search you slowly disappear and dissolve. But in pursuit of siddhis you will still be there in the end, and there will be no trace of godliness. In pursuit of peace, in the end, you will not remain; only godliness will remain. It is out of necessity that one of the two has to disappear, the two cannot exist simultaneously. You and God cannot coexist, it is impossible. When you are, God is not. When God is, you are not.

Yes, the power-trip into siddhis will strengthen you, and this is why those who practice the use of mantras seem to be so full of ego. The ego of the rich man does not even compare, nor that of the politician who prides himself on his position. And there is a good reason for this. Money can be snatched away, money can be stolen; what is the value of money? And one cannot rely too much on a political post. It is here today, tomorrow it may not be. But the power of a mantra is more reliable. No thief can steal it, no public opinion can change its status. The power of the mantra depends solely on your own mind, not on anyone else. So you can feel more powerful, more self-reliant, standing on your own two feet.

A seeker after siddhis has already gone astray, though there is going to be much in it to interest him -- the ego is always ready to be fascinated by such matters. An ant was coming

towards you, and through willpower you altered its course; the ego is highly impressed by such feats, even though the act in itself is of no importance at all.

There is a woman in Russia who has been the subject of many scientific experiments. With her mental powers she can move anything. She stands six feet from a table, concentrates her mind for fifteen minutes, and she can move the table either towards or away from herself. Every detail has been scientifically investigated, and it is now clear that there is no trick involved. What does the woman gain out of it? During the fifteen minutes of the experiment she loses two pounds in weight, and for a fortnight she is so weak that she has to rest in bed. The body loses two pounds in just a few minutes. When you send out your energy through mental concentration, your body loses that energy. But still, this woman is deriving great pleasure from her accomplishment. Her whole life is disturbed by it, her home is a mess, her family is very upset. She is unable to care for her children, unable to look after her husband, but the show goes on because despite all this her ego is deriving immense satisfaction. Her photograph is published in the newspapers, scientists are coming to study her, and a miracle is taking place. But what is the point of this miracle? What is to be gained from all this? The table could be moved by hand, using the energy of just a few blood cells, instead of using the mind at the cost of two pounds in body weight and a fortnight of sickness and dis-ease!

Someone once approached Ramakrishna and said, "You are supposed to be a great master, but there are no signs of your great powers, your siddhis. My master can walk on water, he can walk across the river!"

"How much time did your master spend in learning this art?" asked Ramakrishna.
"It took him at least twenty years," was the reply.
Ramakrishna said, "This is a sheer waste of time and life. I can cross the river -- it costs me two paisa. Twenty years to learn to do something that can be done in a few minutes for as little as two paisa! And if there is no boat you can swim."
But one can easily waste twenty years in learning to walk on the water. You also will feel tempted to do so. But of course, being able to cross the river is not the real motive at all. The real point is that the ego is going to rise high if you can walk on the water. Sitting in a boat does nothing for the ego, and swimming does little either -- after all just two paisa have been spent and only the river has been crossed. But to walk on water! -- this is great for the ego! This man has no interest in crossing the river, his interest is strengthening his ego.
Mantras are a source of power, and it is true that all the religions have devised mantras, because all religions fall from the search for peace to search for power. Mahavira sought for peace, but what have the Jainas who follow him to do with peace? Buddha sought to dissolve himself in the emptiness, but the Buddhists are interested in their safety and security, not in dissolving themselves. Those individuals around whom the religions are born had indeed attained to emptiness, but those who gather around them do not do so to become empty; they are interested in something else, they are interested in the opposite. Hence, those through whom religions are born and those into

whose hands they fall are always enemies -- their desires are totally different. This is why all religions deteriorate. The search for power brings religion into the confines of the world. And it makes no difference whether it is Jainism, Hinduism, Buddhism or Mohammedanism. As long as your interest is in the miracles, understand well that the quest for religion has not arisen in you yet. You are in awe when some sadhu, some baba, some holy man, creates ashes in the palm of his hand. What are you going to do with the ashes? There are plenty of ashes lying on the roads, or you can make ashes at home for little cost by burning coal. But if someone creates ashes in his palms, and this so impresses and delights you that you are moved to become his follower, then you are mad!

It is worth understanding the nature of this fascination. That nothing is going to change from this creation of ashes is something that you also know. But in the ashes you are looking for something else; your hope is that the one who can create ashes can also create diamonds. Through making ashes he has set fire to your desire. Your hope is that if he can create ashes he can also destroy your ills. If he can create ashes, then he can give you victory in the elections. This is why every politician in Delhi has his guru. Everyone, president and prime minister included, has to depend on some baba, some mahatma, who creates ashes and performs miracles.

Everyone who harbors desires is impressed by miracles. Look at the millionaires: every millionaire is touching the feet of this or that guru. He may be a millionaire, but the deeper truth is that he wants to be a billionaire! You bow down to the miracles because you have some desire, there

is something you are hoping to gain for yourself. And of course, the miracle-maker feeds this hope in you and helps you cling to the belief that your dream can come true. People are unhappy, they face many difficulties -- sickness, unemployment, work going badly, some matter in the law court, and so on. Seeing the ashes being created out of nowhere, the hope is aroused: "If it pleases this baba, my misery can be made to disappear, and happiness can shower on me just as the ashes are showering!"

But happiness has never been able to shower just through someone else's dispensation. Bliss has never been born through someone other than you yourself. Centuries of history provide the evidence that no one other than you can give you bliss. But the mind has its own illusions; the mind seeks cheaper, easier ways.

It is a miracle that you have come here to listen to me. This is what I call a miracle... because no ashes are going to be created here, no miracle-making devices are going to be distributed. I am not going to cure you of your illnesses, nor will you win any elections through being here; in fact, none of your ambitions will be fulfilled. And yet you have come -- this is what I call a miracle! There is no logic in your coming to me, because nothing of all that you want is going to be given to you. On the contrary, through being here whatever you have may be taken away, until in the end you yourself dissolve. And yet you have come, and I have to agree that you must have some genuine spiritual quest: you have obviously not come in search of ashes, nor are you so insane as to try to walk on water!

The truth is that you are indeed bored with your world, and this boredom is real. Your anguish has run to the limits of

this world, to where you want to enter a different world of spirituality. You want to break the continuity which has defined your journey up to now. You want to jump off it, you are not interested in moving in the same rut.
So I don't give you any mantra -- nor do I have any to give you, because a mantra is given when the search is for siddhis, for power and prosperity. I am not going to strengthen your mind; I am going to dissolve it. I will cut into it, and then wait for the layers to peel off one by one. Just as the layers of an onion are peeled off, so the layers of your mind will gradually drop away until finally the whole onion has disappeared. Nothing of the mind will remain, and you will have attained the emptiness. Buddha compared the mind to an onion, whose layers are peeled off one after another until the whole onion has disappeared. Only when mind has vanished completely do you appear in your true nature.
How to dissolve you, this is the great mantra.
Concentration will make you more solid, meditation will dissolve you. Concentration focuses and solidifies all your energies, meditation makes your energies surrender to God. So God is not to be turned into a point of concentration; one has to surrender to him. The mind is not to be concentrated, it has to be dissolved into God. The two are very different matters. One has to dissolve, disappear, till the moment comes when one is not conscious of oneself. Such a moment will come that even if you search, you will not be able to find yourself. You will go within, and you will find that the house is empty. You will look in a mirror, and you will see in your eyes that there is no one within. There, in that dissolving, is nirvana.

So the reality is that religions have not given any mantra, it is the priests who have done so. The mantras are not given by the enlightened ones but by the priests. And the priests have nothing to do with religion. It is the priests who destroy religion, who make religion a part of the business world. The priest is the servant to your desires; he says yes to whatever you want. He reassures you and keeps your hope alive.

But real religion only begins when all your hopes come to an end; it begins only in utter hopelessness. If even a single ray of hope remains, it will keep you wandering in the world. If there is just the smallest possibility that tomorrow something may happen, you will go on waiting for tomorrow.

Let your hopelessness become so crystallized that all your dependence on tomorrow evaporates. Let your anguish run so deep that not a trace of hope is left alive. Where there is no hope, no tomorrow, there is no place for desires to arise, because desires arise on the foundation stone of hope. Desire lives in tomorrow, not in today, because in today there is no room for it. In tomorrow, in the time to come, in the life to come -- this is where desire lives. It is the expanse of time that gives desire the room in which to live. This is why you always live in the tomorrow, never in the today. But living in this way, whether you chant mantras or go to the mosque or temple to pray, it is all false, because all your prayers are nothing but the offspring of your desires.

The prayer which is born in desire is a false prayer; your prayer is just to make some demand. The very word prarthana, prayer, is derived from a root meaning demand,

and your visits to the temple are only to make your worldly demands. As long as you are demanding something from God, it is certain that you are not demanding God himself; that something is more to you than God himself. It is actually a miracle that you can ask God for petty things, because what this means is that these petty things are more important to you than God.

When Vivekananda came to Ramakrishna, his family was in a very impoverished state. His father, who was an impulsive worldly man, had died leaving many debts to be paid off, so that there was not even enough food in the house. If it somehow became possible to prepare a meal, there was never enough for the two -- Vivekananda and his mother. So Vivekananda would say to his mother that he was invited out by some friend to eat with him; otherwise his mother would make him eat first and then go hungry herself. To convince her, he would leave the house, wander around the streets for a while, and then return, looking well pleased and belching! Of course he had not been invited to eat anywhere -- this performance was just to please his mother. He would tell her how good the meal was, how content he was after the meal.

When Ramakrishna came to know of this, he said to Vivekananda, "Are you such a fool? You come here every day, and it would be the easiest thing in the world for you to pray to Kali in the temple for what you need. Why make life so difficult for yourself?" Vivekananda could not refuse his master, and said, "If you tell me to pray for food, I will do so."

When Vivekananda went into the temple, Ramakrishna sat outside and waited. When, after a long time, Vivekananda

reappeared from the temple with tears of joy and ecstasy flowing, Ramakrishna asked him, "Have you told the Great Mother of your need?"
Vivekananda said, "I forgot!"
"Is this a matter to be so easily forgotten?" asked Ramakrishna. "You are hungry, your mother is hungry, your home is threatened by the debts that have to be paid off -- and all you need do is tell Kali. Just a small hint is all that is necessary, and everything will be set in order. Go back!"
So Vivekananda disappeared into the temple again, and as before he was gone a long time. When he came out, his eyes were brimming with the tears of bliss. Ramakrishna said, "There you are, you see. You look so happy, it is obvious that you asked this time."
"No," said Vivekananda, "I forgot again!"
Three times this happened, and finally Vivekananda said, "It's no good! Every time I go to her I forget everything but her. She is the only thing I see. I even forget myself, so how to remember my problems? It is impossible!"
Ramakrishna was happy. "I set you this as a test," he said, "and that is why I kept sending you back into the temple. Because had you been able to ask, it would have meant that prayer was not possible, that true prayer had not happened in you yet."
A mind that can beg is the mind of a beggar. How can such a person enter into prayer? For him there are still bigger things to ask for than God.
A person who desires God himself cannot ask for anything else when he is facing him. He cannot even ask for God! Try to understand this, because the mind is very cunning

and knows how to adopt the alternative viewpoint: "Okay, then I will not ask for anything, only for God himself." But in that too you are present, and again God is made smaller than you, because it is you who is going to get God. He is going to become your wealth. You are going to grasp him in your hands, and he will become just an extension of your possessions. You will give God a corner in your kingdom, while you remain the master.

Remember it: no one can ask for anything in God's presence. If you are asking for the world, it only shows that you are not standing in his presence. You are still making the trivial more significant than the vast, you are still taking the meaningless as meaningful, and your prayer is false. And neither can you ask for God, because standing in his presence the very asking disappears, asking becomes meaningless; the one who asks no longer exists.

So prayer is not an act. You cannot pray, because the one who prays is no longer there. Prayer is a state of ecstasy, a state of dissolution in which the doer disappears; you are no more there the way you always were. That is prayer.

I will not give you any mantras, and as long as I don't, no religion will be able to grow up around me. If I give you mantras then a religion can arise. If a mantra comes the temple follows. When the temple comes the priests follow -- and the whole net is spread, and the seed of it all is the mantra. If I give you a mantra it only means I am accepting your search for power, I am saying that your search is worthwhile. So I will not give you any mantra -- neither Namokar nor Omkar nor Mani Padme Hum -- because with your ego strengthened by mantras you will be dangerous.

You have come to me. So drop your mantras if you have any; don't fill yourself up with mantras. A mantra is a mind-game. Think about it: how will you recite a mantra if you are without a mind? If the mind is not, who will chant Namokar? Namokar is a thought process too. Somebody is humming a love song from some film he has seen because his mind is obsessed with sex and romance. It is this same energy and mind with which he can chant mantras if his mind gets entangled with religion. So whether it is a mantra or a film song, both are just thought-forms. And for me there is no question about which is pure and which is impure; all thoughts are impure -- thinking is impurity. There is no such thing as a pure thought, cannot be, just as there cannot be a healthy sickness. If sickness is the name of the state one is in, how can there be a healthy sickness? How can there be clean dirtiness, or do you think there can be? Thinking as such is impurity. The very existence of a thought wave makes consciousness impure, whether the thought is of sex or prayer, meditation or marketplace, it makes no basic difference. The presence of thought in the consciousness is impurity. There cannot be a holy thought, because holiness means thoughtlessness, the absence of thought.

Think of it this way: suppose you add water to milk; now water is pure, and milk also is pure, so should not the mixture of these two purities give us something doubly pure? But the milk cannot be called pure when we add water to it. It becomes impure, because the nature of water is different from the nature of milk. However pure the water, adding it to milk will not make the milk any purer; the purity of the water is irrelevant. And of course, it is not

only the milk that becomes impure when the water is added; the water too becomes impure. You just don't notice this because you are paying attention only to the milk. The fact is that the water has also lost its purity. Two pure substances have been mixed with each other, and as a result both have become impure.
Thought, like consciousness, has its own nature, and the natures of the two are different from each other. So the meeting of the two will bring impurity into both. Thought in itself is pure, consciousness in itself is pure. For anything to be in itself is purity. To be in one's own nature is purity; to be otherwise is impurity. So no pure thought can purify consciousness, just as no pure water can purify milk. When the space within is thoughtless, when it contains no clouds -- not even the cloud of a mantra -- then, in that formlessness with which you are one, God is.

Question
BELOVED OSHO,
YOU SEEM TO BE SAYING THAT THE SPIRITUAL SEARCH IS A MATTER OF BEING
EITHER ON THIS SHORE OR ON THE OTHER -- THAT WE ARE EITHER IN THE RELIGIOUS OR IN THE IRRELIGIOUS, IN LIBERATION OR IN BONDAGE, IN RAMA OR IN RAVANA. PERHAPS THERE IS NO INTERMEDIATE STATE. IF IT IS SO, THEN WHAT IS THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN SEEKING AND SURRENDER?

Certainly there is no intermediate state -- there cannot be. Understand this well, because it is a bit subtle. The mind

falls into a state of hopelessness if it accepts that there is no intermediate state. It is actually the mind that creates the intermediate state in order to give itself hope: "I may not be a Rama but at least I am not a Ravana either. I have gone already half the journey, I have come a long way. I may not yet have attained salvation, but at least I have left the material world. The supreme knowledge may not have happened, but I have already gathered a great deal of knowledge. Really I have only a small distance left to travel!"

But can knowledge be divided? Can it ever be that half knowledge has happened to you? Is half enlightenment possible? And if someone has become half enlightened, why would he carry the burden of half-unenlightenment with him? If half of someone's inner world is illuminated, is this half illumination not capable even of dispelling the darkness of the remaining half? How can one save half of a desire?

To inform you that progress is being made is one of the great tricks of the mind. In this way it keeps its hope alive. So the mind says, "We are climbing steadily, step by step; there are only a few steps left now, and there is no hurry, and nothing to fear. There is no cause for concern; so many steps have been climbed, and just these few left ahead will also be climbed."

Mind creates the steps, where in fact there are no steps. Mind invents degrees of attainment, where in fact no such thing is possible. Either a man has found wisdom and then ignorance cannot survive even to the smallest degree -- the idea of half is simply impossible: how can ignorance remain in the presence of wisdom? -- or a man is in

ignorance. Then it is impossible for him to say, "A little wisdom has happened to me." That "little wisdom" would burn away all his ignorance.

Your entire house may be in darkness, but if you light a small lamp all that darkness will come to an end. It will not be necessary to put the whole house on fire in order to light it. Just a small lamp and there is light, and the darkness is gone. The presence of light is the end of darkness. And if it happens that some darkness remains -- that your lamp shines light only into a part of your darkness -- then be aware that your lamp is only imaginary, that you are convincing yourself that there is a lamp when in fact there is none. You are only dreaming, or it may be that you are looking at the painting of a lamp. An artist can create such a lifelike painting of a lamp that when you look at it you will think it is a lamp, with the flame flickering and the aura around the flame. But you will never be able to dispel darkness with this lamp, it is false. Our knowledge is like this painting of a lamp, we have collected it all from the scriptures, it is only a painting. We have preserved it in a part of our minds while the darkness remains where it is. The knowledge that does not dissolve ignorance is borrowed knowledge, it is false, fictitious.

One can be either Rama or Ravana, but there is no way to be in between. Our trouble is that we know perfectly well that we are not Rama, but it is a big hurt to the ego and the mind does not want to agree to it. It is hard enough for the mind to say, "I am not Rama," and we cannot say, "I am Rama," because everybody knows we are not and they will just laugh at us. So, although we would love to equate ourselves with Rama, we cannot -- the difficulties are real

in this case. But to liken ourselves to Ravana is equally impossible. So we choose the middle path and declare, "I am neither Rama nor Ravana, I am in between at present. Buddhahood and the supreme understanding have not happened to me yet, but neither am I an ignorant and foolish man."

This idea of being in the middle is very dangerous, because it does not allow you to discover where you really are. It is far better to know that you are a Ravana -- and what is wrong in Ravana that you are afraid of? If you understand the nature of Ravana, you will see that there is no such thing as being in the middle; at the most your choice is to be a lesser or a greater Ravana! Yes, you may be just a mini-Ravana -- you may be a drop rather than the whole ocean -- but what difference does this really make to your nature, to your consciousness? The ocean is salty, and a drop of the ocean is salty too.

Buddha said, "If you taste a single drop of the ocean you have tasted the whole ocean." Scientists say that if you analyze a drop of sea water you have analyzed the whole ocean. It is all contained within that single drop. The ocean is just a magnification of that drop; the drop is a microcosm of the ocean. So maybe you are a drop, rather than being the whole ocean, but the basic characteristic is the same in either case.

What makes it so difficult to admit to the Ravana in yourself? Just have a look and see what is in Ravana that is not in you. Ravana is mad after wealth, Ravana is obsessed with expanding his empire, Ravana lusts after women. If he is attracted to a woman it is totally irrelevant that she has her own life and lives with her own man. If Ravana is

attracted, she must dwell in his palace. And Ravana is a great scholar; he knows the scriptures inside out.

Now if we really look into ourselves, which of these characteristics of Ravana is not to be found? Women are a constant attraction -- except for our own woman, to whom we are less and less attracted. We become slowly habituated to our own wife. For how long is a man really attracted to his own wife? The mind is bored with what it already has, so that the attraction to one's own wife dies altogether. No attraction remains in that which is available to us; our attraction is to that which is unavailable, and the more unavailable the more intense is our attraction.

It was because she was so utterly unavailable that Ravana was so fascinated by Rama's wife, Sita. Not that to steal her away -- which he did -- was difficult but to win her, to seduce her, this was impossibly difficult.This was the challenge. Her love for Rama was so total that Ravana could find not a single flaw through which to steal into her heart. So this became the challenge.

Is a man ever really attracted to a prostitute? His attraction is to the sati, the devoted woman. How can he be really attracted to the prostitute? He has only to show his wallet and she is available. Since she can be bought, what interest is there in her? But to buy Sita was impossible; hence Ravana's interest. There was no way to buy her, and no way to force an entry into her heart. And this is the reason why the Eastern woman is such an attraction -- far more so than the Western woman. Even Westerners find an attraction in the Eastern woman that is lacking in the Western woman. The latter may be more beautiful and her body may be better proportioned, but still she lacks the attractiveness of

the ordinary Eastern woman -- because to enter into the heart of the Eastern woman is impossible. The challenge is great!

Ravana had no shortage of beautiful women, and it is possible he may well have had women more beautiful than Sita, but her devotion to Rama was so unique that it became a great challenge for Ravana to win her. You too experience the same sense of challenge all the time. Your interest is in the woman who is somebody else's. This is a characteristic of Ravana's consciousness -- to be interested in what the other has, rather than in what you have yourself.

Rama has no interest at all in other women; it is as if in Sita is contained for him the whole world. This is the nature of Rama's consciousness -- what you yourself have is all; what you have is the whole. You are in deep contentment, with no demand for what you do not have. In fact, you do not even see more than that which you have. In what you have, everything is contained, as though all the women in the world were contained in Sita's womanliness. For Rama, to be with Sita is to be with all women.

Ravana's consciousness, on the other hand, will not be satisfied until he has conquered all the women in the world, and there is no guarantee that he will be satisfied even then. Ravana has no reverence for the individual; the only things that he values are his own sensations -- selfishness is his creed.

Look how our sensitivity becomes blunted towards those with whom we live. Because we see them every day, we find nothing worth seeing in them; knowing them day in, day out, there remains nothing worth searching for in them;

acquainted with the whole of their personality, everything comes to feel stale. This is the way of all the senses. Eat a certain food, and today it tastes delicious. Eat it again tomorrow and it is a little less appetizing. By the third day we are bored with it, and if we are presented with it for the fourth day we will throw the dish out! Yes, it is just the same with our sense of taste: the food is wonderful the first day, and by the fourth day we are throwing it out.

This is the way of the sense organs. They get bored with the old, and each day is a search for the new. What they want is sensation, and sensation is provided by the new. So all societies that are based in the sensual will function according to the formula: search for the new. Societies that are spiritually based will have the characteristic of contentment with the old. Consciousness seeks the eternal, senses seek the novel.

Rama has found the eternal in Sita -- he has sought that which never grows old, which need never be renewed, and which never knows boredom. Love, unlike sex, can never be boring, because love belongs to the heart, while sex belongs to the sense organs. So if sex is your center, then you need a new man or a new woman every day. Your taste is for novelty, because the body seeks fresh sensations every moment; it wants excitement and new challenges, whereas consciousness lives in the eternal. This is why love can be eternal.

Love has happened between Rama and Sita, but between Ravana and his wives the link is only sexual. And Ravana's desire for Sita indicates the lack of interest he now has in his own wives. This is the situation in which we are living, this is the state of our own consciousness. What we have is

hell, what the other has is heaven! We say, "I shall not be able to rest until I get it," but the moment we possess it, it becomes worthless. Once it is mine, I lose interest in it; now I have to look for something else again. It is this perpetual quest after something else -- after the other -- that keeps us unhappy. This path offers no possibility of contentment.

Ravana is also obsessed with wealth. His city, Lanka, is called the golden city. Yet golden though it is, Ravana lusts after other kingdoms and other people's riches. Rama's Ayodhya is not made of gold as Lanka is, but still Rama has no interest in the cities and kingdoms of others. You, even if you are given a golden kingdom, will still be preoccupied with what others have. Even if you have palaces you will still be attracted by the cottages that belong to other people.

An individual with the consciousness of Rama, though he lives in a simple cottage, will be quite unattracted by palaces, because wherever Rama stays becomes for him a palace. But no matter where Ravana stays there will be no palace, only unhappiness, because Ravana only sees the palace that belongs to the other, the palace where he is not, the palace that has to be won.

We talk of Ravana's ten heads. If we ask psychologists about this, they will say that everybody has ten heads, because everybody has to keep many faces ready for use. Between morning and night we change our faces many times. Maybe you are not aware of this, maybe you have never really looked at what you are doing. In the presence of your subordinate you put on one face, and in the presence of your boss another. If you pay full attention, you

will find that you change your face in an instant. You are wearing one face for the man who comes to you to ask about his work, and look at your face a moment later when you go to see the boss about your own work! Have a look at your expression in a mirror when you are on your way to ask someone for a loan, and see your face when someone comes to you asking for a loan! You will discover that the faces do not belong to the same person, they belong to two different people.

But don't stop at the number ten either -- don't take ten to be just ten. Ravana's ten heads are just an indication, a symbol. Ten is the last number in counting before repetition begins, hence the mention of ten. The actual number of faces you have runs into thousands, but all over the world counting ends at ten. Everything above ten is repetition; thus eleven means one over ten, and twelve means two over ten. Ten is the symbolic end because man began to work with numbers by counting on his ten fingers; above ten, repetition begins. So those ten faces of Ravana are to indicate the upper limits of counting -- there is really no end to the number of faces you have, and all day long you are changing them.

Rama has only one face, whether you meet him in happiness or in unhappiness, whether he is sitting in his palace or in the middle of the jungle; he does not wear different faces. And whoever comes to have but one face becomes Rama. To have but one face means to have become authentic, to show your true inner face, not to mask your truth on the outside, not to be influenced by circumstances, but to let your face reveal your inner being. Rama's face remains the same whether you blame or praise

him; no mere circumstance can manipulate his features now. His face has become stable, and the name of this stability is Rama.

It was very difficult to kill Ravana when the war came, because cutting off his head made no difference. If one head fell, another grew in its place, and the real head -- the real face -- was nowhere to be found. There is no sense in cutting off false faces, because new ones will always arise to replace them -- and anyway, they are not in fact faces at all. This is why Ravana's heads go on falling and new ones go on taking their place. If a false face is cut off, what difference can that make? No flesh and blood is to be found; it was only a thought, an image, in the first place, and if it is taken away, another immediately arises.

Ravana could not be killed unless his real face was known; to find his true face was the key. And you too, facing God as Ravana faced Rama, will be unable to dissolve because you will keep your true face hidden -- you will not let your real head be cut off. Many times you visit the temple and return home again still wearing your false face. Even if all these false faces are cut away, nothing will happen. Just watch how a man goes into the temple and bows down at the feet of God.... And if you observe carefully you will see how his pride is unmoved, his real face is untouched, protected by his false face. What is bowed down is his false face; the real face is still standing, looking all around asking everybody to look at him and acknowledge what a devotee he is -- unmatched in all the world.

I have heard of an emperor who used to pray very early in the morning. Because he was an emperor, and because it was a special time, it was his right to pray in the temple

before anyone else. Five o'clock in the morning he was there in the temple, because if he came any later others would come to pray, and he would miss out on his privilege. So there he was, praying, "O Holy Father! I am a poor man and a great sinner, I am a humble nobody. Please grace me with your favor!"

Just at this moment he felt the presence of someone else in the temple. In the darkness he could see almost nothing, but listening carefully he was able to hear a murmuring coming from the steps nearby. There he found a man, bowing down, praying, "O Holy Father! I am a poor man, I am a nobody...."

"Who is this," roared the emperor, "declaring in my very presence that he is a nobody? Who is this who dares to call himself a nobody when I have declared just this? Who is this who calls himself -- as I have called myself -- a poor man? I shall make him eat his words!"

For this man to call himself egoless when the emperor is claiming it for himself is too much for the emperor's ego: To make such a statement is to prick at his ego. "How dare you claim my humility, my nothingness, my poverty!" says the emperor. "I am the greatest of the poor, the greatest among nobodies, and my supremacy must remain unchallenged!"

And so it is when you enter the temple. Your head bows down, but your ego remains erect. This bowing head is false, it has no value.

If you understand Ravana's mind, you will find that he is quite firmly established within you; and it is this same Ravana who tries to convince you, "True you are not Rama, but neither are you Ravana!" Pay no attention to his words.

You have listened enough to him already, and it is that very listening that has brought you to the state you are in now. So if it is clear to you that you are not Rama, then be clear also that you are Ravana.

To accept this in yourself is the first step towards becoming Rama. To accept yourself as full of faults is the first, and the revolutionary step, towards virtue. The deep recognition, "I am in darkness," becomes the search for light. The real thirst for knowing is born in the awareness of your own ignorance.

And stop thinking in terms of in-betweens and half-ways: either you are on this side or you are on the other. And because there is no intermediate space between the two sides, when you leave this side you reach the other. There is no space in which to exist between ignorance and knowing. The disappearance of ignorance and the emergence of knowing are simultaneous events in just the same way that water becomes steam at a hundred degrees. There is no gap; we can never find a space in which the water has ceased to be water but has not yet become steam. No, either there is water or there is steam, but no in-between state exists. There is nothing like a river between the two shores in which you can float your boat. There is no river at all, just two shores. And as long as you are on this shore, you have not reached the other shore.

This has to be deeply understood. Don't fall into the ditch of the mind. Either light or darkness, either life or death -- no half-dead state! If one is alive, one is alive. We talk of being half dead, but how can anyone be half dead? It is a linguistic error. How can anyone be half alive? Even if a man is lying completely unconscious in a coma, he is still

alive, totally alive, one hundred percent alive. We cannot call him half dead, any more than we can say that someone who is dead is half alive. If a man is dead, he is completely dead; if he is alive, he is completely alive. There is no gap, no empty space between life and death.

See yourself as you really are, and you will find that Ravana is hidden within you. Allow yourself to experience this truth -- that you are a Ravana. That was exactly Ravana's error, that he could not admit to being Ravana; he lived under the impression that he was a sage and a great scholar who could master Rama in his understanding of the scriptures. He had learned the scriptures by heart, and, just like all the ignorant who seek for power, had become the master of great siddhis. The ignorant man will do anything for the sake of collecting siddhis, and Ravana was no exception. The story goes that Ravana cut his head off at the feet of Lord Shiva. The ignorant man is prepared even to go this far, he is ready to sacrifice anything to the greater glory of his ego. He is even prepared to die in order to perpetuate his ego.

Ravana's quest was for siddhis, for great powers, and mantras were his discipline. He was a great ascetic. Of Rama's disciplines and siddhis we know nothing, but of Ravana we are told that he performed great penances and was rewarded with great siddhis. In the end he so pleased the Lord Shiva that he became the master of supreme powers. And he possessed knowledgeability too. He possessed everything, so that it was natural for him to regard himself as Rama.

If compared in terms of powers, empires, gold or knowledge, Rama is just nobody. The picture of Rama

going into the jungle is a portrait of nothingness. All that he has ever had is taken from him. Now he has nothing. He is in the jungle like a helpless nobody -- Ravana has everything, and so sees himself as Rama. If the only concern is power, this logic will prevail.

As long as you have not truly acknowledged the Ravana in you, not a single step has been taken in transforming your life. And the moment you begin to see that you are Ravana, the walls of Ravana's palace come crashing down, because nobody can remain a Ravana once he has become aware of it. Knowing that I am wicked, my wickedness cannot endure, because this knowing is a fire in which the wickedness is burned up and reduced to ashes. Wickedness can only survive if I convince myself that I am not wicked; if it may not be possible to say that I am virtuous, at least I may declare myself less evil than others and that I have come a long way on the path towards virtue.

A man died, and in his town it was the custom to say something in praise of the deceased before burying him. But this man had lived such a wicked life that not a single person could be found to honor him in his death. It was difficult to conceive of anyone as troublesome and degenerate as this man had been, and the whole village was just glad that finally he was dead. Even to greet him on the road had been to invite danger, and any kind of relationship with him meant trouble. Now his corpse was lying there in the graveyard, the villagers sitting around him, but not one of them was prepared to say a word in his praise. They were in a dilemma, because they did not want to go against the village tradition, but evening was approaching, and still no one would honor him.

The villagers were sick and tired of the whole affair; even in his death this man managed to cause trouble! Now the night was coming on. They could not bury him, and could not leave until he was buried. Finally one man got to his feet and said, "Compared to his other four brothers, this man was an angel. Compared to their wickedness, this man was a god!" The villagers buried the corpse and went home. You too remain convinced that in comparison to others you are a god, that there are such evil people in the world, and you are not that evil. You may not be as good as Buddha or Rama, but certainly you are not as bad as Ravana, and the world is full of Ravanas. You are just somewhere in between. But no one is in between -- no one can ever be. And if you drop the illusion of being in the middle, your journey of transformation can begin.
Enough for today.

Nowhere To Go But In

Chapter #7

Chapter title: None
31 May 1974 am in Buddha Hall

[NOTE: This is a translation from the Hindi discourses: Nahim Ram Bin Thaon. It is being edited for publication, and this version is for reference only.]

Question
BELOVED OSHO,

YOU SAY THAT THE LOVE BETWEEN A LOVER AND HIS BELOVED CAN BE LASTING, BUT NOT THAT BETWEEN A HUSBAND AND WIFE. BUT YESTERDAY YOU DESCRIBED THE LOVE BETWEEN RAMA AND SITA AS SO TOTAL THAT THEY WERE CONTENT WITH EACH OTHER FOR THEIR WHOLE LIFE. IS THIS POSSIBLE? OR IS THIS THE EXCEPTION WHICH PROVES THE RULE? AND IF THIS IS POSSIBLE, HOW SO?
AND ANOTHER THING, YOU HAVE GIVEN SANNYAS TO MANY MARRIED COUPLES AS WELL AS TO LOVERS. HOW SHOULD THEY RECONCILE THEIR SEX AND MARRIED LIFE WITH THEIR SADHANA AND SANNYAS?
PLEASE GIVE US SOME GUIDANCE.

The relationship between Rama and Sita is of love, it is not a husband and wife relationship.
Marriage is possible in two ways. One is the arranged marriage, which is determined by the parents, the palm readers and the astrologers, the family and the society. The couple to be married is not consulted. This is called an arranged marriage. There is great safety and security in such a marriage, because when the elders decide something they calculate everything, they use their whole experience. They have known, learned and understood things in life, and they make their decision on that basis. The older people become shrewd. They use their shrewdness, their cunning and calculation to come to their decisions. They have seen significant things in life that the younger ones cannot see yet just because they are young. They have seen

that feelings change quickly, that decisions taken in moments of deep emotions are forgotten when the mood changes and those lofty peaks of romance have faded into the distance. They know that we cannot live in our dreams for very long; eventually the dreams break down.

Romance is a dream -- a dream in which we see the other as a god. But our psychological state is such that this vision cannot last long. We see the other as a god, but only momentarily; then the vision disappears and we are left in pitch darkness. And the relationship that was created on the basis of that vision of a god in the other will wither away.

There are so many divorces in the West because there marriages are not arranged by society; instead the young people themselves decide. Out of every hundred marriages made this year, twenty-five will be divorces by the next year. The remaining seventy-five which continue as marriages seem to be continuing out of helplessness. They seem to be continuing because of some other reasons, not because of love. The children are there, the job is there, the fear of loneliness is there, it is difficult to divorce -- and it hurts their prestige to divorce. These are the reasons why they are held together.

So it is the marriages arranged by the society that are lasting, that is the first point. The reason this kind of marriage lasts is that there are no heights of love, but only a plain world of calculated moves where cunningness dominates over feelings. When society decides, it decides with the head, not with the heart. The heart cannot be relied upon, because it says yes one moment and no the next.

Stability of the heart is available only to those who have attained samadhi, enlightenment.
The intellect has logic and mathematics, it has a stability that is available to everybody. That is why the intellect can be trained; there are schools and universities and examinations for it. But there are no schools for the heart, no universities, no examinations; the heart cannot be trained. The heart is like mercury; it cannot be caught hold of, except by those who have attained samadhi, who have dissolved. Those whose egos completely disappear attain to samadhi. The love that arises from the heart living in samadhi is eternal, without end. But love such as this happens only once in a while, to a Rama, to a Sita. Society cannot be managed on the basis of this kind of love. If we try to make this love the basis, even more people will fall into trouble and misery.
So there exists a marriage arranged by society -- experience, calculation and know-how are all used for this kind of marriage. Things are more lasting in such an arrangement. True, the great heavenly heights are never touched, but at least the feet stay planted firmly on the ground. There will be no great showers of bliss, but at least a tiny trickle of happiness and unhappiness continues. And of those who desire showers of bliss, ninety-nine per cent get lost in the desert of misery. But those who are ready to come to terms with a little trickle of happiness and unhappiness, never reach to the heights of bliss, nor do they get lost in the desert of misery. They somehow strike a compromise with life. Happiness and unhappiness become like the two wheels on which their cart of life moves. What

we call life is this cart moving on the wheels of little happinesses and unhappinesses.

The arranged marriage will be lasting and stable, knowing neither great happiness nor great unhappiness. Neither is it born out of love, nor will it collapse through the disappearance of love. Because it is not created out of love, the question of love disappearing does not arise at all. It is a social institution, based on the experience of thousands of years, and this experience gives the heart no chance; the whole matter is decided by the intellect.

Marriage is a decision of the intellect. Love is an entirely different matter. It has no relation whatsoever to the intellect; it is quite unconnected to thought. Just as meditation is thoughtlessness, so is love. And just as meditation cannot be managed by the intellect, so it is with love. In fact, meditation and love are two names of almost the same experience. When meditation happens through contact with another person, we call it love; and when love happens in a person without any contact with anybody else, we call it meditation. Love and meditation are two sides of the same coin. Meditation and love are names of the same door seen from two different places. Seen from the outside, the door is called love. Seen from the inside it is called meditation. It is just like a door labeled entrance on one side and exit on the other; the same door serves both purposes. So if you arrive at the door from the outside, the label is love, if you arrive from the inside, the label is meditation.

Meditation is becoming filled with love in your own aloneness, and love is the art of slipping into meditation with the other. In either case it is only rarely that someone

reaches, because meditators are rare, and lovers are equally rare. The world is not run according to the laws of meditators, nor according to the laws of lovers. In fact, in the eyes of the world the meditator and the lover are both insane -- blind fools who understand nothing. Only intellect is considered to have eyes; the intellect thinks that it alone has eyes. It is quite oblivious to the fact that the heart can also have eyes, and even if it comes to know this it cannot trust the information, because the heart lives from moment to moment.

The heart is a spontaneous stream, maintaining no record of the happenings of yesterday and the day before. The intellect keeps track of all that has happened in the past, and every decision it takes in the present is based on the past. In deciding what is to be done today, it refers to the whole record of what it has come to know up until now in life. The heart has no such accumulated wealth; it is weightless, without past, without memory, so that whatever it decides is born impulsively, in this very moment. It does not think things out, it does not refer to the past, it does not seek advice from the voice of experience, it does not search though memory. Its response is fresh and new, born in this very moment. The heart is as fresh as the morning dew. The intellect is always stale, and the heart is always fresh, like a new shoot on a tree in springtime. Intellect is always old and rotten -- just rubbish, just the ruins of the past. Heart is always here and now. So in the eyes of the intellect, the heart is mad and blind.

Lovers and meditators are not found in abundance, they cannot be. We agree that meditators are rare, but we are less inclined to agree that lovers are also few and far

between -- we are all under the impression that we are lovers. But I am telling you that this is an illusion. Lovers are as rare as meditators, because love is also a meditational experience. Just as Buddha, Mahavira, Krishna and Christ were meditators who can be counted on the fingers, so Sita, Meera and Radha were lovers to be counted on the fingers.

You have mistaken sex for love, but it is not love; and the sex act to which you attribute such profound importance has no importance at all. It is simply a natural instinct, an impulse forced on you by nature to ensure that you are a good vehicle for reproduction. Seeds break open and grow into trees which again scatter their seeds. Birds sing their courting songs, attract mates, have intercourse, lay eggs and from them produce young ones. This is all that you too are doing! You are no different in this respect from the birds, the fish, the trees; in your sexual activity there is no difference at all.

Sex is a natural event. Love is not natural, it is not of this world, it is a supernatural phenomenon. Love lies far beyond nature. Please take this in, and then try to understand.

The love of Rama and Sita is love; it is not marriage. If you have not read Valmiki's Ramayana -- the story of Rama -- you must read it. Tulsi and many others have written versions of the Ramayana after Valmiki, but all those Ramayanas have lost the purity of Valmiki's Ramayana. Valmiki's version is pure because he is not concerned about morality or religion. Valmiki narrates the Ramayana in the spirit of Rama himself. Tulsi, however, is too preoccupied with preserving Rama's image, so that whatever he feels to

be detrimental to Rama's moral character he has left out. Tulsi has removed from the Ramayana every detail, however small, that might tarnish Rama's image. Tulsi is an idealist, Valmiki is a realist. You may find yourself troubled by many features of Valmiki's narrative, because so many of the events surrounding Rama and Sita will defy your imagination.

Rama comes to the city where Sita lives and, wandering in a garden, sees Sita and falls in love with her. This is inconceivable to us, this is the kind of thing that any vagrant boy might do -- to set eyes on a girl and immediately fall in love with her. Is this any way for a Rama to behave? But so it was! Love happened to Rama before marriage. Marriage came afterwards just as a supplement to love. To Sita too, love happened the moment she saw this young man. Their two hearts met -- the essential meeting had already happened -- before they married, before society played the part of the formal witness. My understanding is that after what had happened between the two, if Sita had to marry someone else, that would have been merely a superficial marriage. The freshness, the virginity of the meeting of these two hearts would not have been there in any other marriage. It would have been only a business transaction, something just on the body level.

This is why, even if Ravana would have been able to marry Sita, he could not have her; that event had already happened, her giving of herself had already happened. And likewise, had Rama married another woman, he would have missed the music of the meeting of two hearts; what was

spontaneous and unplanned would not have been possible in any other marriage.

Rama and Sita have never been studied from this aspect, because love is something we do not study -- we want to avoid such things. Their falling in love with each other is the very first thing between Rama and Sita, and all that unfolds afterwards between them has to be understood in this light. If we ignore the fact that first and foremost they have fallen in love with each other, then many apparently meaningless issues arise in the lives of Rama and Sita, and to resolve these becomes very difficult.

A scholar came to me, a devotee of Krishna and opponent of Rama. This is just the way scholars behave: if he is a devotee of Krishna he will be opposed to Rama, and if he is devoted to Rama he will oppose Krishna. The scholar is always for one party and against the other. They have no heart which can understand, otherwise they would see that Rama and Krishna are one.

This scholar said to me, "Everything in Rama's life seems fine to me, except for his expulsion of Sita to the jungle on the basis of gossip spread by a worthless washerman. On the strength of hearsay and rumor, Rama sent his pregnant wife away from their home. This is a very unworthy act on Rama's part -- this shows that his love fell short. Rama may have been kingly and skilful in worldly matters, but he certainly is not a lover, because what kind of love is this?"

I don't think the scholar was able to understand my answer when I told him, "To me, this is one of those rare acts of love. Only a lover could do this." It was difficult for the scholar to catch my meaning. As I see it, Rama could send Sita off into the jungle only because the love between them

was so deep that it would never cross Rama's mind to think that Sita might doubt his love for her. Their love is so unique that Sita could accept whatever happened without ever thinking that Rama would do her wrong. It is everybody but Sita who raises the question of impropriety. Even her sons Lav and Kush were caught up in the question; Lakshmana questioned it, but not Sita. Everyone who reads the Ramayana asks, "Why? What was the matter?" Only Sita has not raised the question; she accepts it.

To love someone is to accept that person totally, the way they are. It can be anything but wrong whatever that person does to me then. It is in the very nature of love that though the whole world may find fault, the lover sees no trace of it. The lover has already taken leave of the ego. Rama can send Sita into the jungle because it is not a sending -- it is his own going. Even this much discrimination is not left between them. If one is causing some trouble to the other, one thinks, one considers; but if one is putting oneself into trouble, there arises no question of thinking. To Rama, Sita is so much part of himself that even the thought that there is something improper in sending her away did not occur to him. Sita leaves for the jungle just as Rama did one day when he was told to do so by his father. There is no questioning where there is love, there is only deep acceptance.

What has happened between Rama and Sita is nothing but a supreme incident of love. That they are husband and wife is secondary -- a social formality, a social conformity -- it is not irrelevant. In Sita's mind will never arise the thought of other men, in Rama's mind will never arise the thought of

other women. The idea of other men or women arises only when there is no love. Only when there is no love, when we are not content, does the other attract us.

Love is a nonduality, with no question of any desire of the other. The day you are in love with someone, all women or all men are contained in your beloved. This woman is prakriti, the entire feminine energy of the universe; this man is purush, the entire male energy of the universe, and the whole world disappears for you. This is why there is such a hunger for love. And until such love is found there will be no fulfillment, no matter how many partners you change -- and you have already done that.

In the West they are in a great hurry, so they change their partners again and again in a single lifetime. Here, in the East, you are not in such a hurry -- you change partners in different lives. But the basic approach is the same. Here in this country we know that it is a long journey of lives upon lives, there is no hurry. One life, one wife; another life, another wife, another husband -- we have the convenience of changing this way.

Since Christianity asserts in the Western world that there is only one life, Westerners don't have the same convenient arrangement available that we have. They have to cram into a single life that which for you is spread across many lives. As a result, being so short of time they are in a hurry. For you there is ample time, so you are in no hurry, but basically there is no difference between the two.

Looking at a beautiful woman, for a moment you forget your wife -- she disappears. For a moment your mind is full of the smoke of desire and you long to enjoy this woman. You may try to blot out your desire by chanting "Rama,

Rama," or by averting your eyes, or by hurrying on your way to work without looking back, but all this makes no difference. The desire is there, and will remain there, as long as love has not happened in your life.

And there are only two journeys available: either love has to happen or meditation has to happen. Individuals are of two types. One is the feminine type, for whom love happens first and meditation follows; for the male type, meditation happens first and love follows. These are the two possibilities. Let either one happen, and the other is bound to follow -- it is inevitable. Once the first step is taken, the second has to happen.

So if you are going to seek godliness in your life, then understand which is your way. There is no point in trying to meditate if your energy is in loving and meditation has no interest for you. Then it is better for you to try to immerse yourself in love -- and it is not going to make any difference whether that love is directed towards your wife or your children or your cow or even a tree. To whom your love is directed is of no importance; it is not a question of the other, but of the love process itself. It can happen even if you love a stone.

So don't think that all the stone statues you come across have always been devoid of meaning; many times love has happened there too, a devotee has found God through his love for these stones. The question is not of the stone outside, but of the heart within. If you really watch the devotee in his relationship with the stone statue, his behavior with it, you will come to see that you have not begun to relate like that even with living human beings. His involvement and his care for his stone statue are worth

seeing. At dawn he awakens his statue, his beloved, ringing the bell at his door and saying: "Rise now, O Nand-kishore! The dawn has come." Not understanding what lies behind this madness, we can easily laugh at this devotee washing the face and cleaning the teeth of his beloved, raising him up and changing his clothes, and tending him with all the adoring love of a mother caring for her child, or a woman for her lover. And he is so totally absorbed in it. In these moments of loving humility the whole world disappears, the stone image becomes the whole of existence for this devotee. Only when food has been prepared and offered to his beloved will this devotee eat. In the afternoon heat he will close the door for his beloved, and at night -- when his beloved is tired -- he will lay him down and cover him with a mosquito net.

Our analysis of all this will be that it is madness, and if we ask a psychiatrist to look into the matter he will diagnose this fellow as a pathological case and label his activities as perversion. He will have to do so because psychology knows nothing whatsoever about the loving heart, the heart overflowing with love.

Who is loved is immaterial; the loved one is just an excuse. The real objective is that because of a beloved, the river of love that has up to now been blocked within the lover may start flowing; the fountain that has for so long been covered over may spring up again; all the boulders that have obstructed the flow may be removed. The beloved acts just as an instrument to clear away these rocks. The fountain of love is within, and once it starts flowing you will clearly understand that it is not dependent on the beloved; it is your own nature, and it is you who have been preventing the

flow of this fountain by blocking it with rocks. The presence of the beloved was a help; the rocks got cleared away and now the fountain of love flows without any limits.

If your path is love, then you must be prepared to be mad. Then who the love is for is not the question; the image of Krishna or the image of Jesus will do, or even an unsculptured piece of stone will do.

A man went to a fakir and said to him, "I want to find God."

The fakir replied, "The search is very difficult. To find God you will have to make a great leap; so first you begin by practicing small jumps."

The seeker asked, "How do I take a small jump?"

"Love someone," said the fakir. "Practice this small jump, and eventually you will be able to take the ultimate leap into God, in which you will be utterly dissolved into the infinite void, with no trace of you remaining. Those who come to look for you will not find even your ashes. That is the final jump, but you will have to wait a while before you are ready for that one. It requires great courage, so start with shorter jumps."

The seeker said, "But I love nobody! All I have been thinking so far is how to get rid of my wife and children so that I can seek God in earnest. And I have always avoided giving anybody even so much as a loving glance, because I was afraid that love will lead me into bondage".

Certainly, love becomes bondage -- if there is ego within you then love becomes bondage. But if there is no ego within, then who is there to be bound? Love becomes our bondage because the one who can be bound is present

within. So when love begins to encircle us from all sides, then we begin to get uneasy within. In fact, as long as the "I" is there, love cannot be. All that we call love is only desire, longing, passion and attachment; as long as ego is there, all these bind one.

We have called passion pashvik -- animalistic. You are probably not aware of the meaning of this word. It comes from the word pashu, which means that which is tied; pash means the binding rope and pashvik means to be tied. Pashu does not mean only animal, it means anyone who is tied. And the only one who can be tied is the one who is internally tied. Lovers cannot bind or be bound; hence those who have known love have called it ultimate freedom. They say that love is liberation, because in love you dissolve, so who is there to be bound? Even if bonds are there they will merely hang in the void. Who is there to be bound? And if you try to put the void in bondage, you will end up putting knots in the rope itself, as there is no one to be found within.

So this seeker said to the fakir, "I have lived always in great fear of love, always avoiding it, because love is bondage. And what is this you are teaching me? To love? I have never loved anybody."

The fakir replied, "Think this over carefully, because to find anywhere a man who has never loved anybody is impossible -- no matter how much he may have tried to avoid it. Love is our nature. So close your eyes and try to remember."

The seeker thought long, and finally he said, "Well, if you are really asking me, I have to confess that I have a cow for whom I feel a little affection!"

"That will do," said the fakir. "This cow of yours will become your first lesson in jumping. Go and love your cow whole-heartedly. Let her occupy all your attention, let your every pore be possessed by her. Cow when you stand up, cow when you sit down, cow when you walk, cow when you talk -- let your whole being be filled with cow!"

"What madness are you teaching?" said the seeker. "What will people say? This is just insanity!"

"Yes," said the fakir, "love is always insanity. And God in the form of love showers only on those who are ready to be insane and ecstatic. So go now, and try this."

And it is said that through this cow alone this seeker found God. He never needed to return to the fakir to ask what jump to take next. Looking deep into the eyes of his cow, drowning in them again and again, he recognized the eye of God.

And certainly, cows have that eye. This is why Hindus have called the cow the mother. Eyes as innocent as those of the cow are hard to find anywhere else. Even human eyes are not so innocent. They are pure, they are as a cloudless sky. Try, some time, standing near a cow with your heart full of love, looking into her eyes, and immediately you will feel the love in the cow's heart arising, because the cow is not conditioned by society, she has not been taught to be moral, she has no discrimination like "mine" and "not mine"; she has no calculating intellect weighing the pros and cons. The cow is pure heart, so if you have any heart within you she will immediately start transmitting waves of love towards you.

You will be surprised to know that there is great research going on now into the emotional life of plants. If you think

the cow's love is remarkable, then what to say about plants? Just stand beside a plant lovingly, say the scientists involved in this work, and the plant will begin to transmit love waves to you.

One of these researchers has invented instruments which, if connected to a plant, plot a graph of the plant's palpitations, just as an electrocardiogram plots the beating of the heart. This scientist found that if a man who feels love for the plant stands nearby, touches and caresses it, feels happy to be near it, the plant's graph changes, and it can be seen from the changes that the plant is feeling happy. The moment the gardener approaches with cutters in his hand, the graph changes at once. Even though he has not actually used the cutters, and is only approaching, the plant's palpitations change. As the gardener begins to cut the plant, it is not only that particular plant's graph which changes, but the graphs of all the other plants nearby change too, because they too feel the trauma of the plant that is being cut.

This scientist was even more amazed to discover that the plants were disturbed not only by the cutting of other plants, their pain being reflected in the graph, but reacted also with pain when a chicken was killed close by. And he found that the matter went even further than this. If the man who cut the plant or killed the chicken approached again the next day, the graphs of the plants indicated their suffering; they are aware of the approach of a dangerous man. Even after months the graphs of these plants would express their anxiety at the approach of this man.

Plants are a far less developed life-form than animals, so you can imagine the love that you could share with a cow!

Search deep into her eyes and she will become the door on the outside of which is written love, and on the inside, meditation.

If love is your path, if love is your thirst, your lifestyle, then love anybody. But go deeply and fully into it; only then is the transformation. If you seek to save yourself in any way from drowning deep into it, you will never be liberated.

If love holds no attraction for you -- and there are such people -- there is no need for you to feel discouraged. Then meditation is your path, and you should be alone and dive deep into yourself. If you cannot immerse yourself in the other, then sink into yourself. These are the only two possibilities; either you dissolve in yourself, or in the other. Mahavira dissolves in himself, so he attests that there is no God. The meditator does not need God, because the meditator does not need the other as such. And God is other too, something other than you. So Mahavira says there is no need for God: Appa so paramappa -- the soul is God. The one hidden within is the soul, he says, and that soul is God, there is no other God.

This is not atheism; this is the statement of the meditator. Lovers get very disturbed by this because they think this man is an atheist. Meera will not be pleased if she hears Mahavira saying this. Sita will not be pleased. Chaitanya Mahaprabhu will say, "What is Mahavira saying? This man is an atheist!" But Mahavira is not an atheist; this is the theism of the meditator.

But when Meera is dancing, shedding tears of ecstasy, and singing, "Giridhar Gopal is my lover, my only love!" then hearing this it is Mahavira who will ask, "What madness is

this? What attachment is this? What a mind game this is !" Mahavira will be unable to call it religion, because he knows nothing about it. It is the religion of the lover, it is the theism of the lover. The lover's theism will always seem to the meditator a little frenzied, a mad and weird thing. And the meditator's theism will always appear to the lover as atheism. This is why the Hindus have always regarded the Jainas, Buddhists and Charvakas as atheistic traditions. Regarding the Charvakas as atheists is one thing, but they count the Jainas and the Buddhists in the same category. There is a reason for it. The reason is that the lovers cannot even comprehend how you can drown yourself in yourself. For the lover, this is like trying to pull yourself up by your shoelaces. How will you drown in yourself? The lover says that there must be something else to drown into, and that something else is God in whom one can truly drown. But the meditator says as long as the other is present, there is bound to remain a little tension. Worrying about the other, worshipping and thinking about the other, means that mind will continue to function. How will you drown while the other still exists? The very presence of the other will function as a little hindrance to drowning completely; only when the other has disappeared will you be able to really and totally drown into your own being. They are both right; they are talking about the two sides of the same door. Between Rama and Sita has happened total love. No other discipline was needed, nothing else remained to be done; just love achieves all that can be achieved. This love was of such excellence that Hindus have put the name of Sita ahead of Rama's name and call them by one name -- Sitaram. Because Rama is after all a man, even his love

will carry some shadow of meditation in it. Sita is a woman, and traces of love will be present even in her meditation. So the lovers reversed the order of the names themselves -- bringing Sita's name first.

It is only the Hindus who have done such a thing -- making the names of the lovers into one and putting the woman's name first, like Sitaram, Radhakrishna; it is because to Hindus all the deeper spaces of life have developed through the door of love. There have been meditators too, but they have fallen out of the mainstream of Hinduism. The main thread of the Hindu current is love. So although Buddha, Mahavira and Patanjali were also here, they were outside of the Hindu current; they could not be absorbed in the main thread. They are not the mainstream of this tradition, they are just incidental, small fountains springing up alongside. Whoever wants to understand Hindu thought will have to fully understand the alchemy of love.

What has happened between Rama and Sita can also happen between you and anybody. You do not need to waste time wondering where on earth to find Rama or Sita, or when, if ever, this great meeting is going to happen. If you think in this way you are falling into the wrong kind of logic from the very start. The fact is that whenever you love anyone you will find your Sita, you will find your Rama. After all, where is the lover who is going to be satisfied with a beloved who is less than a Sita, and where is the woman who wants her lover to be less than a Rama?

We have a saying, Pati paramatma -- the husband is God. Husbands may have taken advantage of it, it may have caused immense harm, women may have been exploited and suppressed due to it, but there is an element of basic

truth in it. Whenever you love somebody, immediately the human being disappears and God appears. Love is like a chisel that carves through the stone, revealing the image hidden within it. The social norms that dominate you are like a curtain that is pushed aside by love; the lover unveils the curtain and beholds the eternal one who resides within you. That you are a man or a woman is only a matter of external form -- a formality. The lover draws aside that external form, and Sita becomes manifest. So you don't need to go all the way to the city of Ayodhya to find Sita, and nor do you need to go searching in the past. And it won't do to sit waiting for Rama; if love is there, then wherever casts its light, you will start seeing Rama there, or Sita will be manifest there.

Everyone has to find out the nature of his own thirst rightly. This is the most arduous part of the seeker's work -- to rightly understand his own thirst. Otherwise, no matter how much the lover goes on meditating, it will be useless; and all the meditator's attempts to be a lover will all be useless because a constant conflict from within will always be present. Taking Mahavira to a rasleela -- a celebration of singing and dancing -- will be pointless, because he will not be able to overcome his inner opposition to joining in. And if you tell Chaitanya Mahaprabhu to sit under a bodhi tree and close his eyes, all he will be able to think of will be his drums and cymbals. No, the bodhi tree is not for Chaitanya. And between the two, I say unto you, there is no conflict. It is just a matter of one's own individual way. Whenever a consciousness reaches God, it is a virgin experience, it has never happened before. It is happening for the first time and the last time. It is the glory of existence that there is no

repetition in it. And there is no way the ultimate experience of existence can ever be repeated. This experience is eternally unique and unparalleled for each individual.
Recognize your destiny first, see where your interest lies; then select your path of love or meditation accordingly.
First experiment with love. If it does not work for you then start with meditation. Or, first experiment with meditation, and if it fails to bring any results then experiment with love.
And if you feel you can't be sure which one to start with or you are confused about it, then first begin with love.
And there is no failure on this journey, because even if you fail on the path of meditation whatever you gained in experimenting will be helpful on the path of love. And the other way round is also true. Anything gained in your unsuccessful experiments on the path of love will be helpful to you on the path of meditation.
Nothing in existence goes in vain. In the process of creating God, no stone goes in vain; all stones get used. Even the rejected stones get used in building the house. And sometimes it so happens that it is the rejected stone that forms the foundation block of the house.

Question
BELOVED OSHO,
SOMEWHERE IN YOUR DISCOURSES THERE IS A MENTION OF THE SAGE DURVASA AS AN EXAMPLE OF ONE IN WHOM CONCENTRATION HAS TURNED ITSELF INTO A STATE OF INSANITY. BUT IN YOUR TRATAK MEDITATION, THE GAZING MEDITATION, CONCENTRATION SEEMS TO BE

THE MAIN PROCESS. PLEASE, COULD YOU EXPLAIN THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE TWO?

The traditional form and concept of Tratak is indeed that of concentration. And through concentration, as I told you, energy is generated and siddhis -- powers -- are developed; but that ultimate relaxation we are seeking, the meeting with God, does not happen. Concentration is a part and extension of the ego itself; through it you are not dissolved but strengthened. You are not melted but solidified like ice. Your powers increase, but not your bliss.

What I am calling Tratak is not an experiment in concentration, but an experiment in just looking. Understand the difference. Traditional Tratak means focusing the whole mind on a single point -- it may be the sun, or a statue, or a point. The mind is to be narrowed down, so it does not run here and there. The whole flow of mind is turned into one direction, keeping it flowing just towards one point so that the whole mind focuses on one point only, without any diffusion. The effort is in fixing the mind to the one point; catching hold of it, pulling it back whenever it strays.

But what I am calling Tratak is only for the name's sake. What I mean by tratak is that you become empty within, that you just look at me without any effort to force your mind towards me. You don't make any inner effort to look, you simply become empty and relaxed in this looking and then just look. You keep your unblinking eyes towards me, and through the eyes you do not have to come to me, I shall come to you through them. The eye is your door. But if you are too full inside, then there is no space. If you are empty

within and your throne is unoccupied, then through the door of your empty eyes I can enter you.
In traditional tratak the seeker was bringing his consciousness to the point, but in this tratak the seeker is not going anywhere, he is just becoming empty within, and his eyes are open so that I can enter. This is basically different. And this process of just looking is very unique, because when you are just looking, you are not even trying to do tratak -- because even in that doing the looking will be contaminated, waves of thought will intrude on the mind. When you are just looking your eyes become as empty as the sky. When you make no effort to look but only look, you become still and free of tension within. Sometimes, lying on the ground, just look at the sky. Don't think, and if there are clouds, don't look for images in them. Don't find horses and elephants in the clouds, don't think about anything; just look, as though your eye is simply the lens of a camera -- it can see but not think. You are lying there like a mirror, available to whatever is happening. All that happens in front of the mirror is reflected in it, but the mirror does not think about it; it does not think whether it is a black cloud or a white cloud, or whether it should have been like this or like that, or why there are clouds there, or if it is going to rain. No, don't think! Just look, just gaze, open-eyed. In a short while you will find that the outside sky has entered you, that the sky outside and the sky within you have merged to become the great sky. The thin wall that separates the two has disappeared, and now you will find no one inside. You will not even be able to find where is the within, where is the without. Where does within end

and where does without begin? All boundaries have disappeared. You too are the sky.

Just like this is the experiment of my tratak. I am sitting here empty, you are sitting there full up; how can the meeting take place? I am here, eager to flow, but your pot there is kept upside down. I am here, ready to enter you through your every pore, but you have not left a single opening anywhere; you have built up a concrete wall all around you. You are fretting and crying within -- I hear how thirsty you are, I see the trouble you are in. Your search is deeply honest, but you are enclosed within the fences you have created around yourself. And your difficulty is that you have mistaken your prison for your home, and you think your chains are precious ornaments and you seek to protect them, afraid that somebody may rob you. You are so busy guarding them, you have created all kinds of protections. And the result is that you have no bigger enemy than yourself.

Yet your pain is real. Your unease and restlessness is not false. You want to come out, the intention and the desire are there, but what you do not see is that you hinder your escape yourself. You are like a man who wants to run but fetters his legs with chains, as if he thinks this will strengthen his legs and enable him to run better. You are engaged in so many activities that are directed against yourself. This really is man's suffering. He thinks what he is doing is for his own welfare, but it proves to be harmful. And until you see the truth of this there can be no end to your suffering.

It is of profound importance to understand that you alone are the creator of your sufferings, nobody else. You alone

are responsible for it. You sow the seeds of your sufferings, but you think you are sowing seeds of bliss. The seed is a closed cell, nothing is visible in it, neither bliss nor suffering. You sow it imagining it is a seed of bliss, but years later when it starts bearing fruit of suffering, you start wondering -- who is causing me all this suffering? The gap between the sowing of the seeds and the coming of the fruit is so great that you have completely forgotten that you yourself sowed the seeds. The time gap, and the fruit being so different from your expectations, prevent you from seeing that the fruits are coming from the seeds you sowed. You think that the seeds you sowed went to waste -- perhaps they rotted, perhaps they could not find the right soil -- and this suffering is the fruit of seeds which others cast in your way.

Just a century ago there were tribes in Africa who had no idea that the birth of a child and sexual intercourse were connected -- just a hundred years ago! And there is a reason why this was so, and why it was once the case all over the world. It is only after nine months of pregnancy that the child is born. The gap between conception and birth is so big that it is really difficult for a couple to intuitively connect their intercourse with the birth of their child. Now we know it, so it does not surprise us. And remember too that not every sexual intercourse leads to conception; maybe once in a hundred times it happens and then the birth of the child takes place nine months later. So among these African tribes, childbirth was attributed to other factors that were visible to witnesses, like sacrifices offered to the gods, or other kinds of worship, or a blessing bestowed by the witchdoctor, and so on. But it never

occurred to them to regard sexual intercourse as the cause of the childbirth!

This is exactly the way in which the whole of humanity deals with its deeper issues. You don't even consider that you are sowing the seeds of your own sufferings. The time gap can be much longer than nine months, the seeds are even subtler than the seeds sown in the sex act, and the fruits may sometimes not appear for nine years or ninety years, because they are not all seasonal seeds. Some of the seeds of sorrow sown by you blossom quite quickly, when the rains come, and then disappear soon; but there are others which, like great cedar trees, grow slowly over the years until they stand vast against the sky, and it never occurs to you that this huge tree could have been born out of so small a seed.

But you alone are responsible. No one else is sowing seeds in your field -- no one can. It is not possible because nobody else has entry into your inner spaces. It is you who sow the seeds there and water them, you who nurture their growth, and harvest the fruit; because only you are there, alone.

If this realization crystallizes then the seeker is born in you. You begin to see clearly, you stop sowing poisonous seeds, and you start weeding out those that are already growing. Now your whole energy becomes involved in cultivating nectar, the elixir of bliss.

You have never known nectar, you have never tasted it. So you face a great difficulty, and one that is real. How can you rightly desire that which you have never known? How can you reap this crop about which you know nothing -- of which you have no experience? How can you seek, how

can you invoke, how can you look for something which you have never come in contact with -- and where can you look for it?

You have experienced unhappiness and happiness too, but you have not experienced bliss. So, how will this search for bliss begin? You say that you are searching for bliss, but actually it is not so; what you consider bliss is nothing but an imagination of bigger happiness. You imagine bliss as a kind of great happiness. You think that the pleasure you get in sexual orgasm, perhaps the same pleasure multiplied a thousandfold is bliss. But it remains only multiplication -- an enlargement of your happiness.

Meeting your beloved brings you great happiness, and you think that meeting God will bring a similar happiness multiplied an infinite number of times. In your conception the difference is not of quality, only of quantity. For you, achieving the heavenly kingdom is an infinitely enriched and magnified version of the happiness one gets in achieving an earthly kingdom; again, the difference is only of quantity.

But I tell you, the difference is not of quantity at all. Bliss is something you have never known. You cannot weigh bliss in these little scales made for measuring happiness; you cannot know bliss through the dimension in which happiness exists. But the fact is that you are only searching for happiness, though you call it bliss -- that is the only difference. Hence the experiment with my tratak; it is to give you a taste of bliss.

Tratak is used here as a deep experiment in satsang, sitting with the master. When I ask you to become silent and empty, to simply look at me so that I can enter your being,

it is to give you -- in my entering your being -- that first taste of bliss. That taste will intensify your efforts, that taste will tell you, for the first time, what a single drop of bliss can be. And knowing this, you will set out on your journey to the ocean of it. Then there will be no need for me to do anything. This taste itself will entice you and take you ahead -- then there is nothing that can stop you. Not all the forces in the world will be able to block your way. You will be able to cross even Himalayan obstacles.

Once your taste of bliss is aroused, all obstacles are trivial. But until your taste is awakened, you won't bother even to look although the ocean of bliss may be there just at your back door, because you have no reason to do so, your eyes are fixed only at where you have known the taste of happiness.

It is the experience of those who keep a tamed lion or tiger in their home as a pet that the danger begins the day the animal gets its first taste of meat. As long as he has been reared on vegetables and bread he will be content to be a vegetarian. I have heard about a hunter who kept a lion cub. He reared it on a pure vegetarian diet, never once giving it the taste of meat. But it so happened that one day the hunter was sitting in his garden with his lion beside him, and the hunter happened to have cut his leg. The lion licked the blood that was seeping from the cut, and this was enough for the difficulties to begin. The lion had tasted blood, and the hunter could no longer keep him as a pet.

Just to awaken a similar taste in you is my tratak. If you catch only a hint of the taste, if just a single ray of bliss flashes before your eyes, you will attain one day the whole

of the sun. Let just the taste in a drop be recognized, and the ocean is not far away anymore.

This is the very meaning of satsang: that in the company of one who has known, you too catch the quest for knowing, that living close to one who has found life and light, your lamp also catches the flame. This is why the mystics have always said that this will not happen without a master. The reason is not that the master is going to teach you something and then it will happen; no, the reason is that the very taste will not happen without a master. It is not a matter of teaching -- that the master will give you precepts and rituals, or a map and formulae by which to find your way; it is not that he will give you a book and say, "This is your guidebook, abide by it!" No, this is not the meaning. You can do without all of these things, because infinite are the paths leading to the infinite, from all directions. There is no need of any guidebook; beginning the journey from any place you will reach it. Maps will be just a useless burden, they have become a burden for so many. Some are carrying the Vedas, some the Bible, some the Gita in their heads. They could not set out without the map, but the map is so enormous that neither can they move with it!

No, the point of the master is that without him you will not know the taste. And you need no maps, you will reach without them, because there is no map for that which is everywhere.

The real point is the taste. The one who offers you the taste is the scripture; the one who offers you the taste is the master. Where you find the taste is the holy place. And once you have tasted even a single drop, suddenly you will find that this world has become meaningless. A new

dimension of meaningfulness opens up, a new journey begins; the old dream shatters and the dawn of a new awakening begins.
The meaning of my tratak is that I may become your taste; that for a little while you allow me a little space in you, just a little opening, just a little light into your darkness -- and that will be enough. The traditional concept of tratak is not my concept. To me, tratak is an experiment in meditation, not in concentration.
Enough for today.

Nowhere To Go But In

Chapter #8

Chapter title: None
1 June 1974 am in Buddha Hall

[NOTE: This is a translation from the Hindi discourses: Nahim Ram Bin Thaon. It is being edited for publication, and this version is for reference only.]

Question
BELOVED OSHO,
BUDDHA USED TO TELL THE STORY OF A MAN WHO MET A TIGER IN THE JUNGLE. THE MAN RAN FOR HIS LIFE, AND THE TIGER CAME AFTER HIM. SUDDENLY THE MAN CAME TO A HUGE RAVINE AND FOUND HIMSELF STANDING AT THE TOP OF A SHEER CLIFF. IN DESPERATION -- THE TIGER HOT ON HIS HEELS -- THE MAN CLIMBED OVER

THE EDGE OF THE CLIFF, AND CAUGHT HOLD OF THE ROOT OF A TREE SO THAT HE WAS JUST HANGING OVER THE ABYSS. ABOVE HIS HEAD WAS THE TIGER, PEERING OVER THE CLIFF'S EDGE AND WAITING. THE TREMBLING MAN LOOKED DOWN AND SAW YET ANOTHER TIGER WAITING FOR HIM AT THE FOOT OF THE CLIFF, AND WHEN HE GLANCED AT THE TREE ROOT TO WHICH HE WAS CLINGING, HE SAW THAT IT WAS BEING GNAWED AWAY BY TWO RATS -- A BLACK ONE AND A WHITE ONE! IN THIS SAME MOMENT THE MAN NOTICED A RIPE FRUIT GROWING THERE ON THE CLIFF. HE SOMEHOW MANAGED TO HANG ON TO THE ROOT WITH JUST ONE HAND AND PLUCKED THE FRUIT WITH THE OTHER. HOW SWEET AND DELICIOUS WAS THE TASTE OF THIS FRUIT!
OSHO, COULD YOU PLEASE EXPLAIN US THE MEANING OF THIS STORY?

The story is even older than Buddha, but the meaning that Buddha gave to it was entirely his own. Both his meaning and the older meaning are worth understanding. The story represents the essence of the Hindu thinking. But Buddha gave it a totally new meaning, and that gave the story a completely new dimension. The way Buddha defined the story is really unique.
So first we will look into the story from the Hindu point of view. That has it's own significance. And then we will also be able to see how the same symbol can become the basis for two different viewpoints. If our way of looking

changes, then what we are looking at also changes. The world is in our vision, not in the objects themselves. The way the world is perceived depends entirely on the one who is looking at it.

The basis of Hindu thinking is that the world is maya -- illusion. The happinesses found in it are ephemeral, they are not real; one moment they are here, the next moment they are gone. Death will wipe clean the slate of life, and in fact it is doing so each moment. Those two rats, the black one and the white one, are day and night, they are eating away at the root of life. All the time we are living we are dying too; the death process begins with birth itself. No sooner is a child born than it begins to die -- the two rats have begun gnawing into its life. The infant's roots have hardly begun to develop, yet already their ending has begun. Here, life and death are together. Birth is one step, and death is the very next step -- so what we call our birthday is also our deathday. Yes, there may be a certain distance in between -- seventy years, or even one hundred years -- but the actual distance still involves only two steps. Birth and death are truly of the same nature. Hindus say that whatever is born will die. So whoever can see deeply will see death within birth itself. Hence birth is not really a happy event -- or, if it is, then death is not to be mourned over. That you rejoice over birth and weep over death simply shows that you are blind.

Time is eating away at your roots, and with every moment that passes there is a little less of you. And Hindus say that there is no way to save yourself; nothing in the world can help you because the world is only an extension of death. No matter where you run, no matter where you hide, death

will find you out. Mind thinks it will be able to find some way to be saved -- in some shelter, some security, some mountain in which to hide. So the mind creates walls made of wealth, prestige and position; or knowledge, science and technology, and thinks it is safe. Man thinks there will be some way to avoid death.

But the Hindu view is that there is no way to protect yourself against death, because death is the very nature of this world. Wherever you run, death will be at your heels. The tiger in the story is death. He is after you, and sometime -- today or tomorrow -- you will arrive at a place where there will be no path ahead of you, and you will have to stop running away. You have reached the impasse -- ahead of you is the abyss, and behind you is the tiger. And if you peer over the edge of the cliff you see death awaiting you there too. To jump off the cliff means certain death, just as the tiger means certain death, though there is still a ray of hope in the possibility of climbing down the cliff face. But then you see that another tiger awaits you at the foot of the cliff.....

Hindus say that life is surrounded by death -- all the escape routes are covered, there is no way out. You can run if you want to, but it will not help; you will only exhaust yourself and reach a place where you will have to stop. And still man goes on trying! Death is there at the top of the cliff, and at the foot of the cliff, and a single slip of the hand means death. But still man tries -- and he will go on searching for a way out until the very last moment of his life. He will cling to the tree root, in itself not so strong because it is being chewed away by the two rats. But man's hope is such that he will seek aid even from a grassleaf, and

find companionship even in a dream. Where nothing is possible, there too mind imagines and says that something will be possible. It is a characteristic of mind to go on hoping.

In the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, the poet asks the sages, the wise ones, the knowledgeable ones: Why is it that this life, in which all seem to be unhappy, does not come to a stop? What makes it go on and on and on, although no one is happy? What is the secret?

There was no response from any source. So many scholars and learned people, but there was no answer. Then the poet asks the sky, since the sky has always been present. Everything else has changed -- people have come and gone, great civilizations have lived and died, and all this the sky has seen. There is no greater witness than the sky. So the poet asks the sky, "What is the secret of life? Why does it continue?" And a voice comes from the sky, "Because of hope!"

There may be an abundance of sufferings, but hope is even larger than all of them put together. Life does not continue of happiness -- happiness hardly exists at all. And if there was only suffering, then too life would break down, you would commit suicide. This is why every thinking person, at some point or other in his life, contemplates suicide; he considers closing the chapter on this life: "What is the point in every day just getting up in the morning and going to bed at night? The same meals, the same clothes, the same routine of work! There seems to be no purpose at all in constantly revolving on the same wheel. And if one is to die anyway in the end, what is so bad about dying right now? After thirty years or forty years of spinning on the

same wheel one has to die, and if the abyss of death is going to engulf me anyway, why not surrender myself to it this very day? Why go through so much worry, anguish and turmoil in the meanwhile?"

So sometime or other, every sensitive person thinks of suicide. Only the stupid never think that this life is worth ending. But the thinkers, the sensitive ones, arrive many times at the point where they think of destroying themselves: "If it has to end, let it be by my own hand!"

So, suffering pervades life abundantly, with not even a trace of happiness anywhere, and yet hope says: "Tomorrow! What you cannot get today you will get tomorrow." So suicide has to wait, not because of the quality of life, but because of hope -- the hope that tomorrow the doors of heaven may open, the hope that the very next moment may bring the treasures of life. The next moment is so tempting! That is why we all live in tomorrow.

Mind is another name for hope in tomorrow. Death is hovering over our head, death is lurking beneath our feet, and we are hanging in between, clinging to roots that can give way at any moment -- and even if the roots don't break, our hands can hold on only for so long, they will soon grow tired. Yet still hope is there. Something can be done -- time is still there, and thus the hope continues. In such a moment of hope a fruit, a wild strawberry is seen, or some other kind of fruit, and everything is forgotten -- all the nightmarish situation you are surrounded by is forgotten.

Pleasure is ephemeral but it manages to make you forget everything else. It has a deep intoxication of its own. The

taste will last only for a moment, but its unconsciousness is supreme. In that one moment it makes you forget the whole world -- all the sufferings, all the troubles of the journey, all the anguishes that are past, all the anguishes that are to come. It makes you forget them all. Pleasure is momentary but it obscures the whole truth, the whole reality of Brahman.

Hindus used this story to warn you not to get lost in momentary pleasures. Remain aware, don't try to forget death; no taste of any fruit can save you from death. Don't give life any opportunity to make you forget its reality -- neither through taste nor through greed. Don't let life be clouded by any of your senses.

Taste is only one of the senses. The same thing could have happened through any of them. The story could well have been that the man saw a beautiful woman, or a dancing peacock, or a spectacular sunrise, or a rainbow spread across the sky -- and in that moment everything was forgotten. Or the man might have suddenly caught the fragrance of an opening flower, forgetting everything as his nostrils filled with the waves of its sweet perfume. The story is only symbolic of how your senses can help you to forget. All the senses are in fact ready to go unconscious -- their interest is in unconsciousness. When you are aware, the senses are dead; when the senses are awake, you are unconscious. In your unconsciousness is the awakening of the senses, in the unconsciousness of the senses is your awakening. So one of the senses arose and the taste filled up the mind, and in that moment everything within went unconscious -- and in such a critical situation, when death was hovering over the man!

Mahatma Gandhi has written the memoirs of his younger days, and in one of them is to be found the traumatic experience that affected his whole life. The trauma, as psychologists call it, influenced the entire shape of his future, weaving into his life a pattern that he was never able to erase. His father was dying, and the doctors had declared that this would be his last night, he could not last any longer; before the sun rose he would be dead. So naturally his son stayed with him through the night, knowing that each one of his father's breaths might be his last. And he was not staying with his father just out of a sense of duty, but in deep affection and reverence for him.

Midnight came, and one o'clock, and still Gandhi sat at his father's feet. His father was dozing now, and thoughts began to run through Gandhi's head: "The doctor is not a fortune-teller -- how can he know with absolute certainty that my father will not survive the night? This is just speculation on his part..." and so on. The mind opened its doors. And as his father continued sleeping, Gandhi's thoughts turned to his wife, who was sleeping in a nearby room. "What harm can there be if I slip out to see my wife, and make love with her, and then return?" So he left his sleeping father and went to his wife. And as he was making love with her, a knock came at the door, and a voice informed him that his father had passed away!

This was the trauma that permanently affected Gandhi. His whole insistence on celibacy is an offshoot of this experience. Gandhi's celibacy is not the celibacy of Mahavira. There is no bliss and gratitude in it; rather, it is a sick celibacy, full of pain and anguish -- a kind of repentance. This is worth understanding, because not all

forms of celibacy are the same. It depends on from what it arises, why it arises.

Gandhi's celibacy is a repentance for not being with his father when he died. After that he could never approach his wife with the same innocent heart.He would be always haunted by the thought of his father's death, and by his sense of guilt: "What kind of a man am I, that my father was dying, yet still I could not be away from my wife for a single night!" Moreover, Gandhi's wife was nine months' pregnant at that time, and delivered a dead child about a week later. To have sex with a woman whose pregnancy is virtually full-term can be dangerous to the baby, and this led Gandhi to the further belief that it was his visit to his wife the night his father was dying that led to the death of his unborn child.

Just ten to fifteen years ago doctors were stating that this belief that intercourse during the last days of pregnancy could bring about the death of the baby was false and a superstition. But in the years since then, research has indicated that the belief may well be true, because when a woman is making love, her heart-rate increases, and when she reaches her orgasm, the amount of oxygen in her body changes dramatically. These disturbances can affect the supply of oxygen to the child in her womb. The unborn child is still very delicate, and the total effect of all this chaos may well be harmful to the child. Recently published research is saying that the superstition may be true, because the whole chemistry of the women's body changes at the moment of orgasm. The body perspires, the heart beats faster -- the whole body is as though caught in a sudden fever! And the unborn child is fragile, and utterly

dependent on the mother. The child still cannot even breathe for himself -- the mother's breath is his breath, and in such a fierce tempest her breathing may be so disrupted that the infant's oxygen supply is cut off and it may die. Gandhi was deeply troubled by what had happened. "My child died, my father died, and my sexual desires were such that I could not restrain myself even though my wife was at the peak of her pregnancy, and even though my father was dying!" It was thus that a deep feeling of repentance, guilt, hatred and condemnation of sex entered Gandhi's mind. But in that moment when the passion for his wife possessed his mind, he forgot the whole world. He forgot that his father was breathing his last, he forgot that his wife was in an advanced stage of pregnancy.

Whenever any desire catches hold of the mind, consciousness falls asleep. Or it can be said the other way round: whenever consciousness falls asleep, only then some desire catches hold of the mind. They are both interrelated. Taste is just symbolic; the opening of the door to any of the senses is the closing of the door to consciousness.

Hindus have told this story so that you don't get lost in the momentary and forget the eternal. Does the moment have the capacity to drown the eternal in forgetfulness? This has been a matter of great debate among Hindu thinkers. They ask, "How is it that maya -- the illusory -- can obscure Brahman, the ultimate reality? How is it that darkness, the unreal, can cover up the light? How is it that rootless ignorance set the supreme conscious and blissful soul wandering? How could this ever have happened? If maya is illusion, how have we remained lost because of it?"

This is exactly what has happened, and you will understand it if you understand this story. Brahman disappears in the same moment precisely that we disappear. Our sleep is its disappearance. It is just like closing the eyes when the sun is rising. Compared to the sun, the eye has very little power, but even, in its powerlessness it can shut out the sun. Can the power of the eyelids be compared to that of the sun? They are so small, but they can shut out the sun! Close the eyes, and the sun disappears. You can face the Himalayas, but the moment you close your eyes, the Himalayas disappear. A tiny dust particle can cause the eyes to close -- a tiny particle can bring about the disappearance of the Himalayas!

Brahman is in its place, but for us it disappears when our eyes are closed. And all our sense organs are ways to make us go to sleep. The interest of the senses is in sleep, in unconsciousness. That is why there is such objection to tamas, the state of unconscious living.

Tamas means the attitude of sleepiness; it means the sleepy state, or unconscious living. Anything that draws you into tamas enhances the world for you. The moment the man in the story tasted the fruit was the moment of his drowning in tamas. Now his consciousness is covered up -- lost in taste. Except for taste everything disappeared for him -- Brahman, truth, the reality that is present all around; nothing could be seen by him any more. And it often happens that when life is pain and misery, we seek unconsciousness. This is why there is such a pull for alcohol all over the world. And no matter how much the preachers go on preaching against alcohol, it does not help people at all to stop drinking, because there is so much

sorrow in his life, and the preachers' sermons do not in any way remove it. And the sorrow is so much that if a man cannot try to escape from it, what else is he supposed to do? He must either go beyond suffering, which becomes possible only once in a while for some buddha, or he must try to forget it, which is possible through alcohol. In fact all the numerous ways to get intoxicated do the same thing. Any kind of sensuality is intoxication. When you see a beautiful woman or a beautiful man, for a moment you are in the grip of intoxication. And when I say this I don't mean it only symbolically; now psychologists and scientists are discovering that when you look at a beautiful woman or man, the balance of hormones in your body changes. There are glands which release intoxicants into your bloodstream -- so in looking at a beautiful woman, you become intoxicated. Hence it may happen that you go after her, forgetting the world and its codes of conduct, its laws and morality, and even attack her. In the law court you may maintain that you did not do anything -- and this too will be true. Your body was so overwhelmingly intoxicated from within you that you did not do anything, you were not the master of the act, it just happened on its own. You did not take a conscious decision to do it, the responsibility rests with the hormones, with your body's chemistry. Or, seeing money may drive you crazy, so much so that you may completely forget what you are doing.

Hindus used this story to indicate that even a moment of sensuality hides the eternal Brahman. But Buddha used the story quite differently. It will help if you understood some of the basic differences between Hindu and Buddhist thinking.

Hindus say that the moment is untrue, it is the eternal which is true. They say that the moment is only a dream, because "the moment" means that a moment ago it was not and a moment later it will not be. Hindu thought contends that if anything was not there the previous moment and will not be there the next moment, then its being now cannot be real. Something which was unreal at both ends, cannot be real in the middle. The real -- and this is the Hindu definition of truth -- is only that which is eternal; that which always is, always was, and always will be; that which cannot perish and cannot be destroyed.

But the Buddhist definition is different. Hindus are eternalists, Buddha is a momentist. Buddha says that it is the moment that is true. Nothing is permanent, nothing is eternal; permanence is only a thought, an invention, a hypothesis of the philosophers; the moment alone is real. Only that which is here and now is true, there is no other truth than the moment. Buddha's meaning is to guide us into the present. The real is here and now! This is what Buddha means by truth. There is no other time than the moment; it is always this moment that is available to us. Eternity is a concept, the moment is the reality.

What is so interesting about these two diametrically opposite points of view is that the end result of both of them is one and the same.

So let us come now to an understanding of the reality of the moment and this story as it is presented by Buddha.

Buddha says, you are running through a jungle, chased by a tiger. With death on your heels, you find yourself at the edge of a cliff, at the foot of which another tiger awaits you. Buddha does not wish to frighten you with all this.

This, he says, is the very nature of life. In the Hindu explanation of the story, there is a shadow of fear in it -- it has to be so because only if you fear the world of maya will you set out in search of the Brahmans. But Buddha says, "Here there is no brahma to be sought. And this alone is, whether you call it maya or whatever else. It is a fact of life that death is following you. It is your mind that causes the fear. Otherwise you will simply take it as the very nature of life, that either way death is there and we have arrived at the impasse of the cliff."

According to Buddha, you are always at the cliff's edge. There is never any road ahead. Movement is possible only if two moments are available. If there is only enough ground for you to stand on, where will be the road? For movement, space is needed. For the mind to move, time is needed. And this very moment is all.

So, where can you go? Where can you walk to? At the most you can be jumping up and down on the same spot, but there is no coming and going anywhere. According to Buddha, there is no journey. You are simply jogging on the spot! Buddha says you have only this moment, and in it your mind goes on jumping up and down. This is how it is that you are standing always with no road ahead anywhere. The day you see it you will stop; all your futile jumping up and down will cease.

The world is nothing but the futile jumping up and down of man's mind, and no solution comes out of it. Lives upon lives we have been doing this. Running so much, but never reaching anywhere! Walking so much, but arriving to no destination. And yet we never stop to look at what we have been doing all this time, to consider the possibility that we

could have been jogging on the same spot. Otherwise one ought to reach somewhere after so much walking!
Man travels throughout his whole life, only to find himself exactly where he was at the moment of his birth. This whole journey seems to be a dream stuff. It is as though, asleep at night, you dreamt that you boarded a plane and flew to New York. This is a great journey to have made, involving all kinds of preparations and procedures; but when you wake up in the morning and find yourself at home in bed, then you say it was all a dream. Why do you say it was only a dream? Because you didn't really go anywhere. If you opened your eyes and found you were actually in New York, then you could not say it was all a dream. The very meaning of dreaming is that all the movement happens, and yet you go nowhere. Then, in the morning, you say, "It was only a dream." If you could be tricked, so that, having dreamed of flying to New York, you awoke in the morning to find that you were actually in New York, then you would be in a dilemma! Now you would not be able to call your dream a dream, because it would be reality!
Buddha says, "The real is that which, when you walk upon it, brings you to your destination. The unreal is that which will never bring you to your destination. The unreal is that which will never bring you anywhere, no matter how far you walk upon it." Only when your eyes are opened can you see that this long journey reaches nowhere, and that you have not moved at all! This is what Buddha means when he says that the world is a dream. Buddha also calls this world maya, illusion, but not in opposition to Brahman.

For Buddha there is no Brahman at all -- only maya is. And it is worth understanding.

Buddha is saying that Brahman, too, is only a new hope of your mind. You think you have dropped hoping because you have given up your hopes in wealth and the world, but really you have only transferred them to Brahman. You have come to understand that the world is worthless and offers you nothing worth having, and all of a sudden everything that is worth having is there instead in Brahman. Previously the world was to be achieved, now the Brahman is to be achieved, but your mind has not deviated from achieving. And Buddha says that as long as there is anything to be achieved the mind is still there.

This is why Buddha says, "Spare the Brahman! Don't bring him in, because you will turn him also into an object of your race of desires." Until yesterday you were going towards the marketplace, now you will go towards the temple, but the going continues. Until yesterday you were accumulating wealth -- counting the piles of money again and again everyday -- now you will accumulate virtue, but the accumulation continues. Virtue is as much of a wealth to you as money.

And remember, just as money is also a social recognition and virtue is also a social recognition. That one hundred rupee bill of yours is a one hundred rupee bill because the society recognizes that it is so. Tomorrow if the society says, the state declares, that one hundred rupee bills are invalid, its value is not even a paise then. What we call virtue is also nothing but society's recognition.

In India, to marry one woman is a virtue. If you marry four, you will be in trouble. So if a Hindu marries one woman it

is a virtue, because without marriage you won't be free of paternal debt -- you will have no children so how can you be free of paternal debt? A Hindu marrying four women is a sin. If a Mohammedan marries four women, it is a virtue, there is no sin in it at all. The currency of four wives is recognized by Mohammedans, not by Hindus.

Virtue and sin are also currencies, they too are recognized by society. If you are alone in a jungle, what is a virtue and what is a sin there? And what will you make of your hundred rupee bill there? What is the use of your one rupee bill there? In the jungle the hundred rupee bill is nothing but a piece of paper. Your virtue is a piece of paper there, your sin a a piece of paper there. Howsoever good a person you may be, you cannot earn any goodness in the forest. And how will you become good in the forest? There is no one there on whom you may bestow your kindness; there is no one there whom you may serve. How will you become bad there? There is no one there you may call names or murder. You are alone there so the sin and virtue have both disappeared. Sin and virtue are coins of the society.

So man first accumulates wealth, enlarges his bank balance; and with that too he announces only his ego: "Look how much wealth I have!" Then when he moves away from that,Buddha says, then he accumulates virtue; then he creates a bank balance of virtue. And remember, this is a matter of far more cleverness, because the ordinary bank balance may be left behind here, but the bank balance of virtue, it is hoped, will go along with you; death won't be able to separate you from that it.

I was in a town. A sect of Mohammedans in the town believes that when their priest writes down a slip showing

how many virtuous deeds a person has done, how many donations he has given in charity, and puts his signature on it, then if this slip is kept with the man in his grave when he dies, the slip travels with him and he can show it to God as a testimonial of all his good deeds and virtues.

Buddha says, do not fall into such stupidity, because this God of yours will be nothing but an extension of your own business mentality, and your ego is neither disappearing because of this nor even getting any less. Now it is attaching itself to Brahman, now you will have to achieve Brahman at any cost. Now you won't be at rest until Brahman is in your hand, until you are able to declare, that "Look, I have not only conquered the world, I have also brought home Brahman with me."

Your 'I' does not allow you to see anything else but you. Your Brahman is confined with you, your wealth confined within you; your desire will be confined with you, your prayer is confined within you.

I have heard: A rich jew went to a Hassid mystic and said, "I want to pray, but however much I try my desires don't leave me alone. I want to give,I want to donate in charity, but even behind this charity my greed is present, my desire to gain is present. I can forfeit but that too is a bargain, hope to get something, a hope to get even more; then I can forfeit. And however much I close my eyes, I don't see any God. I remain full of my 'I'. What should I do? And what is the reason for all this trouble?"

The mystic said, " You come with me." Then he lead the rich man to a window. There is clear glass on the window; outside there are trees, birds, white herons flying in the sky;

the sun is shining and a few clouds are also floating in the sky. He said, "Look outside. Do you see everything?"
The rich man said, "I see everything. The glass on the window is so clear and transparent."
Then the mystic took the man to another wall by which a mirror was hanging. He asked the man, "Do you see any difference between this glass and the previous one?"
The rich man stood in front of the mirror and nothing except his own figure was visible in the glass.
"Both are glasses;" said the mystic, "what is the difference then?"
The rich man started laughing. He said, "I get it! The difference is of a thin silver layer. On that glass there is no silver layer, on this glass there is a silver layer on its back. Because of that layer nothing is seen through it, only my own figure is seen in it. I get it! A silver layer is all around me. This is why whenever I look, nothing, no God, no Brahman is seen; only I am seen."
This silver can be of many kinds. It can be worldly, it can be spiritual. But as long as there is any layer of desire on you -- and that is the silver -- you are surrounded by yourself.
Buddha made a profound declaration in the purest form ever on earth: that your Brahman is nothing but an extension of your own ego. And this is why Buddha also said that, there is no Brahman. Do not deduce by this that there is no Brahman. Because Buddha said there is no God, do not take this to mean -- otherwise it will be a mistake -- that Buddha denied God. When Buddha said there is no God, there is no Brahman, what he really was saying is that as far as your God, your Brahman is concerned, it is

nothing more that you, it is your own game. It is a new door, a new extension, a new expansion to your own ego; there too you have set out to propagate only yourself.
This is why Buddha is so hard, because his compassion is great. He says: Neither there is any God nor any soul nor any liberation. There is nothing. Only this moment is everything. And if you come to understand Buddha's statement that this moment is everything, and there is no time ahead, no time behind -- no eternal, no timeless -- then where will you go? Where will be the space for your desires to run? All means have been taken away, all passages demolished, all bridges dismantled. You will be simply standing here.
Death exists in the past, according to Buddha, because death has to precede birth. Had you not died first, how would you be born? Just as there is death after birth, so is it before birth. Death and birth are two sides of the same coin. You died in the past life, so you are born in this life. You are born in this life, so you will die again. No sooner do you die, than you will be born again. If death is one step, the other step is always present there. If birth is one step, the other step is always present there. So Buddha says: Death in the back, death in the front, in between is the birth. Between two deaths is a birth, between two births is a death. Wherever you are standing there is death on both sides -- in the front as well as in the back. This is the situation. You are hanging over cliffs and ravines, and suddenly you see a beehive -- in Buddha's story it is not a fruit, it is a beehive -- and a drop of honey is hanging from it which can fall any moment. Your eyes are caught with it, you have opened your mouth and you are waiting for it --

and then the drop falls and Buddha says you feel: How sweet! How tasty!

If you can forget both the deaths -- this is the meaning of Buddha's story. Your hands are growing weaker and weaker and your grip is loosening; if not today then tomorrow you will lose your grip on the roots you are hanging onto -- you can forget even all this and the taste in this moment can be so intense in you that nothing else remains in this moment but the taste. When you forget death, you forget yourself too. So when neither there is death, nor time, nor are you aware of the surroundings, this taste has become your enlightenment, this taste has become your meditation. And in this very moment you have become liberated; in this very moment you have known what Brahman is.

So for Buddha this story carries a very different meaning. For Buddha the very meaning of meditation is to live moment to moment, and to taste each moment with such totality that even the taster does not remain within -- because that too hinders the totality. If when the drop of honey falls in your mouth and you too are present in that moment, the tasting won't be total. No, only the taste remains, only the sweetness of the honey spreading in your mouth remains; your whole being becomes nothing but the sweetness of the honey. Nothing else remains there: no knower, no experiencer, no doer, nobody, only the sweetness of the honey goes on spreading -- in that moment is enlightenment.

So, Buddha says, each sense can become a door to enlightenment. According to Buddha the trouble is not in the senses, it is in the ego. If ego uses the senses, every

sense becomes a bondage. And if the ego within has faded away, then every sense becomes a liberation.

These are very contradicting things, but the ultimate result of them both is one. Whatever feels right to you. I don't want to put you in confusion but it is necessary to tell you both the meanings of the story. Then you can yourself choose. If the first idea appeals to you, then the path of your life will be completely different. Then you will have to travel a different route. Call it the path of austerity, call it the path of will -- that is the path you will have to travel: the struggle. To denounce the senses one by one and to awaken oneself from each sense. Then absorption, merging, won't be your path; your path will be of struggle, of total will to protect and establish oneself. And the biggest difficulty that you will face in the end is that when you have gone past all the senses and no sense has any influence over you, you will find that this 'I' which has survived in its purest form, how to merge this into Brahman? Because in fighting with each sense your 'I' will go on becoming stronger and purer.

This is the why in the Hindu system of spiritual discipline the last problem that arises is that how is the ascetic to dissolve his ego? -- because the ego of an ascetic is very solidified. What has an ordinary worldly person got in the name of ego? But an ascetic has.....

Hindu spiritual discipline is very easy in the beginning stages, because fighting is always an easy thing. We are always to fight. We very much want to fight -- fight either with others or with ourselves. Violence comes easily. Chopping off, beating up, all these make sense. We are all eager to destroy. In destruction lies our interest. So

asceticism deeply appeals to us. Seeing somebody lying in a bed of thorns you too stop to look, you too get filled with awe. Somebody is standing and has not sat down since years; seeing him your head bows down. Somebody is fasting, has not drunk even water for months; you feel like going and being lost at his feet. Asceticism appeals because it is like self-torture in order to destroy oneself. But the one who is destroying is himself getting crystalized within. The body will be destroyed but the ego will be strengthened. Hindu spiritual discipline is very easy at the first step but very difficult at the last step, because the final jump will have become an accumulated thing. That ego which you preserved and practiced for so many days, ornamented, decorated, polished and purified it so much that it has become like a clear and solid crystal -- had you thrown it away on the very first day when it was like an uncut stone, then, perhaps there would have been no difficulty in throwing it away then. But now after so much asceticism you have purified it so much that there will be great difficulty in dropping it. So a Hindu seeker experiences great difficulty at the final step -- how to drop this clear crystal in the feet of god?

Buddhist spiritual discipline is very difficult in the beginning -- because to make the taste of senses a meditation is an arduous task. The very nature of the senses is unconsciousness, and what is meant by meditation is consciousness. So, to indulge in the pleasure of senses unconsciously, to indulge so totally that no ego remains within, that no indulger remains, is arduous because the senses make us go to sleep; it is for the purpose of falling asleep that we take shelter in them. And Buddha says to

stay awake from the very beginning, and that one has not to control the senses with the ego but the very ego itself has to be removed. This is why Buddha says neither is there any soul inside nor any I-ness -- There simply is none within. Only you as a chariot are; there is no other charioteer within you. Move on with this very understanding.

So the beginning is very arduous, but the end is easy -- Because whosoever will proceed with this understanding will not come to a day when all of a sudden he will have to throw away his enhanced ego into God. Such a man will slowly discover one day that the ego is no more there. His disappearance will be so easy. One day he will suddenly find that "I am not, only Brahman, the ultimate reality, is." This state Buddha has called nirvana.

But if we look at the system of spiritual discipline as a whole then both are the same. Whether it is difficulty in the beginning and easiness in the end, or easiness in the beginning and difficulty in the end, altogether both are the same thing. Both weigh equal.

Hence every seeker has to think for himself. If you want to walk with Buddha the difficulty is at the very beginning; if you want to walk with Shankara the difficulty is at the end. So it all depends on you. The difficulty itself is there, that you will have to cross over. It all depends on you -- on your own inclination, your own attitude, your own life, your own type of personality. Understand them clearly and proceed accordingly -- you will reach to the same place. Buddha calls it nirvana, Shankara calls it Brahman. Shankara takes you there through refining the eternal, Buddha takes you there through refining the moment.

This is why Buddha's thinking could not take roots in India because there was a long tradition of Hindu thinking here and Hindu thinking had opposed the moment so much that it was difficult to even conceive that one can attain to truth through the moment. And Hindu thinking had opposed and controlled the senses so much -- because the very definition Patanjali gave to yoga was: Chittavritti nirodhah, controlling the dispositions of the senses. This was nothing less than putting chitta, the mind, and vritti, the dispositions, into fight. There was a long tradition of it. Buddha's statements looked contradictory to this stream and it appeared as if they would shatter the whole edifice of Hindu thinking.

Hence Hindus saw in Buddha the kind of enemy they have not been able to see in anybody else. Hindus did not oppose Mahavira that much -- that is why Jainas could survive in India -- because Mahavira's spiritual discipline also is of will, of overcoming the senses. Its basic form is Hindu. Hence there is no basic gap between Jainas and Hindus. There may be differences in an ideological conversation but their structure of the personality is the same. This is why Jainas could survive in India, but it became impossible to let Buddhists survive. Buddha had to be uprooted. There was reason to uproot him: his view of the spiritual journey was absolutely contrary. That drop of honey that has dripped, one has to be dissolved in its taste so absolutely that the very drop of honey becomes Brahman. Here, in the Hindu concept, the drop of Honey represents the senses, is an illusion. In Buddha's concept, the very drop of honey is Brahman, the ultimate truth.

Both are right. And when I say both are right, this creates even greater difficulty. It is always easy to say one right and the other wrong, because the two look opposites. And the greatest art of religion is wherever you find opposites, don't be in a hurry to call one wrong. Religion is nothing but a name of the synthesis of the opposites. So don't be in a hurry. The mind wants to call the opposite wrong. According to mind only one of the two can be right -- how can both be right?
Life is much vaster than the mind. Mind is very narrow. In it, only one of the opposites can be right. In life, both can be right. Intellect is very small. There is no place in it to accommodate the opposites. Existence is vast, and in it are contained all opposites; there the opposites are side by side. The more your spiritual vision sharpens the more you will find that all opposites merge.

Question
BELOVED OSHO,
YOU TELL US TO SURRENDER AND AT THE SAME TIME ASK US NOT TO CLING ONTO YOU. THE WAY WE ARE NOW, IT SEEMS IN THE NAME OF SURRENDER WE ARE CLINGING TO YOU. NOW IT SEEMS WE WILL DIE WITHOUT YOU.
WHAT IS THE REASON FOR THIS TO BE SO? WHAT SHOULD WE DO IN SUCH A CONDITION?

You should die! That is the very meaning of surrender. One should not make efforts to survive. There is nothing wrong in dying, the entire wrong is in surviving. And what is there to be saved, for which we are always making attempts to

save, save and save? What is there to be saved? If you look attentively, think calmly even for a moment, what have you got to be saved?

And when you see that you have nothing to be saved, the fear of dying will immediately disappear -- because who will die then? When there is nothing to be saved, then what is there to lose? The fear that something maybe lost is based in the illusion that you have something. And you never even open the door and look in your house to see if there is something there. Perhaps it is because of this fear that you may see there is nothing there that you don't look, because then you won't be able to create even this great fuss of saving, of surviving, that you keep creating all the time. Then you will look very helpless. You may not have a safe deposit but you keep a hubbub maintained lest a theft occurs. That too creates an impression that something is there.

What is the fear of dying? Why is there so much fear in it? What will be lost in your dying? This is one of the deepest questions a seeker should be asking within himself: "If I died, what will be the loss? What will happen because of my dying? If I become nonexistent, what is this uneasiness in accepting that state of nonexistence?" -- because there is no happiness in our existent state anyway. As I said earlier, there exists only a hope that perhaps someday there will be happiness.

Whatever you are, you are in pain and misery with it; wherever you are, you are in pain and misery in it -- and still you get anxious you may lose it!

No, just die! Dying is the greatest art. And it is the one who has learnt the art of dying who attains to the total celebration of life.

The moment you let go of yourself, the same moment all the life energies within you will be absorbed in an unique dance. As long as you are protecting yourself, the dance is not released because of the very protection. You are so much afraid that you cannot laugh. You are so much in fear that no flowers can bloom within you. You have gripped your own life with your own hands so tightly that your hands have become a death grip on your neck. You go on increasing the pressure lest you may die -- and this sense of dying you are feeling is because of your own hands. So a vicious circle is created.

A friend comes to me. He has a headache the whole day. So to get rid of the headache he drinks in the night. Because of the drinking, the headache next day begins early in the morning. Now what is to be done? When he meets me in the evening he says, "What to do? I will have to drink because there is this headache." And when he meets me in the morning he complains: "How to get rid of this drinking? It brings a headache."

This exactly is the situation of life. On one hand you create your own sufferings, on the other you want to be rid of the suffering. So what is this man's desire now? I told him, "Your desire is that the drinking should continue but there should be no headache?"

He said, "You exactly caught my idea. This is exactly my desire."And this cannot be.

Your desire too is similar, that you should also remain and liberation should also happen. This cannot be. In your

dying is the liberation. In your surviving is the bondage. Because you are the bondage, your not being is the liberation.
Enough for today.

Nowhere To Go But In

Chapter #9

Chapter title: None
2 June 1974 am in Buddha Hall

[NOTE: This is a translation from the Hindi discourses: Nahim Ram Bin Thaon. It is being edited for publication, and this version is for reference only.]

Question
BELOVED OSHO,
THERE IS A STORY FAMOUS IN THE UPANISHADS AND SOMETIMES MENTIONED BY YOU, OF TWO BIRDS, WHO LIVE TOGETHER ON THE SAME TREE. ONE EATS THE SWEET FRUITS OF THIS TREE, WHILE THE OTHER EATS NONE OF THE FRUITS AND REMAINS THERE WITNESSING. THE BIRD WHO REVELS IN EATING THE FRUITS EXPERIENCES MUCH MISERY IN HIS ATTACHMENT TO THEM, BUT WHEN HE FINALLY LOOKS UP AND SEES THE OTHER BIRD SITTING HIGH IN THE TREE -- AND SEES HIS GLORY -- HE TOO GOES BEYOND THE MISERY. WILL YOU PLEASE EXPLAIN THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THIS STORY TO US?

All the agony of life, all its anguish, and also the possibility of all the blessings of life that become available to the man who has attained samadhi are hidden in this story. In this anecdote are contained all the agony and the ecstasy possible to the man. Let us understand first the agony of life and then the ultimate bliss of life; then the meaning of this story will become clear on its own.

Asleep at night you dream that you have lost your way in a dark forest. You search and search, but you cannot find the path. You want to ask somebody the way, but there is nobody there. You are thirsty too, and hungry, but there is no trace of either any spring of water or any fruit as far as you can see. In deep agony you cry and weep so much so that you wake up. And in that waking, everything changes in an instant. Where there was sorrow, laughter prevails; and you start to smile, seeing that your agony was only a dream.

But how is it that the dream touched you so deeply? How is it that the dream felt to be so real? Why did you get so lost in the dream? Why could you not remember in the dream, that this was only a dream? Why did this awareness not arise in you that it was not real, that it was only your imagination? But no, your awareness did not arise, because even during your waking hours it is difficult to be a witness; how could you possibly be a witness in your sleep, in your dream? When even during our waking hours we become the doer, it is a matter of certainty that the same shall be the case in our dreams. And it is this becoming the doer that is our agony in life -- that is the whole trouble.

To be the doer means that we assume ourselves to be doing things that are happening on their own. Whatever is happening to our sense organs we assume it is happening to "me"; whatever is happening on the outside, we assume it is happening to our interiority. To be the doer means that where you are only a witness, where your presence is only that of a watcher, you have fallen into the illusion that you are actually a character in the drama you are watching. The one who lost his way in the dream is certainly not you, because you were asleep in bed the whole time! The one wandering in the forest is only a creation of your mind.

I have heard: a man's wife died. When she was alive she fettered him in every conceivable way, not allowing him the slightest possibility of movement. And the husband was very compliant. Rather than assert himself he would argue within, "Why make an issue of it?" and he just agreed with whatsoever his wife said. Before she died, his wife warned him never to so much as look at another woman; otherwise, she threatened him, she would return as a ghost to haunt him. The man was frightened -- and a frightened man is quite capable of conjuring up ghosts. The fear itself becomes the ghost.

For a few days after she had died the man controlled himself -- out of fear. And be aware: the control born of fear is no real control; most of your sadhus and holy men are maintaining control over themselves out of fear. They fear they may go to hell, that they may be caught by God in the act of doing something wrong and have to suffer the consequences, so they control themselves. Exactly like this was the control of this widower.

The control based on fear is not only unreal, it is also a great act of self-deception which keeps you from attaining to real control. But still, it can serve for a few days.
So this man managed -- but for how long could he maintain it? The desires within him began to argue, "Are you crazy? When she was alive you were afraid, and now even after her death you go on fearing her. Do you really think she can become a ghost? Do you really think it is in her hands to make that decision?"
So he found himself a woman and began to play the lover. That night, when he returned home, he found his wife sitting on the bed waiting for him. He began to tremble so violently with fear that he collapsed. His wife said, "I know where you have just come from!" and then proceeded to tell him the name and address of the woman he had spent the evening with, and every detail of what had passed between them. Now the man was in no doubt. Not only was his wife here as a ghost, but she could repeat to perfection every word he had whispered to his new love, and describe her house, her furniture, and her appearance exactly as they were. And this was only the beginning. Every night his dead wife would appear to torment him. He became very unhappy.
Eventually, in desperation, he went to visit a Zen Master, Nan-in.
When Nan-in heard the man's story he began to roar with laughter. "This wife who harasses you is not alive," he said, "but she is no different from those living wives who nag their husbands. All wives are ghosts, and all husbands too! Only the mind gives them the appearance of reality. In this world, whatever we give our minds to appears real, but the

moment you withdraw your mind, that thing becomes unreal."

The widower complained to Nan-in that he had not come to listen to clever arguments and knowing words. "You don't know the trouble I am in," he said. "The moment I arrive home she is there waiting for me at the door, and my whole body trembles with fear. I was never as terrified of her when she was alive as I am now that she is dead. And I know that she is here too, listening to us, and if you tell me some trick to get rid of her, she will say to me tonight, 'So you have been to see Nan-in, haven't you, to try to get rid of me!' What can I do? I want you to tell me how I can get rid of her, but whatever you tell me, she would have heard it too and I am sure it won't work for me."

"Don't worry," said Nan-in, "I will show you a trick that will work anyway." There was a pile of seeds lying nearby that someone had presented to Nan-in. Nan-in took a handful, gave them to the widower, and said, "Take these home in your closed fist, and when your wife appears you let her say all she has to say. And then you ask her, 'How many seeds are there in my fist?' If she cannot tell you the right number, then you will know that your ghost is all nonsense."

The man ran home, and when his wife appeared, as usual she recounted to him everything that had passed "I know very well that you went to see Nan-in," she said, "and that he told you to ask me how many seeds are there in your fist. But your little trick won't work!"

At these words the man became terrified, but still he plucked up the courage to make this last attempt to be rid of

her, and asked, "How many seeds are there then?" And the ghost disappeared!

Astonished, the man returned to Nan-in and asked him what the secret was.

"The secret," said Nan-in, "is that the ghost can only tell you that which is already known to your mind. If you do not know, the ghost cannot tell, because the ghost is only an extension of your mind. If you had counted the seeds in your fist, then your ghost would have been able to tell you the answer. That ghost was your own shadow, your own projection."

But we do fear ghosts -- are already afraid of them in fact. What Shankara means when he calls the world maya, illusion, is that this whole world is a ghost. The world is not, yet it seems to be. It is not, yet it seems to be. It is not and it is. But all its isness is poured into it by you. First you fill it with isness, and then you get caught up and bound by what you have created. You have the power to convert dreams into reality. You get lost in it, you simply forget that you are. Your body experiences hunger, and you think you are hungry. This is illusion. The body may be hungry, but you are never hungry. You cannot be hungry.

It is true you are very close to your body, there is virtually no gap between you and your body but still you are separate. The illusion of identification begins because you are standing too close to your body.

The old scriptures say that if you keep a piece of glass close to a sapphire, the glass also flashes blue. Of course it has not turned blue; it simply falls within the shadow of the sapphire's blueness. So it is with you and your body. You stand very close to it, but you are not it. But being so close,

whatever happens to your body, the shadow of that happening falls on you. You say that you are hungry, but this is an illusion, and in this illusion the world of maya begins. It is the body that hungers, and you say it is you. It is the body that suffers, and you say it is you. When the body grows old, again you say that you have grown old. And when this body is on the verge of death, you say that you are on the verge of death. The mistake has begun.

If only if you could see that the body is hungry and you are seeing this and knowing this; if only you could see that the body is sick, that it is old, that it is on the verge of death and all this you are seeing and knowing as a witness.... You are the witness to all these happenings. The whole drama is enacted in the body, as though the body were a vast stage, and all the characters projections of the mind within that body. And you -- you view it all from a distance; you are the audience! There is in you a doer-ness, by which the world is created, and there is in you a witnessing too, through which Brahman is seen. Asleep you cannot remember this; even awake during the day you keep forgetting. The moment your body is hurt, you forget that it is the body, not you, who has been hurt, and that you have simply known the happening.

This is the essence of all sadhana, that the moment the doer takes up the space, wake up! Don't allow him to fill the space. Leave all the actions -- the desires, the hungers and thirsts -- to the body; let the body do the deeds, and you only keep the capacity to know with you, just the awareness, just the art of seeing.

This is why in India have called philosophy, darshan -- seeing. You just protect your ability to see. The moment

you are able to see, you will find that all your dreams have disappeared -- the ghosts have vanished, the world is not, the dreams have dissolved. You have awakened!

This ultimate awakening we call buddhahood -- buddha means the awakened one -- and in this ultimate awakening we attain to the supreme bliss. Sleeping we attain only to agony and anxiety. There is only one agony, and that is to forget the reality of the self, and there is only one bliss -- to regain that reality. You can call it whatsoever sounds beautiful to you -- self-realization, Brahman-realization or samadhi or nirvana -- the essence is one.

This is a short anecdote from a Upanishad: there is a tree on which two birds are living. The tree has been since ancient times a symbol of life. Just as the tree reaches out of its seed, spreading its branches out and up towards the open sky, full of the hope and promise that it will touch the sky, so does life grow out from a tiny seed, sprouting with great desires and unending ambitions, to fill the whole sky and span the furthest horizons. The tree is of life, and on this life tree sit two birds. One tastes the fruit, indulging in its sweetness; the other only watches -- he never tastes, he never enters the field of action, he never becomes a doer. The indulging bird sits on the lower branches of the tree; the witnessing bird sits on the higher branches.

The end result of indulgence is always agony. One finds pleasure in it, but it is always interwoven with misery, because every pleasure brings its own unique misery. And while the pleasures last only momentarily, they leave behind a long trail of miseries. In finding a single pleasure we have to go through many sufferings. And if the pleasures are analyzed in detail they prove to be only

illusory. Viewed closely, it is very doubtful whether what we have called our moments of pleasure were really so! Look back over your life, over forty, fifty, sixty years, and can you really find in all these sixty years a moment of true happiness?

Socrates used to say, "An unexamined life is not worth living." But if you examine your life,, you will be surprised to find that nothing in it can survive close scrutiny. Just turn back and look: where are the moments when you really found happiness? Yes, at first you may recall a few precious moments like when you fell in love for the first time. The memory is very blurred now, and you will have to wipe the dust off those recollections. But if you do this and recapture those moments, you will begin to tremble with the realization that those moments too only gave the illusion of happiness, not happiness itself. And the deeper into those memories you look, the more their so-called happiness will disappear.

Whoever truly reflects finds that life is empty. So the seeker always comes to the experience of his own emptiness. Only fools think that their lives are full. They go through life carrying bags full of stones, and believe them to be jewels. They have only to empty out their baggage and look at their contents to discover the utter barrenness of their lives. To the man who has not seen the emptiness, the door of religion is closed. A man only turns inwards when he finally sees that all his pleasure-seeking is in vain.

There is not a single moment of true happiness, and yet in attempting to find that moment we suffer so much unhappiness.

With great difficulty a man builds himself the house he really wants, and when he finally moves in, he asks where the happiness is -- and sets about finding something else with which to continue his search. If he has ten rupees, he devotes his energy to turning it into ten thousand rupees, and when he comes to rest and relax, his task accomplished, he cannot find any happiness in the ten thousand rupees that are now his. But even in this situation we do not allow our mind to really see this fact. It feels so dangerous to do so that we immediately commit ourselves to turning the ten thousand into ten million. This is the way the mind works -- and even if we make the ten million we will not be happy; instead we will be busy turning the ten million into ten billion! And the last thing we have any intention of doing is leaving ourselves any space to be able to look back and assess what we are doing, to reflect and meditate on whether we have actually experienced any happiness in pursuing or achieving our goals.

If you face your desires, and all the efforts you have exerted in attempting to achieve them, you will be in trouble. Much effort is there in, but the gain is nil. There is no lack of effort on your part -- in fact there is so much of it that you have become completely lost in it! But you fear the examination -- and your fear is that you will have to see that your work has been in vain, that you have gained nothing. The fear of failure is indeed great.

I have heard, two beggars were chatting by the roadside. One of them, weeping and bemoaning the hardships of his life -- as beggars are apt to do whether they are poor beggars or rich ones -- was complaining to the other that his profession was doomed. "I'm not getting any work done

-- no one wants to give, and half the time people treat me as though I'm invisible. I can't get people to notice me, and if they do, instead of giving me a few paise they are very generous with advice. The whole world is going to the dogs. The public seems to have no wish to show kindness or be charitable, or demonstrate any love for humanity. People are just out to make money, and unwilling to give even a single paise. I'm fed up! Traveling from one place to another, with nothing to show for my effort -- and even traveling is becoming an ordeal; shoved around by the crowds, thrown out of trains one station after another for having no ticket, and everywhere the police on my heels as though they have been appointed especially for this purpose. Life has become intolerable."

Listening to all this, the other beggar looked at him and asked, "Well, why don't you give it up then?"

"What!" replied the first one, with an air of indignation, "And accept that I am a failure?"

Where even the beggar is unwilling to accept his failure, how can you possibly do so? It is because the ego is unwilling to accept failure that it is not ready to look at life the way it really is, because to do so is to see the long trail of failures. Everything, without exception, has been a failure. There is no happiness at all but a big crowd of miseries.

This is the lifestyle of the first bird, the indulger. This is his way of life -- underneath everything a great agony prevails in him, a profound sorrow. And then in some moment he raises his head and looks at the other bird.

These two birds are so alike -- they are twins, born simultaneously, each in the form of the other. But the other

-- the witnessing bird -- sits perfectly still in peace and bliss, with not a trace of unhappiness about him. He is the sun of bliss, perpetually rising, never setting

What is the secret of his bliss? It is that he is not a doer, he is not after pleasure and enjoyment. He simply sits there on his high branch, watching the games of those below. And when you are not on the merry-go-round, when you are not seeking indulgence, then the happiness may not be yours, but neither is the unhappiness. It is in desiring to make happiness your own that you inevitably make unhappiness yours. It is in saying farewell to happiness by remaining a witness to it that you bid all your unhappiness goodbye. Of course, we all want to bid farewell to unhappiness, but only to our unhappiness! The happiness we want to keep, and go on enjoying. So it is in the unhappiness that people want to be a witness.

Many unhappy people come to me, and tell me that they are witnessing to the best of their ability, but with no result. I tell them to stop witnessing when they are unhappy, and to start witnessing when they are happy. Only if you can successfully witness when you are feeling happy will you be able to witness your unhappiness. It is everybody's wish to be free from unhappiness -- this is in no way a religious penance. But when there is some happiness in your life, then is the time to just witness it, to remain aloof from it. And when your life is peaceful, then too you should try to sit alone and be detached.

If you are practicing meditation and some day the divine peace starts showering on you, immediately disidentify yourself from it. It will not be easy. People generally think that it is bodily indulgences one has to keep a distance

from. No, indulgence with meditation is indulgence as well. Some day, dissolved in prayer, a fragrance spreads around you, as though a lotus has blossomed out of nowhere, or a lamp has suddenly begun to glow in darkness, and you are blissed out detach yourself in the same moment. You have to detach yourself not only from all the pleasures you find in women or good food or fine clothes -- even in good health -- but also from the happiness you find in meditation. Wherever you find happiness, become the witness, not the indulger.

Yes, then you have laid the foundation for changing your life. Suddenly you will find that unhappiness no longer touches you. Unhappiness can only touch the one who seeks happiness. To identify with happiness is to invite unhappiness. And you are all so eager to catch hold of happiness, although it is always the unhappiness that comes into your grasp. You never think that whenever you embrace happiness it turns into unhappiness even as you hold it. You have never taken this into account. You are moving so fast in your search for new happinesses, you are in such a hurry that to take stock of the past is to you only wasting time.

Whenever some moment of happiness starts descending upon you, the dance bells start echoing deep within you, gather your awareness at once. This is the real meditation. To remain aware in the midst of happiness is the real meditation, but it is not easy. You have struggled so long to find this bliss, and now, when bliss descends on you, you are being asked to separate yourself from it. And it is so rare! Thus it is that whenever I ask my sannyasins not to identify with whatever meditation brings them, they look at

me as if to say "What! Abandon this hard-earned ecstasy?" And when I look into their eyes I see that what they really want to say is: "Not so soon! Allow me to enjoy this blessing for a little while, allow us to drown in it for a while! This is exactly what we came here looking for, and to ask you how we could extend it beyond the moment -- how we could make this happiness of a moment eternal. And you are asking us to let it go!"

But the fact is that I am asking you to separate yourselves from your bliss just because this is the very way to make it eternal! If you are unable to stand aloof from it, then what you have found will also disappear, and tomorrow will find you empty and unhappy once again. This is what happens to meditators. They find a little joy, and the next day they are miserable because they are unable to recapture it. Then they ask, "When is the happiness going to return? How can that door be opened again? Is there no trick that the door remains open and never closes again?" Now, this is the way into misery. Whoever seeks to capture happiness falls into unhappiness; whoever hankers for the repetition of the joys, whatever he had also disappears.

There is a saying of Jesus: 'Those who have it, it will be taken away from them; those who don't have it, it will be given to them. Keep it in your mind in relation to happiness. Any type of happiness is bound to fade away. So don't cling -- let the joys go, throw your happiness away lightly, then nobody will be able to take it from you. And in doing this you will find bliss over and over again. If you go on throwing it away whenever it comes to you, it will be yours a thousand and one times over.

A moment comes when you understand that happiness is an art of throwing away, and unhappiness is the art of holding on. The more you hold onto the more unhappy you are. The unhappiness of those who live in hell is that they are holding onto too many happinesses. The happinesses of those who live in heaven is that they have dropped their hold on all kinds of happiness. If you understand this, you will see that happiness is freedom, while unhappiness is dependency. This is why the ultimate bliss is called moksha -- liberation.

Moksha means absolute freedom, where everything has been dropped.

The bird sitting on the higher branch of the tree of life is sitting within you too. He is sitting on your tree.

Sometimes, when you are a witness, when your consciousness moves away from the lower bird and becomes one with the higher one, you get a glimpse of him. You catch sight of the blue sky. The clouds have all disappeared. You may recognize it, you may not; you may understand what you have seen and you may not, but it is rare to find anyone who has never actually known a moment of witnessing. Whenever you have known such a moment, bliss has showered upon you, a gust of cool breeze has come and everything all around you has become alive.

Our experience as a doer is a twenty-four hour thing. Round the clock we are identified with the lower bird, and in so doing, suffer our unhappiness. Now the time has come to raise your eyes and look up at the bird on the higher branch. Since eternity he has been sitting on your tree, waiting for you to cast off your sorrowful state. But you

don't look upwards, you just go on suffering. It seems that you really enjoy your unhappiness -- it actually seems that there is a certain happiness for you in remaining unhappy. You have some kind of an investment in your unhappiness. So you go on saying how much you wish to cast off your misery, but the fact of the matter is that you cling on to it. Even if you come to the people in whose presence you can easily throw off your misery, you don't come totally. Perhaps you leave your soul at home, and come only partially to meet them. You have some vested interest in your unhappiness.

I knew a woman who only complained about her husband whenever she came to see me. She complained about his gambling, his drinking, his laziness, his every action in fact -- complaining, endlessly complaining was all she knew. In her husband were contained all the vices, while she worked hard to keep the house in order and to look after him. And certainly, she was very overworked, because there was also a crippled daughter who was bed-ridden and needed assistance even just to eat her meals. With so many burdens imposed upon herself, this woman was truly living the life of a martyr.

Whenever she came to see me she would come out with the same string of complaints against her husband, but when I looked deep into her eyes, it was obvious that she derived some joy from the whole situation. What was clear was that her husband's drinking and gambling habits gave her ego immense satisfaction -- because by comparison with her worthless husband, she had become a priceless diamond! We live by comparisons. If the husband is the greatest, then his wife has to be ordinary. But in this case the woman was

the shining star, and through her husband's dissipated way of life she found admiration and sympathy for herself throughout the town. Of course, she maintained to one and all that she was deeply distressed and unhappy, but actually the last thing she would want would be to find herself free of the situation in which she lived; because getting rid of the situation would also mean getting rid of all the praise and glory in which she reveled. The crippled girl too was only an instrument with which she could enhance her air of martyrdom -- "Just see how I tend her, comforting her in her sickness and meeting her every need!"

People love suffering because it gives them the opportunity to become martyrs. This lady was not really complaining, she was advertising her virtues. Eventually, the poor crippled girl died. With her death half the woman's sorrows should have disappeared. In fact she should have found much happiness in the girl's freedom from a life of suffering, and her own freedom from the cares and anxieties of looking after her. And when her husband finally ran away, this should have brought an end to all her remaining unhappiness. She often used to say to me he were to die, or leave forever, it would be a blessing. I don't want to have to see him!"

But when he did run off, never to return, her distress was even greater All the color drained from her face, and a deep melancholy settled over her life, as though her whole interest in life had disappeared -- which it had: her drinking and gambling husband provided the essence of her life. In her condemnation of his habits lay all the meaning, the purpose, the promise in her life. Now, with him gone, all that sustained her was gone. She was reduced to the stature

of an ordinary woman. Now nobody sings her praises, nobody proclaims her long-suffering virtues. When I saw her last it was apparent that she would soon die, because the mechanism that kept her going is no longer there
Just consider a little how, whenever you talk about your unhappinesses, you are playing the martyr behind your words. See how you find happiness in your so-called distress. Man is such a clever decorator! He decorates even his sorrows, converting them into ornaments with his cunning workmanship. And then arises a new difficulty for him; how to cast off the decoration and ornamentation he has created. Had you not decorated your misery, you would have been able to cast it away long ago -- you would have walked out of your prison. But through your own devices you have mistaken your prison for your home. Only you are holding yourself in chains, but you have taken the chains for ornaments.
This is why the witnessing bird waits -- and probably laughs -- watching you suffering below and declaring to the world your great tragedies. And you know very well that that bird is laughing, sitting within you! Sometimes you catch a glimpse, inevitably, because he is your very nature. How can you be entirely oblivious to him? Sometime or other his image must arise in you. Some moment or other you must feel his peace and hear his harmony. In some unsuspecting moment of relaxation he will fill you. But you are avoiding him. You are so involved in being a doer that you are avoiding being a witness. Your enjoyment is in carrying the load of your misery -- and in advertising that you are doing so. Your unhappiness has not yet reached boiling point. When it does so you will finally raise your

head and look upwards. And once you do so, it will be with amazement that you discover that all the unhappiness you have been suffering, life after life through countless births and deaths, amounts to no more than a nightmare. Your true nature has always been separate from that misery. This is why Hindus say that you are the eternal bliss, the Brahman, that you have never committed a single sin nor perpetrated any evil act against anyone and cannot do so, because it is not in your nature to create unhappiness.
When Westerners translated the Upanishads they found it difficult to accept this doctrine, and wondered how these could possibly be called religious scriptures. They knew only one religion -- Christianity -- and the whole of Christian teaching is founded on guilt and sinfulness. You are the sinner, and your struggle is to redeem yourself from your sins. You have strayed, come back to the path. You have been thrown out of the kingdom of heaven, and your task is to please God by confessing all your sins and repenting, so that you can return.
Repentance is the very basis of Christianity, but these Upanishads declare that you have committed no sins at all, and cannot do so even if you want to, because by the very nature of things you are not a doer. You can only dream that you have sinned, or are sinning, but you cannot commit the sin. And no matter how much you wish it, you cannot stray out of God's kingdom, because there is nothing else but his kingdom. You can be thrown out of this garden where we sit, but you cannot be thrown out of God's garden, because anywhere you might be thrown to will be his garden.

The Christian garden of Eden must have been very small; the Hindu garden of Eden is vast. Hinduism knows no space that is not part of the garden -- there is nowhere you could be sent to that is not his garden. Even if God wanted to cast you out, where could he send you? He alone is. So wherever you find yourself, you will still be in him! And he is as much in one place as he is in any other -- he cannot be more here and less there.

Understand this a little. Of everything else, there may be more or less -- the quantity may change -- but not of existence. If something is, then it is no more nor less than anything else. This is a tree, is green; another tree is yellow -- the colors differ. This bird here is small while another is large -- they differ in size. One man has a small intellect, another has a great intellect, and in this they differ. But the tree is, the bird is, the man is, the stone is, and there is no quantative difference in their isness.

Existence knows no small or large, more or less. In terms of existence, all things are equal. The stone exists as much as you do; your forms of existing may differ, but you each exist as much as the other. That existing, that isness, we call Brahman.

When the Upanishads first went to the West, it was very difficult for Westerners to accept them as religious writings. What kind of religion is this? they thought. They regarded the Upanishads as dangerous. If people believe that they have never sinned, and are incapable of sinning, then how will they confess? How will they repent? And without repentance, how will they enter the divine kingdom? And if the sinner accepts himself as Brahman, then what use will he have for the priest? What will the

priest be able to preach? Who will he be able to save? Who will he be able to look after? The church will disappear!
It may surprise you to learn that the Hindu religion is the only religion that has no ministry, no ecclesiastical organization, no priesthood. In the Hindu temple you will find no one like the priest, and no management. It is a religion that proceeds on the basis of individual and personal understandings, and without any organizational structure. There is no governing of affairs; the religion functions through personal, intrinsic experience. The Hindu religion is like a flowing river. Christianity is like the railway train, running on tracks, everything managed and organized. The Hindu religion is an anarchy -- and religion can only be anarchic, because religion is not an empire; it is supreme freedom, and this is only possible in a situation of anarchy.
The statement that you have never done anything, and even if you want to you never will do anything, is very anarchic. It is saying that your existence is an ultimate purity. You don't have to strive for purity, because you have never been impure; you simply have to recognize your essential purity. This is why in India we are not searching for Brahman, all we are doing is trying to regain our memory of Brahman. This is what the mystics mean by smriti -- remembrance. This is all we need -- a remembering. Kabir calls it surati, which is nothing but the rounded form of the word smriti. It is just like an emperor's son who might be out begging, and suddenly he realizes what nonsense he is doing, and all begging will cease at once. With this single act of remembrance, the whole quality of his consciousness will change.

The day you have enough of your unhappiness and your interest in it drops, only then the change can happen in your life. And until you are interested in it, who am I to stop you from it? As long as you are interested in it, remain in your unhappiness. Nothing can happen out of hurrying; the fruit will only fall when it is ripe, and it is foolish to pick unripe fruit.

So if you are still interested in your unhappiness, immerse yourself in it, let it be your very destiny. Don't be in a hurry, don't drop your journey in the middle just because of hearing something from others; otherwise you will have to start again and complete the journey at some other time in the future. There is no way to bypass it. No growth can be a borrowed phenomenon in this world. So if you find that your interest is still in misery, then accept that this is so, and let your misery come to its climax so that you can be finished with it. If you have to drink poison, then drink it to the dregs and swallow it all so that when you drown in it you can surface again. Your difficulty is that neither do you move towards the nectar nor do you drink the poison fully; hence you are stuck in the middle. You want to drink the poison -- this really interests you! -- but you don't want the suffering it is going to bring you, and thus you go on trying to achieve the impossible -- to drink poison and feel as though you have drunk nectar! This is not going to come about, because this is not in the nature of things. If you drink nectar bliss is yours; if you take poison misery is yours. So if your taste is for poison, then drink it till you can drink no more, so that your misery becomes complete, so that your misery makes you mature. Your anguish ripens you, your misery prepares you for the ultimate leap. A day

will come when you will look upwards and find the other bird sitting there.

And remember this too, that the stories you have heard from others about this bird will be of no use to you -- you have to see it yourself. No matter how much the Upanishads tell you about it, still they are like looking at a painting of the Himalayas in which you can see the lofty snow-capped peaks glittering in the sun, but you cannot feel the cool serenity of them Those lines and colors on the canvas -- how can they even compare with all that one has known and experienced in being in the Himalayas? You can sit holding the painting close and imagine that you have reached the Himalayas and have found their kingdom of peace and happiness, but in doing so your journey will have come to an end before it has even begun; you will not even stir from your seat.

I have heard: there was once an ass who unfortunately acquired an education. Asses generally have good memory, and this one was brought up in Kashi which is a center of learning full of pundits, and thus it came about that this ass, living in such an atmosphere of scholarliness, soon became himself a pundit. He could recite the scriptures by heart.

You may have noticed that memory is a substitute for intelligence. People with high intelligence tend to be very forgetful, while stupid people, unable to sustain any performance of true intelligence, resort to the use of memory to manage their lives.

This ass had an excellent memory -- whatever he read he knew by heart, and he improved himself by listening to the conversations of the pundits and sitting at their feet.

Eventually he came to know of marijuana -- or bhang,

which is so prevalent in Kashi, and he was very enticed by the blissful, cosmic effects it seemed to have on those who took it. Those mind-blowing discussions! Those visions of Brahman! It became obvious to him that bhang was the gateway to Brahman; the way these pundits were affected was just as the scriptures described the great glory of Brahman! He decided he must go in search of bhang.

A few days later, passing an old bookshop, he came across a copy of the Encyclopedia Britannica. He flipped through its pages, and there was a picture of the very plant he was now seeking. He absorbed every detail of the picture, and armed now with the knowledge he needed, he was convinced that the whole glory of bhang was now his. After all, he had seen the behavior of the bhang addicts, and looked into their stoned eyes! He even knew what kind of conversation to hold. In fact, as far as was possible with words, he was already familiar with bhang. And now he even knew what it looked like, and all that remained was to find the plant. He would start his search right away.

On the banks of the Ganges he found a plant that looked just like the picture in the Encyclopedia Britannica. But how to be sure that it really was the same plant? The ass decided to consult the plant itself -- yes, this was the thing to do. As a matter of fact, the plant was not bhang at all; it was just a very common weed, quite useless -- a plant that gardeners pull up and throw out whenever they come across it.

The ass approached the plant: "My dear plant," he said, "are you the very plant, bhang, of which I am in deep search? The very same that is revered in the scriptures? I have seen

your picture in the Britannica, and if my memory serves me right, you are the very same plant which I search!"
The plant was just an ordinary weed -- nobody had ever before shown it such attention, nobody had regarded it ever with such reverence and given it such a high status. True, its devotee was only an ass, but even the praise of an ass is welcome to the ego! The ego never cares who it is who praises; otherwise praise would disappear from the world. For a moment the plant shrank, delaying the passing of its moment of glory and having to confess that it was not the celebrated bhang plant. But suddenly, impelled by the rare opportunity -- a chance that would never come again -- the plant said, "Yes, I am the very same. It is I whom you seek!"
Immediately the ass performed all the rituals he had learnt from the bhang experts, and swallowed the plant. Where was the trance? The ass waited, but felt not even the flicker of expanding consciousness. He decided that he must not have studied enough, but decided to try acting like the bhang experts. He made himself wobble about on his legs, and even began giggling and pouring out meaningless words. But inside himself he was dubious. "I'm doing alright," he thought, "but this is all superficial. Maybe the Encyclopedia Britannica got its information wrong." Then he thought again: "Maybe the bhang experts are acting just as superficially as I am." And finally, after a long pause, he thought: "Maybe the plant fooled me."
He made every effort to convince himself that everything was going alright, but from within he knew that it was all false and nothing was alright.

You can devour all the scriptures and fill yourself up with the knowledge of Brahman, you can listen to the Upanishads telling the story of the witnessing bird, you can learn all the parables by heart, you can even begin to behave as a sannyasin should, and learn to walk and talk as a sannyasin should, but deep within your own intuitive voice will go on insisting that something is wrong. Without your own experiencing of the self, without your own knowing of the self, everything is meaningless. Nothing will be understood by understanding the Upanishadic story. Only when your own inner story unfolds and you are able to see the other bird sitting on your tree of life, will you be able to understand the Upanishad, not before that.

Can you appreciate my difficulty? I explained this story to you knowing well you wouldn't understand it; knowing well that if you take my words to be your understanding, then the harm is done. But yet I explained the story so that at least you might know that this too is a possibility. Right now it is better that you don't accept that there is a witness sitting behind you. Who knows, the Upanishads may be wrong, Britannica may have published the wrong picture, the plant may be befooling you! Who knows?

So don't be in a hurry to assume understanding, because the one who believes quickly is deprived of the knowing. My whole effort is to create the understanding that it is a possibility. that whatever you are is not your whole being, something more is possible; that wherever you are standing, further movement is possible; that your journey is not at an end. That what you have attained is not all there is to be attained, there is something more too. Even if you get only a faint idea of it, there is no harm; in fact, the idea has

to be only faint. I am talking to you in order to create this very idea in you. Once the idea has taken root in you, two possibilities are open for you. One is that you can go on reciting and memorizing this idea itself; then even without testing the real thing you can make your legs wobble and manage a reasonable trance within just a few days of practice. Of course, your ecstasy will be unreal, your wobbliness will be fake, and you have gone astray.

The other course is that it becomes clear to you that there is a possibility of something else that can open up; that this book is not yet completed, that there are still a few remaining chapters in it; that you have not yet explored your whole house, that there are still some basements unexplored which might contain the treasure -- this idea. But don't let this idea become your knowledge, let it become your life's search. Don't accept it and sit tight; don't make an intellectual exercise of it, rather let it lead you towards meditation and samadhi.

There are a few points that will help you in looking at the bird sitting on the upper branch of the tree. The first is that you are the first bird sitting on the lower branch. Get yourself acquainted thoroughly with this bird. Suffer its miseries to the fullest; experience its jealousies and its traumas totally. Let the sting of its thorns coming from all directions go deep in you so that their total pain surrounds your heart. And don't create false, intoxicating ways to forget it -- you have so many tricks! You say that you are suffering because of your karmas of previous lives, not because of the karmas of this life.

And why do you say this? What consolation you get out of it? One consolation do you get is that nothing can now be

done about the karmas from previous lives. Whatever has happened has happened, and one has to suffer. But if I say that your suffering is caused by your doings in this life, then the matter is close at hand and something can be done. And if I say that it is just because of you becoming the doer in this very moment, then the matter becomes very difficult for you.

The Karma theory is useful -- it keeps the whole affair at a comfortable distance, it relegates everything to the past. No, you are not in misery because of karma, you are in misery because you are the doer. You were the doer in your previous lives, you are suffering for that; you are the doer in this life, you are suffering for that. But the reason for your suffering is not what you did, the reason is your identification with the doing. And this you can drop this very moment.

So, slowly slowly learn to be less of the doer. Instead of searching for that second bird, bring some changes in yourself right where you stand. Start being less of a doer and bring more emphasis on being a witness. In every situation, these two ways are open to you -- to become the doer or to become the witness. Try to become the witness. Sitting here, I am speaking and you are listening. If you are only listening, then you have become the doer; the listening is your doing. If you become the witness, then as I speak you are listening, and you are aware of the act of listening as well. And if the witness in me is awake and the witness in you is awake, then there are four people here where there were only two -- one speaker and a witness to his speaking, one listener and a witness to his listening. So you listen as well as witness your listening. You can become the witness

this very moment, nothing has to be arranged for it. You hear me speaking -- hearing is happening in your body and mind. Now watch this hearing happening! Stand behind the hearing and watch it happening. Even if you get a glimpse of it, you will find that your unhappiness disappears this very moment, that all disharmony evaporates, that all tension vanishes.

So whenever the chance arises to become the doer or the witness, choose the witness. The doer in you is part of a long, old chain of conditioning, and it takes only a small lapse on your part for the doer to overtake. But nothing to worry about because no matter how deep the conditionings of the doer are in you, they are all false, illusory, and the false has no weight, no value, no matter how great its magnitude.

Though you may have forgotten, witnessing is your essential nature. For this reason it is not so very difficult to attain to the witness -- it can be reawakened. Whenever you are doing anything -- eating a meal, walking along the road, taking a bath -- let your emphasis be on watching not on the doing. Taking a shower, watch the body showering; eating, watch the body eating: and soon you will find that the witnessing bird in you has started fluttering its wings. Sensing the ruffling of it's feathers, you will become more and more aware of its presence on the tree. And as the sense of its presence grows in you, the presence of the lower bird will gradually disappear.

And let me tell you what the story does not: that finally one day, when your experience of witnessing is total, the lower bird -- the doer -- will disappear completely, and you will find that there is only one bird on the tree. For the ignorant

too there is only one bird -- the doer; he cannot see the other one. For the awakened one too there is only one bird -- the witness; he cannot see the other one. The Upanishad talks of two birds to encompass the understanding of both, the ignorant and the awake. But in reality there are not two birds; for the ignorant there is one -- the doer, and for the knower there is one -- the witness. The reason that two birds are talked of in the Upanishad is because there the knower is talking to the ignorant. The knower is presenting his experience and the experience of the ignorant as well. Unless the experience of the ignorant is also taken into account, he won't begin the journey. A moment will come when you too will see that there is only one bird. And the day there remains only one bird, you have attained to the experience of advait -- nonduality. The name of that one bird is advait.

Question
BELOVED OSHO,
IF INTELLECT IS SUCH AN OBSTACLE IN THE JOURNEY TOWARDS SELF-REALIZATION, IS NOT THEN TRAINING AND SHARPENING OF IT JUST USELESS? IS IT NOT POSSIBLE THAT BECAUSE OF THEIR INNOCENCE AND EXPRESSIVENESS, CHILDREN SHOULD BE HELPED TO MOVE INTO MEDITATION DIRECTLY, WITHOUT IMPARTING THEM ANY TRAINING IN THE INTELLECT?

It is worth consideration, it is significant, and the question naturally arises, that if intellect is such a big obstacle, why train it in the first place? Why not introduce children to

meditation while they are still innocent and simple, instead of sending them to university? Instead of shaping their logic and thinking faculty, instead of educating them, why not drown them into meditation in their innocence and simplicity? If intellect is an obstacle, why help it grow? Why not get rid of it before developing it?

It would have been alright if intellect was only an obstacle. But an obstacle can also become a stepping-stone. You are walking on a pathway and there is a huge rock lying on the pathway. Now, this is an obstacle, and you may return from there thinking the pathway does not go anywhere further. But if you climb on the rock, a new pathway is revealed -- which is totally on a different level from the previous lower one. A new dimension opens up.

The unintelligent one will return from there taking the rock as an obstacle. The intelligent one will use the rock as a ladder. And intelligence, wisdom, is a totally different thing from what we call intellect.

Without training the intellect the children will remain like animals. It is not that they will become wise, not that they will become like Buddha, Mahavira, Krishna or Christ; they will remain like wild animals. Of course, they wouldn't have the obstacle, but they wouldn't have any means to climb up either. In itself, neither is the stone an obstacle, nor is the ladder a help.

So it is necessary that every child goes through the intellectual training. And the more beautiful this training, the sharper this training, the stronger, the bigger, the vaster this rock of intellect; the better because in the same proportion it is a means to rise to greater heights. The one who gets crushed under this rock is the pundit. The one

who stands on top of this rock is the sage. And the one who, out of fear, does not even come close to the rock, is the ignorant.
The ignorant one's intellect was never trained; the pundit's intellect was trained but he could not go beyond it; the wise one's intellect was not only trained, he also managed to go beyond it.
Avoidance would not help; one has to go through and beyond. And whatsoever experience one goes through, it intensifies one, it makes one luminous.
Buddha or Krishna are extraordinarily intelligent men. Mohammed was uneducated, but his intelligence is extraordinary. Just think about it: an uneducated man like Mohammed gave the Koran to the world which has stirred and impressed nearly one third of humanity. And today the words of the koran are still the code of life for a Mohammedan. This man may have been an illiterate, but the sharpness of his intelligence was unique. The codes he created are still effective and millions of hearts are thrilled and inspired by them. And the kind of system he provided in the koran is neither available in the Bible nor in the Upanishads nor in the Gita. In a sense, the Koran is a multidimensional book. It is not only religion, it is social science too; it is not only social science, it is political science too.
Mohammed tried to discipline life in a complete way and from all dimensions. From the trivia of life to the vastness of Brahman, the ultimate reality, he encompassed all in the Koran. This is why for the Islamic religion one scripture alone, the Koran, is sufficient. And this is also why Mohammedans say that God is one, and there is only one

messenger of that one God. One messenger is enough. This man must have been very intelligent, no one can doubt his intelligence. He was uneducated, but being uneducated has nothing to do with having or not having intelligence. We see educated ones and find them without intelligence. What has education to do with intelligence? Intelligence is a name for squeezing the essence out of life experiences.

So the intellect of the child will have to be trained, his logic will have to be sharpened so that it becomes like a sword. And then whether he will cut himself with the sword, commit suicide, or save somebody's life, it all depends on his intelligence.

Logic is just a means. We can use it for destroying life -- then it is destructive; we can use it for creating life -- then it is creative. But one thing is certain: that just keeping children deprived of intellect will not make them intelligent. They would be innocent like animals but they would not be meditative like sages.

Many times it has happened that a child has been taken away to the forest by some wolf. About forty years ago, two such girls were found in the forests near Calcutta. Some ten years ago, another child who had been brought up by wolves was found in a forest near Lucknow. This child was quite grown up; he was nearly fourteen years of age. This child had never received any human education, he had never known any school, he had not known any human company; he was taken away by the wolves while he was still an infant in his cradle. So he grew up with the wolves. He was unable to even stand up on his two feet, because that too is a part of human training. Don't ever think that

you are standing on your two feet just on your own; it has been taught to you.

The human body is structured to walk on all fours. No child walks on two feet after his birth, he walks on four; to walk on the two feet is a learning. If you ask scientists, physiologists, they say a very strange thing. They say that the human body can never be healthy like that of animals, because the human body was meant to walk on four legs, and he has messed up everything; he is walking on two legs, so the whole system is disturbed. It is like a car which was not designed for it going up a mountain; gravitational laws are disturbed -- because when you walk on the ground on all fours you are balanced, your weight is equally distributed on four, and your body is parallel to the gravitation, there is equal amount of gravitational force all along your spine and there is no trouble. But when you stand up on your two legs, everything is disturbed. The blood has to flow in the opposite direction, upward; the lungs have to work extra unnecessarily. All the time there is a struggle with the gravitation. The earth is pulling downwards. So if man dies of heart failure, there is no wonder in it. No animal dies of heart failure; heart weakness can not develop in animals and it can not be avoided in men. It is a miracle if it does not happen to some men; otherwise in general it is bound to happen, because all this reverse work of pumping the blood is being done continuously -- which is a must, but nature had not designed things this way.

So that boy could not walk on two feet, he only used to run on all fours. And his running was also not like that of human beings, it was like that of wolves. Also he used to

eat raw meat like wolves. He was very powerful -- even eight strong men would find it difficult to hold and tie him down -- and he was almost a wolf. He may bite, snatch off a portion of your flesh -- ferocious! He had not become a meditative saint, all that he had become was a wild animal. And similar incidents have happened in the West also: children being brought up in the forests by animals so they were found as animals.

Then efforts were made to train this boy. For six months, all kinds of massages and electric treatments were given, and he could barely be made to stand upon his two feet, and just a little lapse and he would be back to his four -- because it is very troublesome to stand on two. You have no idea of the fun of standing on all fours, so you are standing on your two and suffering.

The boy was given a name. They got tired of teaching him and all he could learn and utter before dying was a single word: Rama. He would just tell his name. Within one and a half years he died. The scientists who were studying the boy say he died because of all this training, because he was nothing more than a child of some wild animal.

This also shows how much of a child's life we may simply be killing by sending them to school. We kill their joyousness, we kill their wildness. That is the whole trouble in the schools. A class of thirty children -- those thirty wild animals -- we hand over to one teacher. In his hands has fallen the task of making them civilized. This is why there is no other profession more boring that the profession of teaching. There is no other human being more distressed than a teacher. Their job is really a difficult one.

But these children will have to be educated; otherwise they will not be able to become human beings. Innocent they will be, but that innocence will be that of ignorance. A man is also innocent because of not knowing, but when he becomes innocent after knowing, then blooms the flower of life.

Training of the intellect is necessary; then transcendence of intellect is necessary. And how will you lose what you don't even have?

This is why I always say that if you want to know the poverty of Buddha and Mahavira, then you will have to accumulate the wealth of Buddha and Mahavira. You cannot know that poverty which Buddha knows; the joy of that poverty can only be experienced in coming out of a palace.

If you want to experience a consciousness like that of Krishna, then you will also have to look for an intellect like that of Krishna, because you can enjoy leaving only that which you have. How can you experience the peace Einstein will experience by dropping his intellect? That peace will be incomparable, because that will be the peace after the storm. Your storm has not come yet. The taste one feels in throwing the intellect aside after much intellectual gymnastics is like the taste of the pure health one feels after recovering from some sickness. Renunciation is a great bliss in the sense that the indulgence preceding it was a great misery.

Pass through the misery of intellect so that you can attain to the bliss of wisdom. Pass through the anguish of the world so that samadhi, the ultimate ecstasy, awakening into the divine, can be yours.

You will have to pass through the opposites, that is the way.
Enough for today.

Nowhere To Go But In

Chapter #10

Chapter title: None
3 June 1974 am in Buddha Hall

[NOTE: This is a translation from the Hindi discourses: Nahim Ram Bin Thaon. It is being edited for publication, and this version is for reference only.]

Question
BELOVED OSHO,
YOU HAVE SAID THAT EDUCATING THE INTELLECT OF THE CHILDREN IS A MUST. BUT SHOULD THEY ALSO SIMULTANEOUSLY BE TAUGHT MEDITATION? MANY SANNYASINS HAVE FAMILIES; WHAT SHOULD THEIR APPROACH BE WITH THEIR CHILDREN? WHERE SHOULD THE EMPHASIS BE? PLEASE THROW SOME LIGHT ON THIS.

The more the balance, the higher the possibility of happiness; the more the imbalance, the more the way to unhappiness is paved. Looked at in depth, imbalance is unhappiness, and balance is happiness. Balance is the greatest art; hence in this country we have called it

sanyama. Sanyama means to be still in the exact middle of two opposites, to find the midpoint between two extremes. Mind's habit is to go towards the extremes; mind always wants to run from one end to the other, it never wants to stop in the middle.

If you are violent, your mind will take you to the limits of violence, and then when you are fed up it will take you in the opposite direction. One extreme of violence is to destroy the other, and the other extreme will be to start destroying yourself. First you were killing others, now you will start killing yourself -- - but you will not stop in the middle. Buddha has said that whenever a bhogi, the hedonist, gets fed up with indulgence, he becomes a yogi. Where he was mad after sensual pleasures, now he becomes eager to torment himself. Where he used to love the flowers lying in his path, now he spreads thorns on his path with his own hands. Where he used to love to savor the taste of good food, now he only eats food if it is tasteless. If he used to love possessions, now he lives without even clothes on his body.

Mind swings from one extreme to the other, just like the pendulum of a clock -- never stopping in the middle. If the pendulum stops in the middle, the clock will stop; only while it is swinging will the clock work. When you see the pendulum swinging to the left you think it is going to the left, but those who can see deeply know that in the very act of swinging to the left it is also gathering the momentum to swing to the right. And the farther to the left it goes, the farther to the right it will be able to go. Likewise when it swings to the right it is preparing for its next swing to the left.

There is something important to be understood in this phenomenon. When you go into love you are in the process of gathering the momentum to move into hating; when you swing towards indulgence you are collecting the energy to go into yoga. When you are dishonest you are gathering the energy to be honest. When you make donations you are preparing to exploit. One who looks deep into the mind will be able to see that because mind always moves into opposites, this movement from one extreme to the other is its natural state.

As long as the mind swings you will be unhappy; only the nature of your unhappiness may change. The hedonist has his unhappinesses, the renunciate has his unhappinesses. The hedonist cannot see the unhappinesses of the renunciate; he imagines only great happinesses of the renunciate. The renunciate can see what pleasures are possible for a hedonist. Both the sannyasin and the wordly people come to me. The wordly person always sees the sannyasins with greedy eye, that in what bliss he is living. And I know of sannyasins who have spent forty or fifty years in sannyas -- for all this time they have renounced everything -- and you have no idea of their unhappiness. They envy the wordly person, they think that wordly people are living in great pleasures and fun.

An old sannyasin, in his seventies, who was initiated into sannyas fifty years ago, asked me whether he had made a mistake becoming a sannyasin. He told me that he was haunted by the idea that he had made a mistake in renouncing the world without knowing it. "There seems to be happiness in this world that I left," he said, "but I have

found no happiness here in the life I have lived. I set out in search of God, and in so doing lost touch with the world. But I have never found even the trace of God's footsteps."
It is hard to imagine the unhappiness of this sannyasin. He renounced with a hope, and his hope had never been fulfilled. He gambled everything he had in his hands for something that to this day has not come to him. Now life is slipping away; he is past seventy and lives with the feeling that he has missed both ways -- both the world and sannyas. It is only natural to feel so.
It is in the very nature of your mind to see unhappiness where you are. The hut-dwellers think that the happiness is in the palaces, while those with palaces declare that they never attained any happiness until they have left their palaces. Buddha and Mahavira were the sons of kings, and both renounced their royal way of life. Certainly they must have seen some happiness in simple living that the hut-dwellers themselves could not see. The opposite extreme is inviting to the mind, and moving to the opposite extreme means the mind will continue, the pendulum of mind will go on working.
Having looked into the past lives of many people, a remarkable phenomenon has become apparent to me. Those who were sannyasins in their previous life become great hedonists in this lifetime, and those who were great hedonists in their previous life become sannyasins in this lifetime. This is a startling fact; logically it should be just the opposite. A sannyasin in your last life, then in the same continuation you should be a greater sannyasin in this life. It is a simple logic, it is mathematical, but the situation is just the reverse. When I look into a great hedonist's past

life, it turns out that he had been a renunciate; his mind has touched one extreme and now in this lifetime it is touching the other extreme.

The normal thing will be that someone who was a man in his past life should be a man in this life too and someone who was a woman should again be a woman -- but it is not so. Often it happens that one who was a man in his previous life becomes a woman in this life, and the woman becomes a man. If you were a woman in your last life, a hope hovered around your mind, that it is the men who are enjoying, the women are only suffering. You were thus accumulating desire to be born a male in your next life. And though he may not admit it, man envies women and wishes to be female.

Women are more clearcut and thus ready to admit their desire to be born male, but men cannot so easily declare their longing to be female, because society is masculine and people will laugh at them. But deep down, men long to be women. They envy the beauty of the woman, her proportionate body, and they envy also the woman's capacity for happiness. Women are not as discontented as men. A woman can be happy even to receive just a little; a man will remain unhappy even though he is given plenty. A woman's demands are small; she can make of her little house and garden a whole kingdom. But the demands of man are enormous; he may win an empire the size of Alexander's , but still he will consider it not enough.

Women go mad less than men; women commit suicide less than men. Women remain healthier, men are more sickly. It is only man's idea that he is stronger than woman -- it is an idea. Ask the physicians and they will tell you that

women are stronger. Yes, the strength that men have is more visible, but in fact they do not possess the strength that women have. This is why there are more widows in the world than there are widowers: the men die sooner. All over the world, on average, women live four years longer than men. If you are to live for seventy years, the possibility of your wife's lifespan is seventy-four. Woman falls sick less often, remains healthier, and her resistance to illness is greater than that of the man.

Just think, can a man go through nine months of pregnancy? Impossible, it is simply not within the capacity of his body. It is within the capacity of a woman's body to carry this load of new life for nine months, and even after nine months the pregnancy is not over; only the infant has come out of the womb -- then the pregnancy has to stretch outside.

So the man is jealous, the desire exists to become a woman; hence, often in the next life the sex changes. And it is the same with every facet of our life.

Mind can live only if it swings back and forth. If it becomes still, balanced, it disappears, and where mind disappears is enlightenment.

Now let us go into your question.

Certainly, children have to be educated in mathematics and in logic so that their brain becomes clear and capable, their genius grows. They are not to be left like animals. There is something in the lives of animals but a lot is missing. There is an innocence in the lives of animals, but it is of idiocy not of saintliness. There is a simplicity, but it is compulsive, not an attainment. Animals are simple because they cannot become cunning; a saint is simple, but not

because he cannot become cunning but because he does not become. It is his own choice. And whatever is your own decision, only that puts soul in your life. Animals have souls, but not in the sense in which man has a soul, because man makes his own decisions. If you had not the capacity to be a thief, then what value is there in you non-stealing? If you had not the capacity to be angry, what meaning is there in your compassion? No, you are capable of doing the opposite but you are not doing it, and this very decision of yours not to do it, sharpens and polishes your soul, brings a radiance to it. So the innocence of the saint is needed, not that of the animals.

The child has to be educated so that he becomes aware of all the cunningnesses of man, so that he becomes acquainted with the entire troublesome world of man and experiences it. But if only this much is done, an unbalanced personality will be created; the intellect will be sharp, but his heart will be empty; mathematics will be clear to him, but love will be a mist. He will be able to destroy but he will not be able to create. He will be able to win but he will not be able to lose.

A man who only knows how to win is not a total man, because there are certain dimensions of life that are available only to the losers. The world is gained by those who know how to win, but the divine can only be attained by those who also know how to lose. Wealth may come to those who are the winners, but love is only for those who are losers. Defeat has its own victory. But mathematics and logic teach only how to win; meditation teaches how to lose. Logic and mathematics offer us the skill to increase our wealth and possessions in the world and to expand our

empire. Meditation is the art of expanding the kingdom of the soul, of expanding the consciousness so that it embraces the whole universe.

If only the child's intellect is educated he will be partially paralyzed; there will be no fullness, no totality in his life. One of his legs will always be crippled, and his life will be a limping. It is only because all others are lame too that no one recognizes the fact. Children have a game called lame race in which one of their legs is tied to another child's leg, so only one of their legs can run free. This is virtually the way our life is organized, so that we are running on one leg only. It is hardly surprising that we fail, collapse, break down!

Meditation is the second leg. We should teach children meditation as we start educating their intellect. Just as the child comes to understand science, he should come to understand religion simultaneously. As his head grows brighter let his heart also grow full of light. Let him not grow up only to know about, let him grow up also to be. Let it not be only his possessions that grow, let him grow too! Let not only his exterior expand, let his interiority also have a depth, just as the trees rise up in the sky but their roots go deep underground. The deeper the roots go underground the higher the tree rises in the sky.

As you are you are like a tree that has no roots: you spread high and wide, but you have no way inwards and within, and so you are trembling every moment. Just a slight gust of wind and you are afraid because you have no roots. If you had roots running deep into the earth, then you would invite storms and delight in them when they came. They would be a festival in your life at which you could dance,

because in the storm lies the challenge, and only against a background of challenge can you come to know your being fully. So you would thank the storm and beg it to come more often. But as you are, just a breeze and you are afraid as if death has come. Instead of being grateful to God for sending the storm, you weep and cry: "Oh God, save me! Shelter me from this storm.!" And your fear is all because you have no roots.

The roots go inwards, and the deeper the roots go withinwards, the stronger your outer expansion will be. This makes meditation, in a sense, the opposite of intellectual development, just as the roots are in a sense opposite to the tree. The tree rises high, the roots go deep, and the directions in which they grow are opposite to each other. In this sense meditation is opposite to intellect, but in another sense the whole outward expansion of the tree is supported on its roots. They are not really in any opposition; the whole glory of intellect depends on meditation.

So Einstein cannot have an intellect like that of Buddha, because Buddha has not merely the outer intellectual web, but he also has an internal lit lamp of meditation. His intellect is illuminated by this internal lamp of meditation. So his intellect cannot do the wrongs that were possible for it to do, because the lamp of meditation will direct it, guide it. So the intellect cannot go astray, the horses of intellect will never run him into pitfalls, because the charioteer is present within. That conscious meditation is the inner master now.

Nurture both intellect and meditation in the child; give him roots, and give him the vast expanse of the sky. And

remember that the balance between the two is very important; neither should grow out of proportion to the other. Only if you can do this have you fulfilled your parental commitment in the real sense; only then have you given birth to the child in the real sense. Otherwise, you gave the child his body, but his soul did not get any support from you. The birth of the body is a very ordinary matter. The birds and the animals all manage this much with no difficulty -- in it there is nothing special about you, in it there is no great attainment of yours.

And another point to remember is that in bringing light to your child's soul you are bringing light to your own. It cannot be otherwise. It is impossible to avoid catching light yourself while helping to bring it to the other. If you love your child, send him on the journey to the intellect, give him roots in meditation, you will suddenly find that in shaping him, you yourself are being shaped. When a sculptor makes efforts to enhance a sculpture, it is not only that the sculpture becomes beautiful; in the process the sculptor too goes on becoming more beautiful. It is impossible to give birth to beauty without becoming more beautiful yourself. It is impossible to give birth to a balance in someone without yourself getting balanced. If you are truly a father, then the birth of a son in your house will transform the whole of your life, because when you will try to shape your son as beautiful, healthy and peaceful, how can you not become peaceful too?

In fact you will have to create in yourself first all that you want to create in your son. A husband and wife can enjoy their carefree play with each other while they have no children, but with the birth of a child a new link has been

added in their life, and now play alone is not enough. Now there is a deep responsibility in their lives, and it is a fascinating responsibility because it is full of love. This child will begin to transform both his mother and his father. If you really love your child, you will be changed. If you don't love him you will go on screaming and shouting that the child is getting spoilt, the society all around is bad, everything is going bad. A child is never spoilt because of the society, he is spoilt because of you -- and you are the society. And the irony is that what you call society is simply the population of others' children. The father remains as he was before his child was born; the mother too remains the same. Somehow the child is born to you, but at heart you lack love for this child. And it is your love that can change the whole society!

Let it sink deep into you that whatever you create also creates you. The creator cannot be free of his creation. With the birth of a beautiful poem, a beautiful poet is also born. And if it does not happen so, then understand that the poem has not been born -- it has been borrowed, it is a purchase from the market. So whenever you find a poet who lacks the fragrance of his poetry, you can be certain that the poetry is not his.

In this country in ancient times we used to call a poet a rishi, -- a sage. We no longer say so because it is no longer appropriate. Rishi and poet were synonymous. Strange! Today the rishi and the poet are so different from each other; neither there is poetry in the rishis nor is there wisdom in the poets. They have both been lost somewhere. Our ancient understanding was that whenever a man will become a poet, whenever poetry will be born out of him,

then this birth of the poetry will change his whole inner energy, his whole consciousness -- because how can beauty be born out of any ugliness, if it really is a birth? But if you have adopted someone else's child, then it is a different matter. If you have taken someone else's poem, adding rhyme and making a few outward changes, then it is a different matter. Then you are not a poet, you are a rhymer, and however beautiful your rhyming may be it is shallow.
This beauty is like a woman's makeup -- a deception managed through the use of lipstick and powder, etcetera. Face paint is alright in a stage play, but not for real life. A few showers and all the cosmetics will begin to wash away, and then the woman will look far uglier than she would ever have looked had she not painted her face in the first place, because now there will be holes in her beauty where the ugliness will show through.
The truth is that the woman who is really beautiful will fear to use face powder because its purpose is to mask ugliness rather than to create beauty. And wearing makeup, even a beautiful woman becomes ugly, because the false can never be beautiful. Even an ordinary, homely woman -- one who would never find herself in the limelight -- if she does not mask her features with vain cosmetics and create hypocrisy, then a kind of flame of beauty shines in her too, of simplicity, of freshness, at least of authenticity.
So the concept in India in the ancient days was that if poetry was born out of someone, if one became a poet, then that in itself makes him a rishi -- because the source of a beautiful poem must be a beautiful heart. If the Ganges is so loveable, then Gangotri -- the source of the Ganges -- has to be the most sacred. In fact we offer more worship to

Gangotri than we do to the Ganges, because we feel that the birthplace of such a river must be greater than the river itself. Likewise, the poet must be more than his poetry. And if it is so, then no matter how many great poems come out of him, he will still remain more because he is the source. Such a poet will be a rishi.

The other way round is also true. Whoever attains to sagehood, he inevitably becomes a poet too. This is why, in Sanskrit, the words kavi, poet, and rishi, sage, are synonymous. This is not so in any other language in the world; only in Sanskrit are the words for poet and sage synonymous, and there is a deep significance in their equivalence.

Whenever any person becomes a rishi -- which means one who has attained to truth, to beauty, to his inner dignity; whose inner flame is lit, who has awakened, whose flowers have blossomed, who has reached his destiny, who has touched the supreme peak -- whenever this happens to any person, the birth of poetry from his being is a certainty. No, his poetry may not necessarily be in a verse form but whatever he does will be a poetry.

If you watch Buddha walking you will see poetry in his walk; if you look at the way he closes his eyes there is poetry in it. In his talking, in his keeping quiet, there is a poetry. His whole life has become a poetry. It is not necessary for Buddha to compose verses, fashion lyrics, paint paintings, or carve sculptures -- no, his very being now is full of poetry. In all he does you will find poetry. If he walks on sand you will even find poetry in his footprints -- it will be hard to find a more beautiful painting than these

footprints of his on the sand. Yes, the poet will inevitably become a sage, and the sage a poet.

If you have really loved your child... love will like to make his child a god -- what else can love desire than this? Love will settle for nothing less, it cannot. If all you want is to make a doctor of your son, then you have not loved him yet. If all you want is to make a big shopkeeper of your son, then you have not yet known what love is. I am not saying that you should not help your son become a doctor or a shopkeeper -- he will have to become a doctor, or a shopkeeper, he will have to work -- but this should not be the parents' ultimate longing about their child. It is just a halfway desire, a help along the way, but wherever there is love, it cannot be content with anything less than God. Your desire for the one you love will be that he becomes God-like and ultimately that he become God himself. Love is the alchemy of giving birth to God. Whatever settles for less than this is not love. It may be something else instead -- a worldly bargain, a business, an ambition for wealth, other interests, but not love. It is only when love is there that the possibility is born of giving birth to God.

So nurture meditation in your child as you nurture his intellect, and also nurture a balance between the two, and in doing so you will find that you have been transformed too without your knowing about it. Even before your child's light shines fully, you yourself will be shining. Suddenly you will discover that in the process of making your child you have made yourself.

And if the child is becoming spoilt it only means that you yourself are spoilt and that your love for the child is not so great that you are prepared to change yourself for his sake.

So a very interesting thing happens: the father goes on doing the same things which he does not wish his children to do; the mother goes on doing the same things which she wishes her children not to do. But the children do not learn from your preachings, they learn from you. And children have very sharp and clear eyes; their eyes are not yet smeared with the dust of life. They can see through and through your words, they don't get caught up in them, they don't care for what you say. They look at you, and they know you at first hand. Their grasp is direct. This is why it is so difficult to tell lies to children -- because when you tell a lie it is not merely that is is being conveyed by the words alone; while telling a lie, your whole face declares your falsity. Your eyes say "False"; your hand which is touching your child says "False". And the child is very close to life; the adults may not perceive it but the child immediately knows your every vibe says that you are telling a lie. So it is very difficult to deceive the children unless you have corrupted them that far.

We do everything we can to corrupt our children, because until they are corrupted we live in doubt, afraid of them. As parents we teach our children not to tell lies, but all the time they see us telling lies. So what do they learn from this? Only one thing -- that you must teach your children not to be false, while being false yourself. This is the fact that the children catch, and so they too will teach their children not to tell lies and be liars themselves. This is what your parents did to you, and this is what you are doing to your children.

These children see that celibacy is being preached to them by their parents while they themselves are full of sex. And

this the children see. They understand the pattern well, and they too will preach celibacy to their children. So the hypocrisy continues!

Our society is a vast web of hypocrisy, but we do not see it because we are born into it, just as the fish are not aware of the ocean because they are born into it. The hypocrisy runs so deep that if we do come to see it, we will become afraid and restless, seeing what is happening. But we don't look at what we are saying, we don't take note of what we are doing, or of what effect it is going to have.

We give our children an education of the intellect, but we don't educate them in meditation. Why? -- because we can hire the services of a teacher to train them intellectually; we can rent a teacher, and this is easy for us. Just send the children off to school, get them into university -- there they will find the teachers they need.

If you look carefully into the wishes of most parents you will find that they are sending their children to school not so that they will be educated, but just to spare themselves the trouble and disturbance of having the children at home. Every Sunday the disturbance stays back home. The schools are just devices to help parents avoid their children, and teachers are just paid servants, engaged to keep the children occupied with subject matter that is ninety-nine percent rubbish. The children learn things that need not be taught at all, and all they will do with it is forget it -- it is not essential for them. The teacher is just a kind of watchmen, standing, stick in hand, between the parents and their children. His task is to give the parents peace for five or six hours a day.

What kind of love is this that feels disturbed by the presence of children? This is not love. These children are accidental, these are accidents that have happened to you and now somehow have to be maintained. And why do you send them to school? It is not to shine their souls. You send them to school so that they can learn the whole system of hypocrisies of the society. You send them to school so that they come back home graduating in all the cunningness, calculativeness and the entire web of the society, so that they become skilled in its ways, become a member of the society. You are preparing them. Your ambitions have remained unfulfilled, you wanted to earn millions but failed; now you are preparing your son to fulfill it for you. If he fails his examinations you experience great anxiety, not because of what he may be feeling, but because your ambitions start shaking: how is this boy going to achieve your ambition if he fails in school?

Your children are the extension of your ambitions, they are the hopes to your desires; you want to travel riding on their shoulders. So if your son brings home a good income, you are very pleased and proud of him. But if he comes home with nothing to show, no one welcomes him.

There is a very lovely parable that Jesus used to tell often to those around him, and it will be good for you to understand it, because Jesus lays a great emphasis on love.

The parable tells of a wealthy father who had two sons. The elder son was obedient to his father, the younger son was disobedient and rebellious. The first went on adding to the earnings of the family, while the second one went on frittering away the family wealth. In the end, the father decided to divide his wealth evenly between the two sons

and separate them. The elder son stayed at home and used his share to increase the family's wealth, buying farms, orchards, and tending their land. The younger son left home the moment he was given his share, and it was not long before the news started reaching to the father that he had lost all he had in gambling and drinking and in the whorehouses. Hearing this, the father sent word to him to come back home. The young rake could not believe that his father could really wish him to return.

But this is the way it is with love -- it is not believable. When love happens in your life, you too will not believe in it. Hatred, yes -- this you can believe in, and cheating and stealing are thoroughly believable too. But love seems almost supernatural -- how can you believe in it? So it was with this young man; it was hard for him to believe in this father's love. But he was deeply in a troubled and tattered condition, and seeing what a poor beggar he had become, he decided to go back home. He thought even if they were only prepared to give him enough space to sleep, it was worth it -- anything was better than this beggar's life!

But when his father heard that he was on his way home he arranged a great celebration, he prepared a great feast and invited the whole village to it. His elder son was returning from work on the farm when he was met by a group of village people who said, "How strange this is, and how unfortunate you are! Here you stay, striving to serve your father and working hard to maintain the family's wealth and prestige, but the red carpet was never rolled out for you, the band was never asked to play to welcome you home, and never has there been a banquet arranged in your honor. And yet this vagabond brother of yours, having reduced his

wealth to ashes, is now being celebrated on his return. Go and join the throng that has gathered to welcome him! The lamps are lit, the band is playing, and your father waits with many guests to greet your brother at the very entrance to the village!"

The elder brother was very distressed, and made his way home feeling dispirited and resentful, and this was how his father found him when he eventually entered, accompanied by the younger son. His father asked him why he looked so miserable, and the elder son replied, "Of course I am unhappy! Here I have lived, serving you devotedly, working for your sake and returning to you four times the wealth you gave me; but no one has ever welcomed me in this way. And now this vagabond returns, a ruined man, and you greet him with feasting and celebration!"

Then the father said a few things which are worth understanding. He said, "Love makes no distinction between the one who earns and the one who does not. And love feels assured about the ones who are close by and tries to bring those back close who have gone away. You are alright and already with me; there is nothing to be celebrated about you, my blessings are with you every moment of the day. But for the one who has wandered off a special welcome is needed; only then can he be assured of love!"

Jesus used to say it is just like a shepherd returning home in the evening with all his sheep, when he suddenly notices one is missing. He leaves a thousand sheep alone there in the dark of the jungle and goes back to search for the lost one. He is not concerned about those thousand sheep, his concern is only for the one that is missing, and when he

finds it he goes back to the flock carrying the lost sheep on his shoulder.

Jesus used to say that love is not ambitious, and this is what I say to you too. Love has no demands. Love for your children will not seek to gain anything through them. As with finding God, love's reward is in finding the child, not in finding something through the child. The big question is not what the child does, rather what he is.

Yes, education can be imparted in school, but who will provide religion? We have developed schools of religion too but they are all pseudo, because there can be no school of religion. They are just shops run by pundits, and to these we send our children. And these pundits have no contact with religion; the life they lead is no different from yours. You keep one kind of shop, the pundit keeps a shop of religion. You are both shopkeepers! We send our children to him to learn patience, and he teaches -- as if religion is also some geography or history -- he teaches a lesson, makes the child learn it by heart. Then there are examinations in religion too. Children pass the examination and come back home with certificates.

This is a deception. You cannot sit an examination in religion. Life itself is its total examination. And nobody can award a certificate of religion; only death will give this. It is death itself which at the time of your dying will give the certificate saying whether you are religious or not. If in the very moment of your death you are blissful you have passed; if you are unhappy in the moment of death you have failed.

Life -- life in its totality -- is education in religion, and death is its examination. Where is the pundit who can offer

this? Where are the scriptures which can offer this? No scriptures will do, no pundit will do. And you yourself do not know what religion is, so how can you give it to the child? How can you give meditation to the child? You yourself have never known meditation, never tasted it. Whatsoever you wish to give your child, you have to have it first. If the father is wealthy he will give wealth to his son; if the father is a meditator he will give meditation to his son. But how can you give that which you don't have? If the father is loving he will give love; we can give only what we have.

People ask me -- sometimes a young man, sometimes a young woman -- whether it would be a good thing for them to have a baby. I say to them, "First go deep into meditation, then you can become parents; otherwise, what will you have to offer your child? And if you don't have meditation, the child's presence will reveal all your weakness and all your poverty, because you will find you have nothing to give. So it is better that you first go deep into meditation and then become parents, because then you will be able to fulfill the responsibility of parenthood -- and not as a duty, but blissfully."

Give your children meditation as well as thinking. Thinking will help them to be successful in the world, and meditation will help them towards success in the divine. Give them thought to sharpen their intellects, give them meditation to nurture the sacred in their hearts. The most important phenomenon in the world happens where sacredness of the heart meets the activeness of the intellect. In that meeting, activity and inactivity balance each other, the day and the

night both cease to be, and you start catching glimpses of that which lies beyond both life and death.

Question
BELOVED OSHO, IN THE PURANAS THERE IS A STORY THAT AT THE TIME OF ITS DISSOLUTION THE WHOLE UNIVERSE IS SUBMERGED UNDER WATER, EXCEPT FOR A LITTLE ISLAND. THERE, SITTING ON A BANYAN-LEAF, THE YOUNG CHILD MUKUNDA IS FOUND, SUCKING HIS BIG TOE -- AND FROM HIM THE WHOLE UNIVERSE IS CREATED AGAIN!
A SIMILAR DISSOLUTION TAKES PLACE IN THE DISCIPLE ALSO WHEN HE APPROACHES HIS MASTER AND AFTER THAT COMES HIS SPIRITUAL BIRTH. IS IT THIS HAPPENING THAT IS SYMBOLIZED BY THIS STORY?

Moment to moment your death happens, and moment to moment you are reborn. It is not that you are one day born, live a hundred years, and then die. No, you are dying every moment, and every moment you are born anew. Every moment the old finishes and the new begins. It is only a myth that the universe was at one time created and is one day going to dissolve. Right now the universe is being created and right now it is dissolving; this is a fact.
It is not that God created the universe sometime and then went to rest, as the Christians think -- that God created the world in six days and then took a rest on the seventh day, so the seventh day is a holiday. The creation was completed in six days, and then God went on holiday -- and he has

been on holiday ever since! No, it is not so. Because you get tired, you think God must also need holidays. If God also gets tired, then he is not infinite -- his energy can be exhausted. If God also gets tired, then in that very moment the whole of creation will come to an end.

No, it is not that God once created the universe; he is creating it every moment. Creation is eternal. The universe is not a historical event, it is eternalness. Every moment the creation is going on. These plants are growing, buds are breaking into flowers, eggs are hatching, young birds are getting ready to fly -- each moment. Nothing is static. Nowhere in all the vastness of the universe is there ever a pause; there is no holiday, creation is an eternal celebration. And what is true for the whole universe is true for you too because you are also a small image of the vast. You may be only a drop in the ocean , but still you are a drop, and in each moment you are also being created and dissolved. That which is the past has been dissolved, and that which is to come is being created: and between these two is your existence.

This story from the Puranas is very beautiful. As the universe dissolves, everything is destroyed except for a child, an innocent -- Balkrishna or whatever name we want to give him. With him the whole of creation begins again. Its meaning is multidimensional; try to understand all the dimensions.

First, all the grownups, all the old ones die, only a small child remains. All the cunning and experienced disappear, all the clever and the wise are destroyed. Only an innocent child survives, who knows nothing, while all the pundits

and scriptures and religions, all the monks and saints are annihilated. What would this mean?

There is a certain security in innocence which is missing in cleverness. Lao Tzu says that he once saw a bullock cart in which some people were riding, overturn. Two of the people were killed, and a third was half-dead, his limbs broken. But there was a fourth man who received no injuries at all. When the cart turned over he was thrown off and landed on his back in the road, and there he lay. Lao Tzu was surprised at the man's relaxed manner and approached him to find out how he was. The man, he discovered, was drunk. The three who were in their right senses were dead or injured, while the man so out of his senses that he was not even aware that the cart had capsized, suffered no injury. He was in such a state of unawareness that it made no difference to him whether he was in or out of the cart.

This is worth understanding. It is quite a usual scene to find drunkards lying in the roadway; for them, falling down is a normal occurrence. If you fall the way they do, you will find yourself in hospital with broken bones, but they are quite unharmed. It seems that there is an art here that is known only to the drunkard. There is, and the art is simply this -- that the drunkard is not conscious. When you are conscious and something happens, you try to defend yourself; if you are unaware there is no question of trying to defend yourself. In the moment that the accident happens, the aware person experiences fear and in trying to save himself he contracts his muscles.

When this cart overturned, three of the passengers were in a state of tension, fighting against gravity in an effort to save

themselves. It is in that state of tension that the body gets damaged, and the bones broken. But for the drunkard there was no awareness of falling from the cart, so there was no fighting to save himself. He must have fallen as though he were not there, as though it was only a bag or bundle that had fallen, with no bones inside it to get broken. The drunkard fell as though there was nobody within him. When there is no one inside seeking to save himself, no defender, then there is no resistance, no ego, no one to put on an air of bravado. Having no resistance, the drunkard simply fell; the others, resisting the fall, had to come to grief. People must have regarded this drunkard as being under the protection of God's grace. Lao Tzu says, "Only the drunkard is saved, the sober man breaks." The reason the drunkard is saved is that he is not aware of himself.

In this story everyone dies except for a small child. All who wanted to save themselves are destroyed; only a child survives. It often happens this way when a house is on fire -- the adults die, and a helpless baby survives. In their frantic efforts to escape, the adults find themselves trapped and burn to death, and it is only the baby, smiling contentedly in his cradle, who is saved. Many times this happens.

There is a mystery behind such happenings, and the mystery is that the child is not doing anything to protect himself. God protects those who do not seek to protect themselves. And those who are trying to protect themselves are fighting with God. It means they are saying, "I have no trust in you, I will have my own arrangement." But in the face of the dissolution of the universe our own efforts are

not going to be of any use. Even now they do not work; it is only your illusion that you are protecting yourself. In this struggle of life, where dissolution is happening all around from one moment to the next, you too are being destroyed, because you are not like little children; otherwise you would be saved.

This story carries a still deeper meaning: all that is past has dissolved and the future has not yet arrived. Whenever it arrives it arrives in the present moment. In essence you have always been a child, but you carry the whole past with you. You know all the records, you keep the files, ledgers and accounts, you know the bank balance, what you did or what you did not do, what has happened and what did not happen. All this you carry in your memory -- and it does not exist anywhere except in your memory! Even the future you carry in your mind -- what is to be done and what is not to be done, whether the plans will materialize or not, how they will work out and how they will not -- all this vast network too you carry in your mind. And this too is nonexistent. In existence there is only pure present moment -- where all past has disappeared and the future has not yet come.

In this present moment, who are you? What is your experience and knowledge? In this moment you have no ledgers and records; in this present moment you are just like a small child, newly born in this very moment from the mother's womb, who has no answer even to the question, "Who are you?" and who knows nothing, whose slate of the heart is clean, on which nothing has yet been written. This heart, clear of all writing, is the pure heart of the child.

So the meditator keeps becoming each moment as the heart of a child. Meditation means cleaning off the rubbish of the past, dissolving all you have learned in the past, cleansing and unlearning all that you have come to know, making it all unknown again, dissolving everything that you have gathered around you and becoming fresh, light, new again -- like a shoot on a tree. Let the dead leaves fall, and let this fall happen every moment, so that spring follows after every fall, new shoots come and you are completely fresh and new, untarnished by any signs of the past.

The meditator's experiment is to become in each and every moment so clean that not even a single trace of the old is to be found in him. From moment to moment, the meditator frees himself from the past, goes on dying to the past, and does not fall into the trap of creating his own future. There is no need to create the future, it will happen on its own. You don't need to trouble yourself about it -- it will happen without you. The sky is not asking you whether it is allowed to go on being, the moon and stars do not seek your consent and nor have the rivers asked your permission to go on flowing. Time, too, runs its course without asking you... so why should you bother?

Wipe away the past, let its dust not settle on you, and don't try to give birth to the future. It will be born of its own accord. Then you are free like a new-born child, innocent, and this innocence is meditation. And when the creation happens from within you, all your life energy becomes the creator's energy. Then you are the divine. The one who is pure and simple like a child is the divine. When you become clever, there and then you are worldly.

This can happen, it has happened. Buddha became such a new-born child, and Krishna too. It may strike you as very surprising that we have always painted Krishna, Buddha, Mahavira, Rama, without beards or mustaches. There are only two possibilities why this should be so. One is that in these particular beings there was a deficiency of male hormones, so that their features developed along feminine lines. But this might possibly have been true for one of them, because there is no reason why a man of feminine personality cannot become enlightened -- that presents no problems! But to paint not only Buddha and these others but all the twenty-four tirthankaras of the Jainas without beards or mustaches, and all the buddhas of not only the past but the future too -- like Maitreya who is yet to come -- suggests there must be some other reason. And it is not that buddhahood is opposed to beards and mustaches; the beard and mustache would have grown to all of them.
It is only in their portraits that they are depicted without them, and there is a meaning to this. It is our wish to show that in a certain way they never grew old. Yes, their bodies aged, their backs must have bent, but we know that their consciousness never became stale and old, that it remained always as fresh as a new-born child's. It is to proclaim this freshness that we wanted to portray their bodies too as fresh and new and young. The youth that we have painted in their features is not of the physical but of the consciousness.
Who is it who can be the bridge between the past that has disappeared and the future that has not yet happened, between the universe that has dissolved and the new that has not yet arisen? If we were writing this story, we would have chosen some old man -- a thinker, a pundit, a knower

of the Vedas -- as the right one to begin the new universe with. But this story chooses to preserve a small child. The man who knows the Vedas cannot be innocent. The innocent person does not know the Vedas -- he is the Vedas.

The current of nature dissolves all that has grown old, all that is diseased with age, and creates the new. The divine's reckoning seems to be very strange, because it runs quite contrary to what scientists are currently thinking. Our scientists say that it is very uneconomical that the old should die, and new children be born. And this is true -- it is uneconomical, or economically dangerous, because the old man is a seventy-year investment, equipped with all we have taught him. He is educated, experienced, he has all the intellectual skills and now he is ready for death! A house has been constructed, and now it is ready to be demolished, and we are going to have to go through the same process, with all its problems, all over again.

Certainly, this is not economical. No government would allow this if it had the chance to do otherwise. It is only because nothing can be done about it that the situation is allowed to continue as it is; otherwise we would preserve the old, and prevent the birth of children. The way it is, it is just wastage. The new child will have to be taken through all the same activities again -- education, learning to read and write -- and through all his foolishness; and when he is again of value to us, his death will be approaching.

So our scientists are trying how to save the old people. In the other half of their task -- preventing childbirth -- they have succeeded. Birth control has been accomplished; fifty percent of the operation has been completed. Now they are

working on the other half -- how to stop the old ones from dying. And some of our old ones seem to be of great use. Look at Einstein. If only we could have prevented his death! Centuries will pass before a man like him is born again. If only we had been able to keep him for another hundred years! It is impossible to imagine what he might have achieved, because now, just when his intellect was really ripening, he had to go. If we could have saved him for another hundred years or so, many new things could have been constructed from that ripe intellect. How can the children make the contributions that Einstein would have made? So the great effort is on!

Do you know that thousands of people are paying to have their bodies preserved after they die, because the possibility exists that by the end of this century we will have mastered the technique of resurrecting the dead. In the United States there are several places where some corpses are preserved in deep freeze. It is very expensive, only millionaires can afford it; to preserve one corpse costs over a thousand dollars a day! People have founded trusts where all their money is gathered, and the trusts guarantee to preserve their bodies until science has succeeded in its task of restoring life to the dead. These people have made all these arrangements, hoping to be brought back to life within the next twenty or twenty-five years, by which time it is expected that we will have managed the technique.

If not today then tomorrow, science may be able to invent some trick. If children can be prevented from being born, then sooner or later the elderly can be prevented from dying. If birth control is possible, then death control is also possible; it is just the other side of the same thing. And the

day we will be able to stop the old from dying, then total birth control will be imposed, because there cannot be enough space for both the old and the new. As it is, the old have to slip away to make room for the children. You should make it a point of awareness to observe, when a child is born into your home, you should become alert that some old man is nearing death. Otherwise, where is the space to come from? Every new breath demands space; the old man will have to move on.

It is important to see that the process of the divine is to remove the old, to destroy the completed and to bring in the incomplete; to make the old leaves fall and the new shoots sprout. The divine is in favor of the new and against the old; we favor the old and oppose the new. For us, the old is gold! And of the new, all we say is, "It is new -- how can we trust it?" This is why the older a scripture the more respectable for us; the older a religion the more precious for us. Hence all religions truthfully or untruthfully try to maintain that they are the oldest, that their scriptures are the ancientmost. We are so interested in the old. But existence is not -- existence is interested in the new. Existence says, "If it is old it should die. If it is new, then give it life!" It sees some excellence in the new that we are blind to; we only see excellence in the old.

What is our obsession with the old? That the old has experience, that the old knows, that the old has lived, it is ripe, while the new is inexperienced, does not know, is unripe, and has chances of going astray. But if we try to understand it from existence's side, the more experienced one is the more clever, cunning and prudent one is. And these qualities take him away from innocence and

simplicity. And the doors of this existence are open to the heart that is simple, and existence showers bliss only on those who trust with such simplicity that there is not even a trace of doubt in their trust.

It is only childlike trust that gives birth to saintliness. The small child has total trust in you, there is not even the idea that he trusts, because this very idea comes to the one who doubts. It is the one whose mind has been touched by doubt who thinks that he has trust. The child's trust is so total that he is not even aware that he trusts; trust is his very nature.

This story is very beautiful. At the end of the universe when dissolution has happened, a little child is saved -- not by the scientists; it is God who is saving, not the scientist. And God is always in favor of the new. This is why I say, there is no more revolutionary principle than God in the universe. God is the greatest revolutionary in the world. "Let go the old, let the new come!" is the basic fundamental of revolution. The old is already dead, that's why it is old; the new is wholly alive, that is why it is new.

And if you can learn this art -- and this is the art I am calling meditation -- of never becoming old, then existence will always protect you. Then the day the universe comes to an end, then you too will be saved; the day great dissolution happens, then you too will be saved. Of course, enough land for you will have to be saved also. But the art of it is that you remain like a new-born child, you never become old. Yes, the body will become old and will even die, but still you don't become old. Let your soul remain new, like a new shoot, like a morning dewdrop, ever fresh, -- then existence will always provide you protection. The moment you become old, you have gone against existence,

you have called for your own death. If you are always new you are deathless. Newness is deathlessness.
Enough for today.

Nowhere To Go But In

Chapter #11

Chapter title: None
4 June 1974 am in Buddha Hall

[NOTE: This is a translation from the Hindi discourses: Nahim Ram Bin Thaon. It is being edited for publication, and this version is for reference only.]

Question
BELOVED OSHO,
THE ZEN MASTER HOTEI USED TO TRAVEL AROUND WITH A BAG ON HIS SHOULDER, GIVING OUT SWEETS TO CHILDREN AND PLAYING WITH THEM. IF A ZEN DEVOTEE WERE TO MEET HIM ON THE ROAD, HOTEI WOULD SIMPLY BOW DOWN TO HIM AND SAY, "GIVE A PENNY!" AND IF HE WERE ASKED TO GO TO A TEMPLE TO GIVE A DISCOURSE, AGAIN HOTEI WOULD SAY THE SAME THING: "GIVE A PENNY!"
ONCE HE WAS PLAYING WITH SOME CHILDREN, AND ANOTHER ZEN MONK MET HIM AND ASKED, "WHAT IS THE MEANING OF ZEN?" IN SILENT ANSWER, HOTEI PUT HIS BAG ON THE GROUND. THE MONK THEN ASKED HIM, "WHAT IS THE

ACHIEVEMENT OF ZEN?", AT WHICH THE SMILING BUDDHA PICKED HIS BAG UP AGAIN, PUT IT ON HIS SHOULDER, AND SET OFF.
THE OTHER MONK ALSO LATER BECAME A FAMOUS ZEN MASTER. CAN YOU PLEASE EXPLAIN WHAT THEIR MESSAGES WERE?

The statements of the mystics and their way of life are not based on any logical syllogism. There is no calculation in their lives, they are not conventionalists; their lives are a spontaneous throbbing. We can experience something in that throbbing, we can taste that throbbing, but that throbbing can never be defined logically or intellectually. So the first thing to be understood is that the life of a mystic is not run according to some moral code, scripture, tradition or structure. His life is not like a pond, it is like a flowing river. The life of a mystic does not happen through careful planning but through living moment-to-moment pulsations of consciousness in their totality.
We call a man evil whose life has a mold of evil-doing. He lives through a mold but the mold is that of evil-doing. He commits thefts and all kinds of dishonesty, he is treading the path of evil quite deliberately and calculatedly. His wickedness is his own decision; this lifestyle he has chosen of his own accord. We call a man virtuous who has made virtue his chosen lifestyle. Charity, kindness and good deeds have all been carefully considered by him, and are deemed appropriate to the style of life he has chosen. The lives of both the evil-doer and the virtuous man are bound by a mold.

There is a third kind of life, the life of the mystic, which is free from any mold. So the lives of two mystics will never be alike. They can only be similar when they are cast in the same mold -- like mass-produced Fiat cars. But two plants cannot be alike; really, even their two leaves cannot be alike. Not even two pebbles found anywhere on this vast planet can be the same as each other, because every pebble has come out of the infinite; it is not cast in a certain mold. This is why there is no repetition in existence. Nothing is duplicated, everything is unique and unparalleled.

The mystic does not manipulate his actions according to either evil or virtue. He does not impose any system on his life. The mystic lives in a state of conscious anarchy. This point has to be understood very deeply, because you can live in anarchy without any awareness also. If you live in unconscious anarchy, anarchy but with unawareness, the result will be an evil man. You may have convinced yourself that you are living free of any mold, but no, your life is molded. If you live with unawareness, but according to some moral code and discipline and not anarchically, then you are a so-called virtuous man. But in anarchy, with no rules, no scriptures, no mold and with awareness -- as if awareness is the only scripture, as if to keep oneself awake is the only and supremost regulation -- this is truly the routine of the life of the mystic. It is not proper to call it even a routine, because routine implies as if his actions are thought out. Whatever happens through living in wakefulness, that is the behavior of the mystic! Conscious behavior is godliness. So the lives of no two mystics will be alike; and if you seek to understand him, then start by looking at his life as a mystery.

There are two ways to understand. Imagine a flower has blossomed: now you can look at it as a scientist -- break it into pieces, separate the petals and parts, analyze it into its various chemicals and minerals, investigate the whole arrangement that led to this flower's particular form. This is the way of science, and it depends on breaking and analyzing. Every detail of the flower may be known, but in the process the flower will disappear, its beauty will disappear, because whatever this flower was lay in its totality. By breaking the petals and collecting the chemical constituents in different bottles, the flower's formula may be written down on paper -- but the flower itself will disappear. Its flowering, its freshness, its beauty, will all disappear. The flower that grew like the phrase of a divine melody, the flower that existed like a living gesture of the divine, has disappeared. Instead there is a formula on paper. This is science's way of understanding.

This is why science is not in any position to understand the soul -- because there is no way to break down the soul for analysis. Science can understand the body because the body can be dissected. It can know the body because the body's physical constituents can be separated -- how much water, how much oxygen, how much hydrogen, the different minerals and so on. But the soul is indivisible; it has no constituents, so it cannot be analyzed.

Science says that if something cannot be analyzed then it cannot be said to exist, since there is no way to understand it. There is no way to understand even that it is. Hence science can never accept the soul, unless the soul is willing to be broken into pieces, which is not the nature of the soul. So science can never accept God. It accepts the world, the

creation, but not the creator, because only the creation can be defined. This is one way of understanding.

There is another way of understanding, and this belongs to the mystic -- not to the scientist, but to the sage. If you ask a mystic, "What is a flower?", the last thing he will do is break the flower, because then it will no longer be a flower. Whatever you may then come to know will not be what you were seeking in the first place. Its nature has changed. So the mystic will not even separate the flower from the tree, because cut from the tree the flower is an altogether different thing. The difference is of life and death. Growing on the tree the flower was alive; separated from the tree it is dead. It is exactly like the difference between you and your corpse. Just in plucking the flower, the mystic will say, you have altered its nature, and what you will now come to know about will be a dead thing. Your information will be about death, whereas your inquiry was about the living flower.

So the mystic will not even pluck the flower from the tree. Then what will he do? He will not even so much as touch the flower, because touch can only be external. Touching at the periphery we may find out whether the flower feels tender or rough, but how are we going to touch the soul within it? There is no way to touch the soul -- it is beyond touch. And the mystic's interest is not with the physical body of the flower, because the beauty of the flower lies not in its body but in the radiance emanating from its soul. So what will the mystic do?

He will meditate, he will sit near the flower. He will make no alterations to the flower, he will alter himself so that all his thoughts recede. He will not touch the flower at all; he

will transform himself so that his heart becomes totally silent -- so silent that the flower can enter into him. He will have to lower all his defenses so that the flower too can let go of all its self-protecting devices. This is because when you make preparations for your security, the other does the same. When you build a wall around you the other does so too, out of fear; but when you remove your wall the other loses his fear.

The mystic will sit by the flower in loving meditation, allowing himself to dissolve into the flower and the flower to dissolve into him. A moment will come when there will be neither mystic nor flower; the life current of each will merge into the other in complete harmony. Then the mystic will know what a flower is. Then he will say, "One who has known one flower has known the whole of the divine." This is the mystic's way of understanding.

This story recounts an episode from Hotei's life. He was such a unique being; to seek comparisons between Hotei and other saints is quite futile. No other mystic has lived the way he did. He spent his whole life walking from one village to another, never stopping anywhere; to settle was not his way.

Someone once asked Hotei to explain in a nutshell what meditation is. Hotei's answer was, "Walk on!" If you stop, he is saying, meditation is lost. As soon as you stop the mind is born. Where the river stops a pond is formed, and there is the beginning of stagnation. So Hotei says walk on, do not stop, walk on not to any destination; in the walking is the destination. There is nowhere to reach to; in flowing is the reaching -- just flow.

This is a perception based on a profound inner experience of Gautam Buddha. Buddha said that there are no things in the world, but only processes. You are not a person, you are a process. It is mainly for linguistic purposes that we convert everything into objects. We say that there is a river: ask Buddha and he will say there is no such thing as is; the river is in process, it is becoming. To say the river is implies stability, and the river is never in this state, it is always becoming. Again, we say that the tree is; language makes it appear as though everything is at rest, but every moment the tree is becoming. In the time it takes to say, "The tree is," an old leaf would have fallen, a new leaf would have sprouted, a flower would have fallen in the wind. The tree is not a static thing, it is a flowing, a process.

You too are a process. This is why Buddha says there is no soul in man. The moment we say soul it feels like a thing, some static thing. Buddha says man is a flow, a continuous current, something like the flame of a burning lamp. The flame can be seen, but it is not a static object, each moment it is changing, it goes on changing. Buddha says that except change nothing is eternal; the only permanence is change. And there are no things, only ongoing processes.

So this is the essence of meditation. As Hotei said, "Walk on!" Mind always wants stability, so it always looks for a destination and is prepared to call anything the destination so that it can stop there. One mind stops at money, another at success, and another somewhere else; the point is that it finds somewhere to stop and settle in. This is the mind's entire desire -- to find somewhere to settle down. The day you are free from this desire, the day you cease to ask for a

destination, you have arrived. In that moment of arrival, all tension will vanish from your mind. If there is nowhere to get to, how can there be any tension?

Have you ever noticed how relaxed and free of tension you are going for a walk in the morning? Later you may walk along the same road, following the same direction, on your way to the shop or the office, but now there is tension. The road is the same, the direction is the same, you are the same, but now you are going somewhere, you have a destination. If you are late or don't get there for some reason, there will be problems, so now there is tension. But in the morning, although you walked the same road you were not heading anywhere. You strolled freely, lighthearted, and with no hurry. Whether you reached a certain place did not matter because you were not set to reach anywhere, and the route you took back home was not important. The happiness found in going for a walk is not available when you are going somewhere.

Playing too can give you great happiness. But you make a profession of your playing and you will no longer find the same happiness in it. Playing chess or cards, you are simply playing; winning or losing is all the same to you. Your interest is not in winning but in playing; then it is one thing. But if you are employed as a player it is entirely a different matter. Your playing is no longer play, it has become business. As soon as there is a motive, business enters; as soon as there is a goal to be reached, business has come in. Now this will be a little difficult to understand, because we think that if a man has given up his shop and gone to the Himalayas, he has left all business. But if there is still a motive in his mind, then he is still doing business. If he is

thinking he will attain to the divine by sitting in the Himalayas, then he is just continuing his business. As long as there is some end result, on which his eyes are focused, his business continues.

If, on the other hand, he is blissful just sitting there in the mountains, irrespective of whether or not he finds the divine -- content if he does find, content if he does not -- then his sitting in the Himalayas has become a religious act, where the means has become the end, where being here is being at the destination.

This, to say it in other words, is supreme contentment. The meaning of contentment is where means is the goal. If you are discontented it is because the means and the goal are different for you. You are using the means to achieve some goal -- and our minds live in goals. So as long as you have any goals in your life -- even goals like salvation, God, peace and bliss -- as long as you have anything to attain, you will remain a shopkeeper. And as long as this is so, your life can not have the grace that descends on the meditator's life.

Hotei says the meaning of meditation is: "Walk on!" Don't stop anywhere, simply go on. There is no question of progressing in any particular direction even. He is saying, "Float! Don't come to a halt, don't lose your flowing, don't become stagnant!" A pond gets dirty, a river never does. Even if you don't throw any garbage into a pond, still it will become rotten, because there is no flow; it is closed. A river cannot rot because it cleanses itself with its own flow. When you lead a life of business you are like a pond or a puddle; when you lead a life of meditation you are like a river.

Hotei never stayed in one place -- not because of any rule. This is a fact of great interest. Mahavira used to ask his disciples never to stay in one town for longer than three days. This is right. This direction has been given after deep thought, because three days is a kind of limit for the mind; from the fourth day attachment sets in. If you change your house, for three days you will feel strangeness, from the fourth day you will begin to feel that you belong there. This is why Hindus mourn for three days when someone dies. In fact, it is on the fourth day that the person who has died really departs.

Psychologists who have studied these phenomena confirm this three-day limit of the mind; if you want to form an attachment, they say, three days' company is needed. This is why Mahavira told his disciples not to stay anywhere for longer than three days -- so that this attachment does not begin, so that the river does not cease to flow. After three days all the passions will arise: the passion to fall into intimacy with somebody, the passion to fall into enmity with someone else; some people will appear to be good and others as bad; the mind will desire for a closeness with some and for a distance with some others. This is the beginning of the formation of a household.

But if you set out to make a rule of this you will miss the essence. Three days is not a rule; you can make an attachment in three seconds if attachment is what you are after. And if you don't want attachment, you can stay with someone for three lifetimes and still be free. The rules are a superficial device to help the unintelligent. If you are intelligent you will capture the essence.

This Hotei never halted in any town, he only passed through with his bag on his shoulder. Buddha and Krishna and Christ were never seen wandering with bags on their shoulders the way Hotei used to; and his bag contained sweets, toys, flowers, crackers -- just things for children. He must have been a very marvellous man!

To the mystics we are all only children, and our lifestyles childish. Even when we have grown up we go on playing with toys; it is only the color and shape of the toys that changes. Small children arrange the marriage of their boy and girl dolls, we arrange the marriage of living dolls -- sons and daughters. But if you have seen the excitement and the joy and the awe the children feel at the time of the marriage of their dolls... we don't feel any less at the time of marriage of our living dolls. We grownups do the same as our children are doing. Our games are enlarged, of course, but the seed is the same. And not only do we marry boys and girls, we arrange the marriage of even Rama and Sita. In the wedding procession we include images of Rama and Sita, and we act out their wedding. Even old people, the elderly participate in it. We are no different from our children! If our children's toys get broken they get very upset, and we find ourselves saying, "What a baby you are! Can't you see it's only a toy that has broken? Be thankful it isn't you!" But are our idols and effigies anything more than toys?

You will say, "But we have invested our effigies with divinity!" Do you think the child has not done this with his toy? In fact the child's consecration of his toy goes far deeper than yours, because the child is so innocent. You are cunning. You buy an idol, and in the presence of the priests

and pundits, amid noisy brass bands, you declare your idol has now been invested with the divine! But deep down you know that this god is nothing but a purchased one, and that even then you haggled to get a bargain, and that the priests and all the whole show were only hired, and that neither they nor you had any feeling in it, it was all just a money game. And yet you will bow down in front of this "god" and sanctimoniously pray, "O Savior of sinners...." Amazing childishness!

At least children are straightforward in what they are doing, because their hearts are there in it; to them their toy has become alive. Not so with you -- your "god" has not come alive to you. And yet, if some enemy damages your idol, breaks its arm or leg, massacres will follow. If a Mohammedan smashes your idol, or if a Hindu sets fire to a mosque, knives will be drawn and there will be terrible bloodshed.

Man is childish. That there are toys in Hotei's bag is simply an announcement that you are all children. Hotei is saying, "What else can be given to you? You are not prepared to take anything else. You are only interested in toys and sweets and crackers -- that's all!"

Hotei can give you God too! He carries God in his bag as well, but you won't ask for him, you don't desire him, and whatever you haven't asked for, whatever you have not desired, cannot be given to you. In fact, what you do ask for are very strange things. The contents of Hotei's bag are indicative of your mind; otherwise, he would not carry around this load.

People come to me, and they really astonish me with the things they want to ask me about. Someone comes because

he has no job, someone comes because his illness is not getting cured, someone else comes to complain that there is no harmony between himself and his wife. Has there ever been harmony between a husband and wife? Has anyone ever been totally healthy? Does anyone ever get the job he wanted?

Hotei's bag contains the answers to your demands. Hotei travels from one village to another and goes on distributing things among the people. Children gather round him and he gives them toys and sweets. To go on walking and to go on giving is the foundation of godliness. This has to be understood.

The one who stops will be afraid of giving; only the one who walks on can give, because the one who stops has to gather possessions around himself. How can it be otherwise? If you want to settle down and have a home, how can you go on giving things away? You will have to save them. Only a wanderer can give things away..

You must have noticed that the nomadic tribes -- the Baluchis, the Bedouins -- can never get rich. A Baluchi can never be wealthy, it is impossible. No Baluchi can ever become a Henry Ford, no matter how hard he tries, because to become a Ford it is necessary to stop -- and the Baluchi goes on roaming. The one who keeps on roaming has to take with himself only as much as he can carry on his shoulders, no more. This Urdu word khanabadosh is a very sweet one; it means the one whose house is on his shoulders. Khana means the house, badosh means upon the shoulders. Now if you are going to carry your house on your shoulder, it cannot be a great palace; you will have to reduce it to the size of Hotei's bag, and the things you carry

in that bag will be for giving to others, for distributing. If you are floating you will be giving; the two go together. But if you halt you will start collecting possessions.

This is why Jainas and Buddhists do not allow their monks to stay in ashrams. Jainas and Buddhists refrained from building ashrams because the state to which Hindu ashrams were reduced was a clear indication that if an ashram is created, the collecting of possessions will follow. So they told their monks to keep walking, to remain as parivrajakas -- homeless wanderers.

There are advantages and disadvantages to both. This is clear, that if a monk keeps on walking, he is not going to collect any possessions. But there is a disadvantage to this that had to be understood by the Jainas and Buddhists. Hotei is a siddha -- an enlightened one -- and in the case of a siddha it makes no difference whether he keeps on walking or stops somewhere. Even when a siddha stops somewhere, he does not really stop because the flow within him continues. The disadvantage is that if a seeker keeps on walking, he is never able to become a siddha. The whole trouble of keeping moving is so much that he finds no facility to sit, and sitting is as necessary for meditation as walking. A siddha is one who is sitting even in his walking, and who is walking even in his sitting; he is one who has united the opposites.

So meditation, yoga completely disappeared among Jainas and Buddhists. Ashrams were not built, so possessiveness was prevented, but that opportunity of deepening the meditation under the shelter of the ashram, of sitting free from worries somewhere and diving deep into the self, was also lost. So the daily routine of a Jaina monk, from

morning to evening, is very businesslike. From morning till night there is work and work, with no opportunity for rest, with no facility for sitting. Before the time comes that one may rest, the Jaina seeker has to leave the village, move on again.

The advantage is that the Jaina and the Buddhist monks did not become hoarders of possessions, but the disadvantage is that they could not become meditators. Hindus created ashrams for the very purpose of helping people to attain to meditation. Once meditation is attained then there is no problem whether the siddha walks on or stays in one place -- then either will be natural to him.

Hotei goes on walking and giving away whatever is in his bag, but it is only children who gather around him. But you must not misunderstand this word children. There are children of all ages; some are five and some are fifty. Wherever he goes, Hotei is surrounded by the children of the village, and he distributes sweets from his bag among them. He also carries God in his bag, but no one asks for God And to anyone who approaches him, Hotei asks for a penny -- the smallest coin that exists. He never asks anyone for more than this.

There are many reasons why he asks for only the smallest unit of money. Even a single penny you will find it hard to give, because the act of giving is in itself so difficult for you. To you it seems that it is a pleasure to take and troublesome to give, but the truth is actually the opposite. The pleasure that could be had in giving is never found in taking. Whenever you have given, that giving has given you pleasure, and whenever you have taken you have missed out on that pleasure. The point to understand here

is this: if you think that Hotei is asking for a penny from everybody because he needs it, you are misunderstanding. He is asking you for a penny so that you can experience a little of the pleasure that comes only from giving.

Once it happened that a rich man went to see a mystic. He had brought with him a bag of five thousand gold coins to present to the mystic. He put down the bag of coins heavily at the mystic's door. The gold coins made a loud noise. This act was not accidental, although he thought it was. Our mind is very cunning. A housewife thinks a utensil fell from her hand accidentally, but it is not so. Today she is angry at the husband. She thinks it fell accidentally, the husband also thinks the same. But it is not accidental. The day things are not good between a husband and wife, six times more things fall that day, six times more things break, six times more noise is created. Every time the door is shut that day it is noisy; every time something is put down it is noisy. Perhaps if you asked the wife might say it is because of the strong wind -- but the wind was strong yesterday too, the day before yesterday too, it may remain strong tomorrow too. It is not because of the strong wind that this extra noise is happening. There is anger somewhere within which is manifesting itself in every possible way.

So when that rich man put down the bag of gold coins heavily on the ground he would not have been aware that he is doing so knowingly, but whenever one gives one wants to declare it. Our joy is not in giving but in enhancing the ego that one had given.

The mystic did not pay any attention. This rich man said, "I have brought five thousand gold coins to present to you."

With little interest the mystic said, "Alright, leave them here."
The rich man assumed that the mystic had not caught his words, or that he did not realize what five thousand gold coins looked like when they were spread out. He said in a loud voice, "Did you hear? Five thousand gold coins!"
The mystic said, "My ears are perfectly alright. You don't need to repeat what you said, I heard you the first time."
The rich man became very restless. "Not even a thankyou," he thought. Then he said, "Rich though I am, five thousand gold coins is much even for me!"
"Keep to the point!" replied the mystic. "What you really want is for me to thank you. Why prolong the discussion? Do you wish me to thank you? If you are not happy to give, how are my thanks going to give you any joy? You have already missed the moment of happiness: it was in the giving!"
If you were to meet Hotei on the road, he would ask you for one penny, and you too would think that he was asking for it because he needed it. He is simply offering you an opportunity to have a taste of the fragrance of the pleasure of giving. And it is the same with all the buddhas: if they come begging at your door, it is just to offer you a taste of the pleasure of giving.
The mystic said to the rich man, "If you really want me to understand something meaningful, then it is for you to thank me for giving you an opportunity to enjoy the happiness of giving. There is no question of asking for my thanks!"

Hotei asks for just one penny, and if some monk, seeker, sannyasin met him and asked him, "What is Zen? What is meditation? What is the secret of religion?" he would still say, "Give me a penny." He is saying that giving itself is the secret of meditation, and if you become capable of giving, then you will become capable of meditation. The more we take, and the more we are interested in taking, the more the mind goes on being crowded with thoughts. This is why the rich man finds it so hard to sleep at night -- because his desire for taking keeps his wheel of thoughts spinning fast. Thinking is the desire to take -- a constant planning of how to get everything.

A sheep farmer went to see a psychiatrist because he couldn't sleep. The psychiatrist told him to count sheep till his mind became so bored that he fell asleep. A week later the man returned to the psychiatrist looking completely worn out, as though he had not slept at all since his last visit. The psychiatrist looked at him and said, "Why, whatever happened? Did counting sheep not work?" "Oh yes," replied the patient, "it worked in a way that you could not have expected. Once I began counting I couldn't stop. It was so exciting to count so many sheep that my mind wouldn't stop -- and then shearing all those thousands of sheep, and so much wool! And selling all that wool in the market, and so much money! I haven't felt sleepy at all in these last seven nights!"

Once there is an opportunity to get something, the mind goes mad. It immediately begins to work on plans: "What do I need to do, what must I not do, to make sure I get...?"

People come to me asking me to give them peace of mind. But until their interest in getting and taking becomes less there can be no peace of mind for them. If you understand it rightly you will see that greed is mind, and where there is no greed there is meditation. The more intense the greed the more calculating the mind has to do, and this means more thought waves and more inner disturbance. Where greed is absent there is no work for the mind to do. In asking for peace of mind you are providing the mind with work.

Mind is a computer, it lives on figures. As soon as you say, "A thousand rupees have to be made," the mind starts working on how to do it. But if you say to the mind, "No more getting, only giving," then its work is finished and the mind will go and rest. This is why the scriptures say that there is no greater sin than greed, and no higher virtue than charity. But understand this properly: it is because the charitable mind will become meditative that this is said. So whenever anyone asks, "What is the meaning of meditation?" Hotei says, "Give me a coin." Giving is the meaning of meditation. And when the day comes that you are prepared to give everything, seeking to gain nothing, then you will receive everything.

One night a young man approached Jesus. His name was Nicodemus, and he was the richest man in the neighborhood where Jesus was staying that night. He woke Jesus up and said to him, "I am afraid to come and see you in the day time because I have a prestigious position among these people. As soon as I am associated with your name it

will be a disaster for me." This was because Jesus was a wandering sannyasin; at times he would rest even among drunkards, and sometimes stay even at a prostitute's house -- he had no regard for respectability. So anyone who enjoyed social prestige had cause to be afraid to be associated with him; hence Nicodemus visited him under cover of darkness.

Jesus asked him, "What do you want of me?"

Nicodemus said, "I have come in search of peace. How can I be blissful? I am a religious man and a man of good character. I look at no other women than my wife, and all that is asked of me in the name of religion I fulfill rigorously. I go to the temple regularly, I observe all the religious rituals meticulously, I make the prescribed donations, I observe the fasts, I read the scriptures; nothing is missing in my character. I don't smoke, I don't drink, I don't gamble, I go to bed early and rise early in the morning. I do everything I should, but there is no bliss in my life."

Jesus said to him, "None of this can help you. Do this one thing: give away everything you have, then return to me."

Nicodemus said, "You are asking something very difficult of me."

He is a man of character; he does not drink, he does not smoke -- but this? This is difficult! Then Jesus said to him, "This character of yours has no value. You own so much, and you think that by giving away a few coins you are a man of charity. You have so much free time that you spend it playing chess and cards; and of course you go to the temple as well -- and you think this makes you religious. You have so much money, so much time, such an easy life,

and your religion is merely a social convenience. Leave everything and come with me."
Nicodemus said, "Then I am going back. I am not capable of doing this!"

No, leaving is not possible for the mind; only clinging is possible. Mind is a process of clinging.
Hotei's statement, "Give a penny!" is the essence of meditation. It is not a question of a penny any more than it is a matter of giving a fortune or an empire. The question is of experiencing the bliss and celebration of giving, of experiencing the thankfulness to be found in giving. It does not matter whether there is anything to give, it matters that you are in an inner state of givingness. And likewise, there may be nothing to get but your inner state remains set on getting. If you can keep this in mind you have understood Hotei.
Hotei is certainly an awakened one -- always flowing, always moving, always sharing and giving to others the chance to enjoy the fragrance of giving. And when this other saint asked him about the secret of the fulfillment that is attained through religion, Hotei just dropped his bag on the ground. Then the saint asked him, "Is this all, or is there something else?" And by way of reply Hotei puts his bag back on his shoulder and sets off on his way. It is very important to understand this; it is a significant indication. There is a Zen saying, "Before the search rivers are rivers and mountains are mountains. Then, during the spiritual search, rivers are no longer rivers and mountains are no longer mountains. At the end of the search rivers are again rivers and mountains are again mountains. This is strange,

and if you only look superficially at it you will not understand what it means. Before the seeking and at the end of the seeking is the same state. Yes, you are transformed at the end but the state is the same. During the time of seeking everything goes topsy turvy. Right now you are standing in this world, at the end of seeking you will be standing in the divine. But in the middle, between one and the other, everything is upset; now the rivers are not rivers. When you are established in the divine, then the rivers will be rivers; but in the middle, everything disappears, everything is disrupted -- the rivers do not remain rivers, the mountains do not remain mountains.

The worldly man is, in a way, settled. The mystic has arrived. But between the two is the seeker, in great difficulty. His difficulty is that he has taken one foot out of this world; his one foot is still in the world but the other foot is out searching for the divine. He hangs in the middle. In dropping his bag on the ground, Hotei symbolizes that the first step for a seeker is to drop the world, to drop the whole load, to dump the whole mind. The bag was the only thing that Hotei had. He had nothing else for demonstration so he simply dropped his bag, indicating that the seeker has first to throw all away. And the whole task of a siddha, a fulfilled one, is to pick up the bag again! But now it is no longer a load; previously it was. The seeker drops out of the world; the siddha -- the enlightened one -- comes back to the world. He becomes worldly again, but now he is in the world but the world is no longer in him. Earlier he was in the world and the world was in him as well.

Mahavira went into the jungle; for twelve years he was in silence, dropped language -- because language is society.

When we speak we always speak to the other, and even if we talk to ourselves -- on our own -- the other will still be present in our imagination. So anyone who continues to use language will be in society. Silence is the jump out of the society. Even sitting in the middle of the marketplace, if you become silent society will disappear, because society is language. This is why there is no society among animals; they have no language. They have no state, no society, no police, no priest, nothing, because they have no language. Man has society because he has language. Scientists say that if there was no language, society would disappear. Think about it! If, for just twenty-four hours language were to disappear from the world, the whole of civilization would disappear, the whole culture -- nothing would be saved. It would be impossible to save anything, we would be just like wild animals. The whole civilization and culture is contained in language.

So Mahavira went to the jungle and the first thing he did was become silent... because unless language is dropped, it is impossible to be out of the society. It is easy to go to the jungle, but society will follow you there in the form of language.

Even when man is alone he talks to himself. He divides himself into two and talks by himself; there too he creates society and the talk begins.

In the aloneness of the jungle Mahavira became silent and stayed so for twelve years. Just as Hotei's bag was dropped, Mahavira cast off society. And when he attained to the supreme silence he returned to civilization. Just as Hotei's bag was dropped, so Mahavira had cast off society. Now, when all was known to him, he had nothing to fear from

society. His return was nothing but Hotei putting his bag back on his shoulder and setting off again.
The seeker has to leave society; the siddha returns to society. The disciple has to unburden himself; the siddha carries the load. If the disciple goes on carrying his load he will never have the chance to become a siddha; and if a siddha is afraid to carry the load then know well that he has not attained enlightenment at all. For the disciple the load is a burden which is destroying him; for the siddha it is nothing, so there is no difficulty in carrying it. All the saints return to society. One day they leave and one day they return. These are the two steps towards siddhahood -- dropping the load and taking it up again.
All these points are revealed by Hotei in the form of very little, simple actions. But if you happen to meet Hotei on the road you won't recognize him; you will think he is just playing with toys. It is actually because of you that he is engaged in playing with toys. He is not at all preoccupied with them; his intention is simply to show you that you are still a child, wanting nothing more than candies and toys and crackers. You will see no difference between his begging and the begging which you can see all around you, but you will be mistaken. When Hotei asks you for a paisa he is teaching you giving.
Buddha became a beggar and created a phenomenon unique in the history of the world, and unique to India. Nowhere else has so much respect ever been shown to beggars as was shown in India after Buddha. Always and everywhere, begging is condemned -- by you too! If you meet a beggar you either avoid him or rebuke him, and you come up with all sorts of rationalizations. These beggars are sprouting up

everywhere and are going to be the ruin of society, and to give to a beggar is only to condone begging. But your arguments are not concerned with truth; they are simply your self-justifications for not giving anything. You are not really concerned about whether the population of beggars is on the increase. And even when you do give, it is only because you feel bound to do so. You give in order to get away from the beggar, or to show the people around that you have given.

Beggars are very skillful and astute. They don't bother to approach you when you are alone, but when you are in the company of others they bow down and touch your feet. They know that you don't give out of kindness or generosity, but because you know that the eyes of others are on you. Then you think, "Now, with so many people watching I had better give this beggar something; otherwise they will start calling me a miser." You avoid beggars, but not because you desire that there should be no more beggars. Actually you are helping to perpetuate begging -- our whole lifestyle is so designed as to create thousands of beggars.S No, you shun them because giving is such a fearful matter for you. The mind fears to give even a single paisa. You have only to hear the word giving, and it is as if you undergo some kind of death within.

But it was still a wonderful experiment that happened in India. The very name Buddha chose for his sannyasins, his disciples, was bhikshus -- beggars. Hindus call their sannyasins swamis; Jainas call their sannyasins munis. They all have their own implications. Muni means the one who has gone silent within; swami is the one who has become the master of his own being, who is no longer a

slave to his senses. But Buddha called his disciples bhikshus -- beggars. The reason he did this is worth understanding; it contains a very precious idea. He said to his bhikshus, "You must go on begging so that through you every person learns to give."

The Buddha going out begging? Can you imagine it? Buddha standing at your door with his begging bowl? This could be a moment of such profound meditation for you if you were possessed of just a small amount of understanding. And if your heart is not full of giving when you are faced by a buddha -- if even then you go on protecting yourself, thinking how you can avoid direct contact with him by giving some useless thing -- then when will the moment of true giving ever arise in your life? If you avoid a buddha even in his presence, when will the experience of meditation ever arise in you? None of the names given to sannyasins is as profound and beautiful as that which Buddha gave to his.

Buddha was approaching a certain town. The king who lived there asked his chief minister, "Do you think it will be alright for me to go to the town's entrance to welcome Buddha?"

At this, the prime minister looked at his king and said, "Please accept my resignation!" He was an old minister, wise and experienced and quite indispensable; he was really running the whole show.

In great surprise the king asked, "What is the matter? I am only asking if it would be proper for me to go to welcome him."

The minister said, "Your very asking is enough to bring me to this decision. It is true that Buddha is a beggar, but it is

deeply irreligious on the part of the king to doubt that he should go to welcome the Buddha The king is ignorant! This bhikshu, Buddha, was once himself a king; he had everything that you now have, and he renounced all of it." The precious is not that which is grasped but that which is renounced. There is nothing valuable in the grasping mind; this mind that seeks to master everyone is ordinary, it is everybody's mind. The extraordinary mind is the one that renounces.

Hotei goes on and on asking. If he came to you, you would treat him as you treat a beggar. It is very difficult to treat him as divine; it is very difficult to see the siddha in a beggar. You may be able to see the beggar in an emperor, but it is not so easy to see the mystic in a beggar. And what is more, that Hotei should pick the bag up and put it on his shoulder again, having once put it down, goes against our whole concept of sannyas, which says, "Renunciation is all!"

But Hotei says this is only one side of the coin. Certainly, sannyas involves renunciation, but it is also necessary in the end to return to the world. The art of becoming a siddha is complete when you understand that you have to return to that which has been renounced. You moved away from it and now you have come to it again, but now the world cannot touch you.

Question

BELOVED OSHO, WITH MEDITATION SENSITIVITY INCREASES, MAKING LIFE MORE DIFFICULT BECAUSE ONE'S REACTIONS ARE SO SHARP AND INTENSE, AND AT EVERY STEP IT FEELS AS

THOUGH ONE'S VERY LIFE IS AT STAKE. HOW TO ATTAIN THE GOLDEN MEAN, THE BALANCE POINT, IN THIS SITUATION?

Certainly sensitivity will increase with meditation, and this increase is going to add to your problems, because the very meaning of sensitivity is that every experience will be felt in its full intensity. A meditator will feel an insult much more keenly than a non-meditator. The prick of the thorn will be felt much more by the meditator than by the non-meditator, because the awareness of one who does not meditate is not clear, it is smoky. The more smoke there is around your awareness, the less intense will be your experience of anguish. Perhaps this is the very reason that we choose to live a life low in awareness -- just to reduce the intensity of our anguish. Ask any psychologist and he will tell you that every child, in the course of his childhood, has learned to lower his level of awareness.

Every child is born sensitive, and begins gradually to kill his own sensitivity, because to live sensitively is so difficult. When children are angry they behave as though they were mad; they go red in the face, their eyes flash fire, they throw their arms and legs about and jump up and down. Their whole being is on fire. The cause may be a very minor affair, but we miss the point completely. We make excuses for their behavior saying, "Don't worry, they are just children!" And to the children themselves we say, "You have to learn to control yourself. This is not the right way to behave." We teach them to blunt their sensitivity.

I was a guest at a friend's house. We went out in his car to visit someone, and his young son came with us. He drove

with his son sitting beside him, and left him in the car when we went into the house. When we returned his son was still sitting there, but I had the feeling that something was wrong. I felt that he was in some kind of difficulty, as though he were trying to hold something together, to preserve something that would otherwise break into pieces. His hands were covering his face, and his head was held between his knees.

We drove home, and the moment he was out of the car the child began screaming and crying. I asked him what had happened. He said, "When you went inside I fell asleep and my head fell onto the steering wheel, and it hurt me very much. But Daddy told me that if I ever scream and cry when we are away from home he won't let me come with him again, so I had to hold it in!"

It was an hour before that he had banged his head, and the very moment he reached home he began screaming and crying. He had held on to his pain for an hour! This is what we teach our children: "You must suppress yourselves!" The more we suppress the blunter becomes our sensitivity, and we invent devices so that we don't have to experience the trouble we are in, because otherwise we will have to do something about it. A boy is playing hockey on the playground. If he is hurt while he is playing he does not even notice it until the game is over. Then he becomes aware of his injury. But before that his mind is so engaged in the game that he does not feel his wound. This is how it is with you too. All day long, throughout your life, you are receiving wounds, but you don't notice them happening because your mind is preoccupied with your business, your

work, this and that. But slowly, gradually, the whole of your individuality becomes covered in wounds.

When you begin meditating your childlike qualities re-emerge, your sensitivity grows fresh again and your experiencing runs deep. Whatever happens reaches to your depths, and this creates problems for you and for your family and friends, and these difficulties are beyond their understanding. They carry the expectation that meditation will make a person more peaceful -- and exactly the opposite happens. "Before he began meditating he was not a very angry man, but now that he meditates he is full of anger!" They think the meditating person should become like a corpse -- that even if you hit him he will not appear to feel it, he will just go on sitting and watching. And this is true! -- but it does not happen straight away, as soon as you start meditating. It is the final outcome of meditation.

In the beginning of meditation all the bandages that cover your wounds will fall away, and all the anger and greed beneath will surface. Everything will be felt more deeply, and all that you have been suppressing since your childhood will flare up with a burning force. You will feel devoid of peace. If you are ill you will feel more restless than ever, and when you experience pleasure your excitement will rise very high. Little things will make you feel so blissful that you want to dance, and equally little things will drive you into such darkness that you will want to commit suicide. When you begin meditating all this will happen.

What should the new meditator do? If you try to suppress these feelings when they arise, it will be difficult for you to make any progress in your meditation, because it is an

unavoidable fact that to go deeper into meditation you will have to experience everything that happens in you in its totality. If sadness is there, then sadness is what you will have to experience. Only then will you be able to enjoy bliss in its totality. Unless you experience the world in its totality, you will not be able to experience the divine in its totality. And because it is the world that has covered you, it is the marks the world has left on you that you are going to feel first. So remember, this sensitivity is not to be suppressed; it is to be deepened and intensified. This may make life difficult, but don't use this difficulty to make your scars even tougher than they already are.

Yes, the difficulties can be great, and what are you to do if this is the case? In the initial stages of meditation this may well be the case. So whenever you feel a certain sensation is becoming very intense, shut yourself in a room, remain silent and secluded, and let that sensation pass through you totally. Don't pour it out on others, because to pour it over others is to create a long chain of reactions. If it has to come, instead of pouring it out on others, pour it onto a pillow in your room. At first this will feel very strange -- to pour your anger onto a pillow. But after thousands of experiments, I can assure you that putting your anger on a pillow will give you as much satisfaction as throwing it at your husband or wife. And the pillow is not going to react! Moreover, you are not going to start a chain of karma by using a pillow. You need not fear that in your next life the pillow will make trouble for you, or that it will seek to take revenge on you later on for beating it! The pillow has attained supreme siddhahood!

The point I am making is that you are not to deprive your anger of its full expression. Allow it to its fullest extent. Throw it vigorously, totally. You may feel that your first two or three bouts of rage are a joke, but by the fourth you will find that your anger is full of life, and that it is coming up with all the strength you have in you. Beat, rage, swear, break, do whatever you want to do without restraint, and in a few days you will become an adept! You will be surprised to hear that in the West psychologists are making full use of this technique.

A very rich industrialist in Japan has erected a statue of himself outside his office. A very clever man! His psychologists counselled him to keep a statue of himself opposite his office. In his factory there are some ten thousand employees, and it has been announced to them that they should all feel free to maltreat the statue any way they choose! And it is an easy matter for anyone -- especially an employee -- to get angry. He does not need a reason. To have to serve someone else, to be someone's paid slave, is enough in itself to provoke anger. The workers, and even sometimes the managers, habitually abuse and mistreat the statue before they enter the factory, and this has had important results. What it has done is to create a psychological equality between the owner and his employees.

We all behave like this. Even today we still burn Ravana, and in doing so we experience a certain lightness. Imagine how light people must have felt when they first set fire to Ravana! We do the same thing. When we are overwhelmed with anger against Indira Gandhi or Bhutto or someone else, we make a likeness and carry it in a procession,

beating it with our shoes and then burning it, and doing this gives us a certain lightness. The mind gets rid of its load and a feeling of satisfaction fills us.

So do at an individual level what you already do as a crowd. In your own room -- which you can convert into your meditation room -- keep a pillow. If you are angry with your husband, invoke your husband on the pillow just as a devotee invokes God in an idol, and then take out all your anger on the pillow. And don't leave the room until you have burnt out the whole of your anger. You will be amazed to find, if you really let your anger out totally, that when you leave the room you are full of kindness, love and affection for your husband. It is just like the peace that descends after a typhoon.

If you hurt your leg, go to the room and let yourself cry like a small child. If a sharp thorn has stabbed your leg, don't adopt the attitude that "I can't cry because I am a grown man." Be light like a child. There is not a man in existence who cannot weep, except the man who is dead. But since your childhood it has been preached to you that men do not cry. This is a strange state of affairs. Men and women possess the same glands and tear ducts in their eyes, but all over the world only women are free to weep. If nature had wished that men should not weep it would have provided men with less tear-ducts, or none at all. But nature has made no such discrimination between the sexes; nature evidently desires that man should also weep.

Weeping is a very strange experiment; it brings out your hidden fevers and wounds and eradicates them. This is why it is men rather than women who murder and assassinate. Women cathart their frustration daily by weeping, but men

go on accumulating it, and when enough frustration has been accumulated its explosion is really dangerous. Women are less insane than men, and if men too can weep, they will not go insane. When you cannot weep at all you become clogged up inside, and when thousands of tears have gathered in you they become poisonous. So never think that that you are a grown man, or that your children and grandchildren are around, so how can you weep now? The presence of your grandchildren does not make any difference, except that it will help you to weep with still greater pleasure. If life is allowed to teach you anything, then learn this one point: not to suppress anything, but allow it to fall away through expression. And the second point: don't pour it onto anyone else, because there is no reason why you should trouble anyone else. It can be thrown out when you are alone. This is what I call catharsis. Every meditator has to pass through catharsis. Just becoming peaceful is not going to suffice; the restlessness, the lack of peace, is all lurking there within you, and it will all have to be catharted -- thrown out. Then a moment will arrive when there is no more anger in you, when there is no more restlessness within you; then your meditation will be natural. Then you will be able to relieve this pillow of its services. And you should put it to rest with great ceremony, because it has obliged and aided more than you know. But till then it is needed.

Sensitivity will increase, experiences will deepen, joy and sorrow will both make a deep impact on you. Their arrows will fly directly into your heart. Suppress, and you will find that your meditation comes to a dead end; pour your feelings onto others and your difficulties will multiply. So

take refuge in your aloneness, and pour your feelings out. Catharsis is indispensable for meditation, and your meditation can be at its purest only when your catharsis has been total.
And pure meditation is enlightenment.
Catharsis goes hand-in-hand with meditation: only when meditation becomes enlightenment can the catharsis come to an end. For a siddha there is no catharsis because he does not accumulate anything; but for the seeker, for the sannyasin, it cannot be avoided.
Enough for today.

Nowhere To Go But In

Chapter #12

Chapter title: None
5 June 1974 am in Buddha Hall

[NOTE: This is a translation from the Hindi discourses: Nahim Ram Bin Thaon. It is being edited for publication, and this version is for reference only.]

Question
BELOVED OSHO,
YESTERDAY YOU TOLD US NOT TO THROW OUT OUR ANGER AND HATRED AND OTHER EMOTIONS ONTO OTHERS. BUT ENTERING INTO MEDITATION, WHEN ALL THE SUPPRESSED SEXUAL ENERGY LEAPS UP, THE OTHER IS NECESSARY TO CATHART THIS ENERGY. AND

WHEN THIS ENERGY MANIFESTS ITSELF IN ITS PRIMITIVE FORM LIKE THE WILD FORCE OF A TYPHOON, NEITHER CONTROL NOR WITNESSING HELP. IT ONLY DEMANDS FOR EXPRESSION. AND WITH SEX ARE ATTACHED ALL OUR MORAL VALUES. SO IF THERE IS NO DEEP ACCORD AND UNDERSTANDING BETWEEN HUSBAND AND WIFE, SHOULD THE SEEKER THEN LOOK FOR A SUITABLE PARTNER WITH WHOM TO GIVE THIS SEX-ENERGY ITS EXPRESSION? AND WILL THIS NOT CREATE MANY PROBLEMS?

Whether it is anger or sex or whatever other impulse, the need for the other is not a must. And whatever impulse will be released through the other, it creates a chain. You are angry, you expressed it upon the other; that other too will react with anger, and that will create more anger in you. Where will this end? So whenever we connect with the other through any of the impulses, we are falling in an endless chain of troubles.

The very meaning of sannyas is that from now onwards I will not connect my emotions with the other. Now my emotions and impulses will be expressed and released only in aloneness. Only this limitless sky will be their receiver; now I will not give them to persons. The very meaning of giving them to the other is that I am creating a relationship, a chain. The other is also a human being, as weak and needy as I am, so there will be reactions in the other.

The other is not like the sky that will absorb you, assimilate you, without replying. He or she will undoubtedly echo you, and the chain reaction will go on and on. You have

been doing this for life after life. Numerous webs you have created for yourself. With countless people you have expressed your anger, your greed, and with countless others you have created attachment and sexual relationships. All this load you have been carrying through many lives. There is only one way to abandon the load: stop relating your emotional impulses to others -- express them all in your aloneness. This needs to be understood; it is a difficult matter.

Perhaps you may understand to throw out your anger in your aloneness -- but what about sex? Even with anger it is difficult at first to cathart without having someone else there to be angry at. This is why I told you to use a pillow. It is only an aid, and has to be put aside after a while because it too becomes the other; but in the initial stages it is very useful. And if you can pour your anger onto a pillow, there is no reason why you should not be able to pour your loving feelings onto it. If you can beat a pillow, why can you not embrace it?

Even when you create a relationship of love or of anger with a person, still it is all a play of the mind. How can the other help? When you take someone in your embrace, what your hands hold is only flesh and bones. Is that any more valuable than a pillow? In the final analysis, how can flesh and bones and skin be regarded as more valuable than a pillow? It is just your idea that the other is present which makes it possible for you to spread your love over someone. What is the difference between hitting on somebody's head and hitting a pillow? You find a difference only because you assume that the other is there

and the pillow is nobody. The only difference is that the other responds, and the pillow does not -- that's all!
If you embrace somebody with love and they return the embrace, you find it convenient to love that person, because the response is exciting and enlivens you. So a chain is created. As far as you are concerned, the problem with the pillow is that you remain alone. The pillow will not respond; you will have to create everything yourself. But this difficulty is not confined to sexual feelings, it applies equally to anger or to any other feeling. Within a short time -- just a few days -- you will not be hampered by this problem, and then you will laugh because you will come to see that all the people you have up to now embraced were really no more than pillows for you. They too were just mediums.
There are several difficulties in love becoming your meditation in your own aloneness. The difficulties are of conditionings. There are things you have been taught ever since you were a child, and they will create a hindrance. For example, if a man expresses his sexual passion on a pillow it is quite possible that he will ejaculate. So there is fear. You have been taught to regard the spilling of semen as dangerous. Since childhood you have been taught that even to let fall a single drop of semen is a great loss of life energy. Hindus believe that a single drop of semen is equivalent to forty days' meals! This is simply a lie. There is not even a trace of truth in it -- it is just a trick to frighten children, and sure enough, children become afraid.
But of course, the adults are also afraid. In a lifetime of seventy years, a normal man can easily have sex four thousand times, and with each ejaculation anything

between ten million and a hundred million sperms are ejected from his body. So if each and every sperm were to find its way into the womb, the result could equal the population of the world. A single man and woman could produce four billion people! This semen is not accumulated within your body, it is not stored so that the balance of semen is reduced if some is consumed. It is constantly in the process of being created. As your body takes in food and oxygen the semen is created.

The findings of modern Western medical science will certainly astonish you; they are very different and opposite to what you have been told. They maintain that the more a man uses his semen, the longer his manhood remains. If a man stops using his semen, if he stops having intercourse, his semen will gradually disappear. Because as long as you are using the semen your whole organism will be involved in producing more. If the body no longer needs to be engaged in this process because you stop ejaculating semen, the body's capacity to produce semen will gradually decline. This will look quite contradictory: the more one goes into intercourse the longer he remains capable of intercourse; the less one goes into intercourse the sooner his capacity to go into it is finished. So the Western doctors say that there is a higher probability of living a longer life if you continue having sex even up to your old age, your sixties and seventies -- even in your nineties! -- because then your body will remain fresh. If some semen leaves your body new semen is created, and the new semen is fresh, vigorous. The old semen grows stale and inert, and the body too falls into a state of inertia.

We always find it amazing when we read in the Western newspaper that such-and-such a ninety-year-old man is getting married. We cannot understand what fun there is in getting married at this age. But ninety years is not too old for a Western man to enjoy sex, and the only reason that this is so because in the West they have a different concept -- and one that is much closer to the truth -- about semen, than we have.

And this concept applies to all aspects of life. The body organs you want to keep in good condition, keep using them. If a man goes on walking right into his old age his legs will remain strong; it is only when he stops using them that they grow weak. If a man uses his head right up till his last breath, then his intelligence will remain as fresh as ever; but if he stops using it, then his brain will become inert.

The life of all organs depends on their usage, on their being active. The organs you use will stay functional longer, and the seminal organs are no exception. The law of the body is that the more you use it the longer it will live. But when you become afraid and stop using your body, then it begins to die. And there is a vicious circle in this, because the man who is afraid will use his body less, and so his body will become weaker. And because it is weak the man will become even more afraid and contract even further, until in the end he extinguishes his very life.

Fear stops us and by stopping we start dying. "Burn like a candle burning at both the ends!" says Rosa Luxemburg, a German woman. Use life fearlessly! Don't be afraid: you will burn longer; life is vast, there is plenty of oil in your

lamp. But if you don't turn the wick up, if you stay afraid, you will flicker out!

The ancient cultures and civilizations all over the world have made people very afraid of semen. There are reasons for it. It is easy to enslave a person who has fears about his semen. You have caught him at his very roots. Semen is the root. If a man is full of guilt regarding sex, he cannot be powerful, he cannot rebel. His sense of guilt will keep him always down.

It is very easy to suppress a guilty person. Your country, your society, needs you to feel guilty. Whosoever is in power desires that every person born should grow up afraid, because afraid they can be mastered. But if a man grows up fearlessly he will break all bonds, all fixed paths, rebel, and live in freedom.

So from their very childhood we teach children not to lose semen; they should withhold and preserve it. About semen we teach them miserliness -- and this we call celibacy. This is not celibacy; miserliness is not celibacy, nor has the enforced prevention of ejaculation anything to do with celibacy. Celibacy is a blissful state which happens when you have entered into loving intercourse with the whole of existence, so that there is simply no need for physical intercourse with another person.

This is a little difficult to understand and it may create a kind of restlessness in you to hear it. A mystic is one who has entered into intercourse with the whole of existence. He hears a cuckoo singing, and his whole body is in a state of blissful orgasm. He sees a flower blooming and every cell of his body dances in sexual bliss. The sun rises in the morning, the moon shines out of the night sky, and every

moment he is in orgasmic ecstasy. You have only this one sexual organ with which to enjoy sex, the mystic enjoys sex with every cell of his body.

There is a point to be understood in this context that may never have occurred to you. In the name of Shiva's statue we have created the shivalinga -- a phallic symbol of Shiva. Thus Shiva is represented as a phallus. This means Shiva has neither eyes nor hands nor legs -- that he is only the phallus. When the whole body becomes a genital organ, this is the final state of saintliness. It symbolically means that that person is making love with existence with his whole body. This intercourse is no longer a local phenomenon; it is not the meeting of one sexual organ with another, it is the meeting of existence with existence.

In the Shivalinga we have offered the world a concept that defies the imagination. Its meaning is quite clear, but even the Hindu refuses to see it. We are so afraid that we will never acknowledge its real meaning. We choose to be blind; we try to conceal the meaning.

Carl Gustav Jung, the great Western psychologist, came to travel in India. He went to see the temples at Puri, Konarak and Khajuraho. The pundit who was showing him around the temple at Konarak was very agitated because of the statues of nude couples making love, and he was feeling very guilty. But Jung was completely fascinated. He was one of those rare individuals of this century who have penetrated very deep into human consciousness. And the deeper one penetrates in human consciousness, the more meaningful is the sexual intercourse, because there is nothing else that enters you as deeply as sex. Perhaps this is because ordinarily you are never in any deeper state than

the state you are in at the time of sexual intercourse. Only on attaining samadhi, enlightenment, will you transcend sex, because only in samadhi will you attain a deeper state.
So Jung was ecstatic seeing these statues, but the pundit was very troubled that he should be showing his guest such an exhibition of obscenity.What would Westerners think of Indian civilization if Jung were to tell them what he had seen at Konarak? And it was not just this one particular pundit who thought this way; even Mahatma Gandhi used to say that Konarak and Khajuraho temples should be buried under the ground so that people did not get a poor impression of Indian culture. There was a time when there were people in this country who created Konarak and Khajuraho, and they were created under the guidance of saints and mystics... because they are temples. Then came happening such great mahatmas in our country who wished to bury them or tear them down. I cannot regard Mahatma Gandhi as a Hindu. He is a Christian; his outlook, his whole education, his concepts, are all Christian. Christians are very afraid of things like this. A Christian cannot even think that there could be a statue of sexual intercourse or a Shivalinga in a church.
As Jung was leaving this pundit mumbled, "Please excuse us! These perversions are the reflections of a few sick minds from the distant past; this is not our national character. And do not think that the things you have seen here are representative of our religion or philosophy. These are just the products of some perverted minds."
Jung has written in his memoirs, "I was astonished to come across statues of such depth and such significance!" But the

modern day Hindu has such a view about them.... The Hindu has gone weak.

The Shivalinga symbolizes a state in which your whole body can experience sexual ecstasy through every fiber of it. And it is only then that you would be free of genital sex and would have attained to celibacy.

So celibacy is not renunciation of sexual enjoyment but the taste of ultimate enjoyment. The enjoyment becomes so absolute that to experience it you do not need to do anything separately. A breeze passes and your every cell is thrilled by its touch as when the lover is caressed by his beloved.

But we have frightened our children so much that the fear of sex stays with them and they never attain to the deep intercourse that is possible in sex. The miserliness remains with them, the fear of losing energy hovers over them. It is a fear that does not diminish even when one has become the father or mother of a dozen children. An atheist can have the fear of losing energy, but it should not be so with a theist. The whole concept of a theist is that he is connected to the infinite source of energy. So for an atheist to be miserly about his semen is understandable, but it is beyond understanding in the case of a theist.

You will find it very difficult to express your love in your aloneness because of this fear. But I say to you, drop your fear and express your love onto a pillow just as you have expressed your anger onto it. Don't worry about the outcome, don't be in a hurry to judge the outcome. It may happen that in the beginning you get so excited that you may ejaculate. Take that ejaculation as an offering in the feet of the divine. The energy went to the source it comes

from; don't be fearful about it. Before long a moment will come in practicing this love meditation when there will be no ejaculation of semen. And as your meditation deepens and there is no ejaculation you will attain to a new experience -- that of orgasm without ejaculation, without losing energy, when your energy races madly within you and you are a typhoon of energy, you are a tide of energy, but you don't pour this tidal energy out of your body; rather this tide is assimilated within you, and becomes an inner dance.

Try to understand this difference rightly. One is the ordinary way of life -- what we call sexual enjoyment. A small tide catches hold of you, at the most a storm in a teacup! It is a local event related only to the genital organs. All the waves of energy arising anywhere in the body get centered at the genitals. And the tide passes in a few moments.... Yes, you were caught by a wind, you were swayed a little by it, but then all the energy was taken and thrown by the genitals. It is as though all the air were let out of a balloon; you become like a corpse and fall asleep. You have mistaken this momentary tide, which comes and is then lost, for sexual enjoyment, and it is not even the abc of sexual enjoyment.

Tantra's definition of sexual enjoyment is: Let your whole body be filled up with the tide, let your every cell vibrate with its thrill, so much so that in this state of trembling vibration you forget yourself utterly, you forget even that you exist -- only the dance remains, not the dancer; only the song remains not the singer. Let your whole being become ecstatic, in deep meditation, and you will touch a height. And each day you will rise higher.

And remember, this experience of rising high is experienced by your whole body. The way you feel the thrill and awakening now is all localized as far as the genitals, but in the other experience your whole body will become a Shivalinga, the phallic symbol, and you will feel that the form of your body has dissolved.

The Shivalinga is not a poetry, it is an experience. When the tidal flood of energy fills your whole body and your each and every cell is thrilled, then you will see around you a circle of light in the shape of Shivalinga and you will experience the substance of your entire body disappearing into that lightform. Only an egg-shaped form of light will remain. No eyes, no nose, no hands... all will disappear. This is the shape of your soul -- this shining egg-shaped form.

The day you entered your mother's womb it was a shivalinga-shaped point of light that actually entered; the body you acquired afterwards in the womb. When you leave the body, death happens -- it has happened earlier also -- the body, your form, will be left lying behind here and shivalinga, the lustrous point of light, will arise from it and set out on a new journey. What happened at the moment of conception, and happens again when you die, happens also at the ultimate state of sexual intercourse. But you were not conscious at the moment of your conception, and in the moment of your death you will again be unconscious. In the moment of this sex I am talking about -- and remember, this sex has nothing to do with the other, this has to do with your becoming a shivalinga of consciousness, breaking all barriers of the body within you -- you will for the first time experience the form of your

own self. And the bliss this self-form experiences with the existence, Tantra has called sexual intercourse. This can happen in your aloneness as well as with someone else. But I tell you, rather choose to experience it in your aloneness, because with the other the troubles are bound to erupt. If this happens in aloneness you have become liberated. Then if the same happens with the other also you will still know that it has nothing to do with the other; it is a free happening in itself. Light radiates from each and every pore, and within you the tide arises. And the difference is, there is no leaking of your energy in this total tide. How can it leak? The egg-shaped form prevents the leaking. There are no gaps in it from where your energy can leak. The energy starts moving in a circle, it does not leak. An inner circle is created and the energy begins to revolve in it until slowly slowly it merges back within you, it does not go out of you. It arises within you and it merges back in you like a tidal wave rising up in the ocean and merging back into it. Nothing is lost.

When for the first time you experience that the capability of orgasm touches the highest peak and merges back into you again, then your orgasm becomes stable in you, and then each moment you are in the ecstasy that a sexual person experiences just for a brief moment. This truly is the bliss of sainthood. The saints could drop sexual intercourse not because they had achieved control over semen; they could drop it because they had discovered the art of supreme intercourse. They have achieved a vast kingdom; they are no longer interested in rubbish and all the trouble that goes with it.

This is an achievement of the higher; the lower drops by itself. One who begins with dropping the lower, without having achieved the higher, falls into difficulty. The vast has not been found, and in dropping the lower he becomes very sad. This is why your so-called saints are unhappy, troubled, melancholy, defeated, and distressed, just existing somehow. From their eyes, from their bodies, the melody of the ultimate does not seem to be arising, and it does not appear that the veena of their hearts is making any music.
You also can become sad by going near them, you can also feel guilty going near them; going near them you can also feel that you are an absolute sinner. Going to them you can take some vows and penances on yourself, but you can never feel filled with inner gratitude and grace. You can attain some disease from them, but not ultimate health.
What I call ultimate health is the moment when you are able to create a circle of your peak energy. This will happen only in aloneness.
And what I am telling you is full of dangers -- all significant things are full of danger. The things which cannot harm you cannot offer you any benefits either. The things which can benefit you are the things which can harm you as well. The doors of loss and gain always open equally.
So what I am telling you is full of danger. Because in it is hidden the door to ultimate bliss, it is also possible that your love in aloneness and filling yourself up with sexual energy may turn just into something like masturbation. Then you have fallen into the danger. And this certainly is a danger, and it is through making you afraid of this danger that society has brought you to a state where all fragrance

of sex and love has disappeared from your life. I warn you of that danger. But this danger is only there when you do not enter into this experiment with awareness and start deceiving yourself. If you are not deceiving yourself then this self-indulgence in aloneness, this raising of the whole lovemaking process within yourself, can become the supreme attainment.

There will be stages to it. At the first stage there is a possibility of ejaculation. For women, a masturbation like situation can arise. But don't be afraid of it, and don't pay much attention to it. Let your attention be focused on what is happening within you, and direct your energy towards the excitement of your whole body. Don't just keep it localized, let your whole body be taken over. Your whole body has to become a trembling, quaking tempest. No part of your body has to be kept from participating. Let every cell dance and share in the delight and joy. If you allow the whole body to participate, the centralization at the genitals will diffuse through your whole body.

Psychologists call this state Polymorphus, of the whole body. They say that a new-born child enjoys sexual pleasure with the whole body, but slowly slowly we localize this energy. The whole body is erotic; this is why children can derive so much pleasure just from sucking their thumbs. Just watch a child sucking his thumb and it appears as if he is enjoying sex! Look... you may not have ever really looked -- there are some things to which we keep ourselves blind. So look at a child sucking his thumb, and you will see that his whole body is vibrating with pleasure as if a joyous shriek is spreading all over his body. He has fallen into that erotic dance. But it is beyond your

tolerance, and you pull immediately the thumb out of his mouth -- and you think you are teaching the child something.

Yes, you are teaching him one thing, and that is that his whole body does not remain erotic anymore. And the child's whole body is erotic. For him, the sex organ is not yet distinctive; his whole body is the state of the sex organ, so he can taste the thrill through any part of his body. Just turning over in his cradle he goes on tasting. Right now his whole body experiences the pleasure; soon we are going to convert this flowing river of delight into a canal. Then it will no longer flow all over the body, it will enter into the sex organ alone and from then on, all the moments of sexual happiness in his life will be localized -- and momentary -- at the genitals. Through the genitals the energy belonging to his whole body will be expelled, and his body will feel light.

The pleasure that we derive from sex is more a relief -- a relief from a weight -- than pleasure. The accumulation of energy creates tension, and when this energy is released you feel light. So often people use their sexuality as a drug to go to sleep. When your body is full of energy you feel restless and unable to sleep; once that energy has been discharged from the body you become light, tired, and you fall asleep. Other than this there is no great pleasure happening for you in the sexual act.

So when some monk argues that there is no pleasure in sex, you agree, because he is actually giving voice to your own experience. Or you nod agreement with him when he says, "Why indulge in this petty pleasure?" because for you sex

is no more than a petty pleasure. It hardly seems to be giving any pleasure; it is not much more than a habit. Habits have a certain trick to them. If, for example, a man is addicted to smoking cigarettes, he no longer gets much satisfaction out of smoking a cigarette; but if he does not smoke, he feels deprived and restless, he feels a craving for it. This is exactly the nature of habit. If you watch closely, you will see that if you do it you don't get anything from it, but if you don't do it you feel as if you are losing something. And this is just the way it is with sex for you: this too is only a habit, you just go on doing it. So when the priests and saints declare that there is nothing in it, you find yourself agreeing, because in your experience too there is no substance to your sexual act.

But I am telling you, if sex surges all over your body and becomes the Shivalinga.... It is a good idea if you keep a Shivalinga statue in the room you meditate in; no more important statue than Shivalinga was ever created on this earth. It embodies the shape of your soul, and it also secretly symbolizes that the energy of your soul can move in a circle within you. The day your energy moves in a circle within you and merges back in you, is the day when you don't lose energy and attain to bliss. And the more the energy goes on accumulating, the more bliss goes on growing. Soon a time comes when without losing anything, without staking anything, you are in bliss.

When bliss starts happening without any cause -- and this state of uncaused bliss is called satchitanand -- the intercourse with the whole existence begins. Your very being is a lovemaking, and even to breathe is orgasmic. You breathe in and you are filled with bliss; you breathe

out and you are filled with bliss! You don't need any special arrangements for your bliss. Whatever is happening becomes your bliss. You are sitting in the sun, the rays falling on your face, and this becomes bliss -- and a bliss like sexual orgasm. All bliss in its very nature is like sexual orgasm.

We have created the image of Shiva as ardhanarishwar, half male and half female. This is a unique phenomenon, and those who want to enter into the ultimate mystery of life will have to understand the personality of Shiva well. All other deities we have called deva,-god,-but Shiva we have called mahadeva -- the great god. We have not placed anyone higher than him. There are reasons for it. In the concept of Shiva we have hidden all the essence and keys of life.

Ardhanarishwar means that the day ultimate intercourse starts happening your own body becomes one half the wife and the other half the husband; half of your own energy is feminine and the other half masculine. It is just so, and the juice and attainment that happens between these two does not allow any dissipation of energy. If you ask any biologist today, he will agree. They say everybody is both male and female, is bisexual. And it should be so, because you are born out of the mating of a man and a woman. If you were to be created out of the mother alone, then you could be only female; or out of the father alone then you could be only male. But you are fifty percent of your mother and fifty percent of your father, you are half-half -- man and woman. You can be neither man nor woman; you are Ardhanarishwar!

Only recently has biology discovered the concept of Ardhanarishwar. We in the East established this concept at least fifty thousand years ago. And we did not discover this concept on the basis of biology, but on the basis of the experiences of yogis -- the meditators. When the yogi moves within he finds that he is both -- woman and man, yin and yang, matter and consciousness -- that both are meeting in him, that his inner man is merging in his inner woman and vice versa; that both are in a continual unhindered embrace, the circle has become complete. Psychologists too say that you are half man and half woman. If your conscious is male, then your unconscious is female; if your conscious is woman, then your unconscious is male -- and between the two a meeting is continually happening.

The world is created of duality, so you have to be the two. You are searching for the woman outside yourself because you do not know your inner woman; and you search for the man outside yourself because you do not know your inner man. And no man and no woman that you can find outside yourself will ever bring you fulfillment, because no man or woman as beautiful as the ones within you exist anywhere else. And you all have an inner blueprint of your inner being, and since birth you have been wandering around carrying that blueprint with you. So no matter how beautiful a woman you find, no matter how beautiful a man you find, after a short time you will begin to feel restless; you will begin to feel that there is no harmony.

All love affairs are unsuccessful, because to harmonize is almost impossible. If you find a woman who matches your inner blueprint, then perhaps there will be fulfillment. But

you won't find such a woman! It is impossible, because any woman you find must come from some mother and father; she is created in their images, and the blueprint you carry is your own, born within your own heart. When you suddenly find yourself in love with someone, it only means that in this person you have found some echo of the image you carry in your heart. This is what makes it possible to fall in love at first sight -- the fact that you find in someone that which you most desire. You find in them a reflection of the inner man or woman you desire -- you find in them something of the person you are carrying within but searching outside.

In China there is an old story that when God first created man and woman, they were created together, joined together as a true couple -- they were Ardhanarishwar. But this caused much inconvenience, because whenever there was any work to be done, they had both to go, two bodies together. So they prayed, "Let us be separated to make our lives easier and more convenient!" So God separated them, but in being separated during lives upon lives on this vast earth, they lost each other. Love is nothing but the search for that lost twin, the Chinese say and there can only be fulfillment only when you find him or her.

The earth is so vast -- and four billion men and women to search among! Life after life the search continues. You are looking for your woman, she is looking for her man, and there is no fulfillment. It seems an impossible task. It will be sheer coincidence if you find your partner -- the one who can bring you fulfillment.

This is a lovely story... only a story, but very beautiful and meaningful. In my view that meeting will never happen

until you turn your eyes inwards. The woman or man you are seeking is within you, and the art of creating that meeting of your inner man and woman is what yoga is. The day that meeting happens your energy never dissipates and celibacy is born. So my understanding of celibacy is not a concept of rejection or renunciation, it is a concept of ultimate indulgence.

It is the easiest thing in the world to misunderstand what I am saying. It is so easy to think that I am talking about bhoga, indulgence, rather than about yoga. This is why I am being criticized every day that all I am doing is preaching indulgence. And in a sense they are right: I am preaching indulgence -- but the ultimate indulgence. All of yoga, all of tantra, and all of religion preaches the same!

I call God the ultimate indulgence -- God is the experience of ultimate intercourse. Within oneself duality disappears, the duet comes to an end, nonduality has arisen. The embrace is of nonduality, where the two disappear and only the One remains. Such nonduality, such a union, can never be attained through the outer man or outer woman; the two will always remain. It is possible that you may for a moment forget the other, but only for a moment, and then the other will reappear. Even in the moments of intercourse you are you and your wife is your wife; somewhere you meet, somewhere you touch, but the union does not happen. So after every act of lovemaking you are left with a bitter taste, as if something has failed -- as if you were about to reach, but what you were reaching for disappeared. This is why the desire for intercourse is re-aroused again and again.

But no intercourse will fulfill you, because no intercourse can become samadhi; it only creates a hankering. The matter only comes to an end when the meeting of inner man and inner woman happens. Then all search outside is finished. Now there is no other, the duality has disappeared, and you are unified. Nonduality is an ultimate embrace, and such a person becomes like the Shivalinga -- a full circle within. A man who has entered self-communion, self-orgasm... such a person loses no energy.

Do you know that to lose energy sharp points are needed? The electricity of your body can be dissipated through your fingers, for example, but not through your head, because anything circular provides no exit for your energy, no place through which it can be dissipated. Energy can be discharged through the genitals; in fact, the genitals are the special arrangement for losing energy.

You have to understand that the body has two parts: one is from where the body takes energy in, the other is from where the body lets energy out. All the receiving parts are situated in the head; that is one end. This is why the head is round in shape; it is designed to take energy in, and not to lose it. You take in food through the mouth, air through the nose, light through the eyes, and sound through the ears. These are the receiving parts, receiving doors that allow things in but not out. At the other end, at the lower end of the body, are the organs for excreting and urinating, and here too are the genitals, which are also an exit point. So those who know have never regarded semen to be any more valuable than urine or excrements, and indeed it is so. Through it you let your energy out. At this end the body

expels what it had collected. It wants to get rid of it, -- it is excretion.

The head is round, it accumulates; the genital organ is pointed, it dissipates. This is why nature has so arranged the genitals that when a man is sexually aroused it becomes erect and pointed -- because the more pointed, the faster will be the discharge of energy. In the case of the Shivalinga, which is round, there is no possibility of any energy dissipation. The energy can revolve at its periphery, it can go on racing round and round, but it cannot escape. We have built round domes on the tops of temples so that the mantras chanted and prayers sung inside the temples do not escape but get echoed back onto the worshippers, showering on them and creating a circuit, a circle. This is the speciality of the temple and is not to be found in the mosque or the church. We created the temple exactly like the head, to gather and shower energy, so that anybody going under it gets suffused with energy, gathers strength. When the meeting of your inner man and woman happens, your head becomes like a temple.

If you understand rightly the architecture of the temple, you will see that it is created in the shape of the human body. Your body is rectangular; so is the temple. At the top of the temple is the headlike dome. When the yogi sits in padmasana, the lotus posture, he is exactly like a temple. It is this padmasana of the yogi that is the secret of temple architecture; exactly like it we have designed the temple, as a symbol, and just like this, in the moment of the inner meeting you will become a temple.

So don't be afraid of being alone. In the first stage it is possible you may ejaculate, but this is also nothing to be

afraid of. After all, your semen is also given by God; you offered it back to him. Why be a miser? And don't hinder the process by putting your fear in the way; no need to be uneasy about it. What is yours anyway? If not today then tomorrow, this body will be gone, and with it the semen. Now where are you going to take it? It is interesting to note how the priests and monks tell us not to store up wealth because we will only have to leave it behind when we die, and yet they suggest that we accumulate our semen. For what? This too you will have to leave here; it is part of the body and you cannot take it with you -- you cannot take it anywhere!

So even if ejaculation happens, don't be afraid, and don't feel guilty about it, because the moment you feel guilty your meditation will be blocked. The semen was given by God and he took it! Thank him and move into your meditation. The ejaculations will soon come to an end -- they only happen because you have suppressed them forcibly. Once you have stopped suppressing the ejaculation will vanish, and before long the moment will come when you will meet your beloved within.

So whether it is sex or anger or whatever impulse, the meditator has not to link it up with the other. This is the meaning of the world: the other is necessary for my impulses to be expressed. And the meaning of sannyas is: I alone am responsible for my impulses. This becoming alone is the very meaning of sannyas. And if you need the other for impulses, how are you ever going to enter into sannyas? Nor is there any need to leave home and go to the forest or to run away from your wife; all you need to do is to cast off your dependency on the other for your impulses.

You alone become your own master. You can be just by yourself, the other is not necessary for you to be. This does not mean that you will not be able to love your wife any longer. You will certainly be able to love her, but now your love will be the gift of a free individual. It will have its own beauty, its own glory.

The love that you give now is given under obligation -- it is a feature of your dependency. This is why lovers are always in anger about each other. I know hundreds of couples, but I have not seen a single couple where each lover is not in anger with the other. There is a reason for this and it is only natural that it is so. It is because on whomsoever we are dependent, that person seems to be the master and we feel like a mere slave, -- and this is how they both feel, because both are dependent. There is no master, both are slaves! Enslaved to a slave -- because both depend on the other, and because of this dependency they exploit each other.

When controversy arises in the home, it is often the wife who wins -- whether she is right or wrong -- because the husband is dependent on her for sex. He is afraid that if he gets into arguments with her she will sexually reject him; and since he needs this sex, bargaining has to be done. So the husbands often lose! -and the wives know it. So the wives create trouble only on two occasions: either when he is at his meal or when he is feeling horny. These are the two things for which he is dependent on her; he is a slave to these two. So just as the husband sits at the dining table the wife raises the problems and the trouble begins. Now the husband is afraid -- somehow he must make sure that he

can eat his meal in peace, so halfheartedly he says yes to whatever his wife is demanding.

Remember, food and sex have a connection. Food is necessary for your existence -- the existence of the individual; and sex is also a kind of food, food for the society. The husband is dependent on both. So even the mightiest of men in the world become soft and pliable in their homes. Even Napoleon was afraid of Josephine when he came home from the wars. Back home, the warfare, the battlefield and the bravery are all forgotten, because here one is dependent. Now he is dependent on Josephine; now he has to get something from her, and she may refuse him. Don't think it is only prostitutes who sell their bodies -- wives do just the same,... because this too is a bargaining: if you agree to such and such things you can have the body; if not you can't have the body. So husbands are constantly in anger over the wives and the wives are constantly in anger over the husband, because she too is as dependent on him over this matter.

Wherever there is dependency there will be anger, not love. Only when you are no longer dependent will you be able to love. The day you have become self-dependent in the dimension of love, you can be alone then and there will not be even a dent in your bliss. Yes, only from that day on you will be able to love, and only then will your wife cease to bother you, because now she will know that to nag you has no meaning, that manipulation will no longer work, because your dependency has come to an end.

As things are the home is the scene of great warfare, because we have to battle against the person on whom we feel dependent. It is a scene of perpetual conflict, a tug of

war. To become a sannyasin does not mean that now you will no longer love; it means that now love will be your gift, not your dependency. Now you know how to give; now you will share, but this now is the gift of a free person. And you will ask for nothing in return; you will only give because giving is your joy now.

And if ever two individuals are able to give love to each other in such a way that giving is their joy and not any kind of dependency or bargaining, only that day will the phenomenon of husband and wife happen in this world. Everything else is just a formal institution. Only then some personalities occur like Rama and Sita, or Radhakrishna or Gaurishankar... Radhakrishna, Gaurishankar or Sitarama are not even remembered separately; it is not appropriate to remember them separately, they are no more separate. Between them there was not the slightest conflict, so they cannot be separated from each other.

Remember this: conflict separates, love unites. So there is not even a hyphen in Sitarama -- even that much separation is not right. So Gaurishankar, Radhakrishna and Sitarama have become singular names; it is not even right to call them a pair of names. Such an inner unity has taken birth.

If you do not get afraid and you can experience your love, your anger, your sex, on your own, you will become a free individual. And all the joys of life are for those who are free. And life showers all its treasures on those who are free. It is entirely in your hands that you can own those treasures.

Question

BELOVED OSHO, AFTER ALL, WHAT CAN WE ASK? YET YOU HAVE MADE US ASK QUESTIONS!

You may be unable to ask, you may find it difficult to ask, but in the mind that you have nothing else but questions can grow. This is a catharsis for you. I tell you to ask so that you get catharted. Mind asks. you may not find courage to ask, to expose your question, you may feel shy or afraid, but the mind constantly asks. Only questions grow in the mind, not answers. Mind is nothing but a system for giving birth to questions.

Mind raises questions about everything. So it is possible that you may not ask because it is not your way, because of your reserved nature, or your feeling that the question is trivial or irrelevant or absurd, not worth asking; or your feeling that you may look so ignorant asking such a simple question -- all these fears may prevent you from asking. But then you will only sit tight with the question suppressed within you, and these suppressed questions will go on haunting your mind constantly.

I am utterly against suppression in any form. There should be no suppression of your questions either, otherwise the question will haunt you through life after life. All that you suppress in yourself remains in you. Go on asking so that it is catharted out. Don't think that the answer I will give to your question will satisfy you: that is not going to happen. My answers are not going to bring your questioning to an end either; my answers are going to create thousands more questions in you! This is why I look at you after I have answered your question -- because the answer must have created new questions in you. Just in the time I have been

answering your question you must have created thousands of new questions. No, my answer is never going to become your answer, it will only raise new questions in you.
Then why am I answering? To make you aware of certain things. Every answer will create further questions. Slowly slowly you will become aware -- you will come to experience certain things. The first thing you will experience is that the answer is not going to answer you -- for that you will have to search somewhere else. You will never find the answer from anyone else; you will have to search it for yourself. Even if the question gets solved intellectually, it does not bring the solution to you.
So this question-and-answer race, which is an intellectual race, leads nowhere. You will have to go on a race of the heart. So much asking, so much answering, and in the end you will see that far from getting less your confusion has grown more; that your questions have increased rather than becoming less. Only then, perhaps, you may become aware that the answer to the questions is not in answers; the answer to the questions is in meditation.
Answers are given from outside, meditation has to be cultivated from within. The answers to the questions are not in the scriptures. Because it is in the nature of mind to create questions, reading the scriptures will only generate more questions. The answer lies in getting free from your mind. Until the mind drops, the questioning will continue.
You are in your minds, and so I ask you to go on asking. This is not going to solve anything for you directly, but an indirect solution can become available. Slowly slowly you will become aware that this asking and this answering are just games, that this is not going to help, that how long am I

going to go on pushing these chess pieces around the board? And finally, one day, you will throw the whole chess set away!

In Japan there is a tradition: whenever someone comes to a Zen master, he brings his sitting mat with him. He unrolls the mat, sits on it, and asks his question. Then he has to leave his mat there, and each day, whenever he has a question to ask, he comes and sits on his mat and asks the question. This sometimes continues for years together. Then a day comes when he becomes tired of this asking and being answered, and he realizes that all this is just nonsense. He rolls up his mat, puts it under his arm, and leaves. The day he rolls up his mat, the master says, "Have you rolled up your mat? Good! My blessings to you!" Rolling up the mat is symbolic of getting tired of asking questions and getting answers to them, of asking and listening. Now he stops both, and from that day his meditation begins.

So the day you will roll up your mat and start to run away, and I will stop you and tell you to ask me more questions, and you will say "No!" -- that is the day I shall bless you. You want to ask, but are afraid to. So I tell you to ask, and I answer you so that you may ask more. You have to be made tired, you have to be made thoroughly tired; you have to be made so tired that you fall down and say, "That's enough! No more questions, no more answers!" In that moment the first ray of meditation will descend on you. In that moment you will be tired of your mind, and you will be able to throw it into a corner and say, "Now I want experience, not answers; now I want the solution, not answers!" And the solution is only in samadhi.

Enough for today.

Nowhere To Go But In

Chapter #13
Chapter title: None
6 June 1974 am in Buddha Hall

[NOTE: This is a translation from the Hindi discourses: Nahim Ram Bin Thaon. It is being edited for publication, and this version is for reference only.]

Question
BELOVED OSHO,
YOU HAVE SAID THAT THERE IS NO WAY WE CAN MOVE IN ANY DIMENSION THAT GOES AGAINST NATURE. THE QUESTION THEN IS, SHOULD WE FLOAT OR SWIM IN THE OCEAN OF NATURE? SHOULD WE LIVE IN FRIENDSHIP OR IN ENMITY WITH NATURE, AND AT WHAT POINT IS THE VIOLATION OF NATURE? YOU ALSO HAVE EXPLAINED TO MOVE IN ACCORD WITH NATURE, TO FLOAT IN ITS RIVER, NOT TO SWIM.
WHAT WILL BE THE ALCHEMY OF NAHIN RAM BIN THAON -- RAMA THE ONLY REFUGE -- IN RELATION TO THIS? PLEASE TALK TO US ABOUT THIS.

There is no way to go against nature, because there is nothing at all that is not nature. All that is, is nature. There

is no way to be in conflict with nature, because who is it who is going to be in conflict when there is nothing other than nature? But what is possible is to adopt a state of mind, an attitude, that says, "I am fighting with nature." This much is possible.

When you are swimming in the river then too you are not against nature, because swimming too is natural. And the river is not fighting you even when you are fighting her, so there is simply no way that you can be in enmity with nature. But you can hold the idea that you are fighting, and be obsessed with the madness of winning and losing. If you do this you will be in suffering. Nature will not be in any suffering because of it, nor will nature make it a point that you should change. Nature will just go on her own way until eternity, not pausing even for a single moment to ask you, "What is this you are doing?" She knows nothing of your fight, of your state of conflict. She is not even aware that you ever fought with her.

But if this idea takes root in your mind that you are fighting, that you have to win and not lose, then you will be in a state of trouble unnecessarily. This trouble too is natural. This too is nature, that if you fight then you will lose, win, think, become sad, and all that goes with it -- this too is nature.

In this world, everything is nature -- sadness, happiness, even ultimate bliss. It is all up to you. If you cling to some false concepts you will become sad, if you catch hold of simple, natural concepts you will become happy, and if you drop all concepts you will be blissful. All this goes on within you.

Remember, when a thorn pricks your foot and gives you pain, the pain, the thorn and your body are all natural phenomena. And then when you pull out the thorn with your hand, the hand which is pulling the thorn out is natural; the happiness, the disappearance of pain that you feel after removing the thorn, that is natural -- there just isn't anything unnatural, cannot be. All natural means is that which can happen, that which is happening. Man's wandering is natural, his fall into ignorance is natural.

So the question is not of choosing between the natural and the unnatural, because everything is natural. But the suffering, the happiness, and bliss, all fall within the realm of nature. You are unhappy, and seeing this I tell you that it is possible to be happy; all you have to do is float, instead of swimming. And you also have the opportunity to become blissful; don't swim, and don't float -- just become one with the river. But all the three situations are natural. Understand it in this way: when you are healthy you are natural, but when you are sick -- what then? Do you think that sickness is not natural? Then where does sickness come from? Sickness is as much a part of nature as health. But in sickness you find unhappiness, while in health you find happiness.

So now it is up to you to choose which path of nature you want to travel -- of suffering, of happiness, or of bliss. All three doors are open to you all the time, and on nature's part there is no pressure, no insistence, no punishment, no reward whichever door you choose. Nature is quite neutral in this matter, she is not going to push you one way or another. It is all left to you. This is why I say that when you are in suffering it is through your own choice. And if you

are enjoying being unhappy, then nobody is stopping you, help yourself to as much as you want! But the difficulty is that you are being miserable about being in misery as well, and you are also not being alert that you are in it of your own choice.

So the first thing you have to understand is that nature is an indifferent flow, it has no preferences. But if you want to be unhappy you will have to live a certain kind of lifestyle -- of conflict, of fight, and of the desire for winning. And whoever will desire to win, he will be defeated, because how can a part, a tiny part win over the whole? For a drop there is no possibility of victory against the ocean; in the very fact of her being a drop is inscribed the defeat. How is it possible that a drop can conquer the ocean? Is there any way that you can be defeated by your hand? Even to fight against you the hand will require your energy. It is like a father wrestling with his child: it is just part of the father's fun that he can allow the child to be victorious; he can allow the child to climb on his chest and sit there like the winner. But this too the father will have to manage for the child. And though the child may be under the illusion that he is the winner, the father knows very well that there is no way for the child to win.

When you win it is the divine who is playing with you just as the father plays with the child. You cannot really win -- it is impossible, because the part cannot win against the whole. How can a fraction be greater than the total? No, there is no way, but at times you may feel that you are winning. This is nothing but the father managing his defeat at the hands of his child. It is his play. And if you have got caught up in wrong notions about it, you are going to be

unhappy, because the play is not going to continue forever. Many times you are going to lose. The day you will realize that defeat is unavoidable, you will stop trying to win.
To renounce the desire to win is sannyas. And it is only the one who has renounced the desire to win who knows that Rama is the only refuge, that Rama is the final shelter; there is nowhere any way to go against Rama. This is like Ravana's defeat at the hands of Rama: in between there are several mini-victories for Ravana, there are several stopovers on the way when Ravana seems to be winning, when Ravana too starts feeling that he is winning and begins to hope that the final victory is also going to be his. But the final victory can never be Ravana's. No matter how long the game goes on, the final victory will be Rama's. Ravana will win many times during the game; Rama will win only once, but that will be final. The part may win many times in small games on the way, but in the final and decisive game it will be defeated.
The one who has come to understand this, has known and realized this, who has seen himself as the part, he gives up fighting. And the miracle is that the moment he gives up fighting he wins... because the moment you give up fighting, you cease to be, only Rama remains. It is through fighting that you save your 'I'. When you simply don't fight and just accept your defeat, you disappear -- the drop disappears and becomes the ocean. Now Rama's victory is actually your victory. Now you can never be defeated. Earlier you could never win, the victory was impossible, now the defeat is impossible; because now you are one with the whole. You are no longer a wave, you are the ocean now. Who can defeat you now?

Lao Tzu says, "The man who is set on winning will lose, and the man who has accepted defeat cannot be defeated." Over and over again Lao Tzu says that you cannot defeat him because he is already defeated. There is no way to fight against the defeated, so how can you defeat him?

The man who has accepted defeat is, in that accepting, a sannyasin, and some of the names we give to one who has accepted defeat mean the victor. The word jin for example -- one of the names given to Buddha and Mahavira. Jin means the one who has won. From this comes the word jain which is used for the followers of Mahavira, meaning those who have accepted jin, the victorious man, Mahavira.

But when does Mahavira win? In what moment does his victory take place? It happens precisely in the moment that he is not there. As long as you are there you will be defeated -- you are the very formula and the basis of your defeat! But the moment you are not, the victory has happened. Defeat has disappeared along with you; that which remains now is the ever-victorious element.

This is why we changed Mahavira's name. His original name was Vardhamana; this too is a beautiful and thought-provoking name. Vardhamana means the one who goes on expanding, winning. But as long as he was Vardhamana he knew only defeat. Vardhamana is a name for our expanding desires: they expand and expand unceasingly, no matter where they may reach to. Desire is like the horizon, always there to be reached for and always receding, no matter how far you travel. So Vardhamana was the name given to Mahavira by his father; the father had only ambition to give to his son. His desire for his son was only this: that

everything should go on increasing and blossoming and becoming fruitful for ever.

So Vardhamana was Mahavira's name, and of course, as long as he remained Vardhamana he went on losing. But then came the day when Vardhamana dissolved, his ego disappeared, and Mahavira was born. To be Mahavira means the end of defeat. His courage has taken him to such a peak that none can ever defeat him now. But this courage was only born when Vardhamana dissolved. Disappearance of Vardhamana is the birth of Mahavira.

I remember an interesting incident related to all this that happened a few years ago. I was at a temple of Mahavira, and after a Jaina monk had spoken to the worshippers I was invited to speak. I said, "Vardhamana and Mahavira are two separate individuals and only when Vardhamana died was Mahavira born. As long as Vardhamana is there, there is no way that Mahavira can also be there. The man called Vardhamana is not Mahavira, and if you think that Vardhama's life is Mahavira's life, then you are under a great illusion."

The Jaina monk was very perturbed and agitated. He thought that someone utterly unacquainted with the Jaina scriptures had come to speak. He was so agitated that he stood up and interrupted, shouting, "No, no, what you are saying is utterly wrong. Vardhamana and Mahavira are one and the same person. And it seems that you know nothing of the Jaina scriptures."

I said, "I may or may not know Jaina scriptures, but I know jinahood. And in the light of jinahood, Vardhamana and Mahavira are two separate individuals. You only know what is written in the books, but I know that Vardhamana's

life is not Mahavira's! Vardhamana went to the jungle specifically to dissolve Vardhamana. And the day the seed of Vardhamana broke, its shell fell off, Mahavira sprouted."
Even then this Jaina monk could not grasp the point. The intellect stuffed with concepts is incapable of understanding anything. Then he became so angry that I was saying such a topsy-turvy thing that he was completely out of his senses and lost all his awareness. In order to understand, some awareness is a must. Then those who know too much about the scriptures.... the dust of scriptures covers their eyes and it becomes impossible for them to see life as it really is.
I knew as well as he did that names Vardhamana and Mahavira belonged to the same man, but this is the most superficial level of understanding, and there is an inner discontinuity between the two. On the surface, yes, the names belong to the same man; and it is the man born as Vardhamana who will die as Mahavira. On the outer there is a continuity -- but in the inner? In the inner one chain has ended and a new chain has begun. In the inner, the man who was born has come to an end and a new experience, a new remembrance of the one who is never born and never dies has dawned, and that is Mahavira.
Understand this well. As long as you are, defeat is your destiny. The very notion of fighting is foolish. It is as if one is fighting with oneself: he is bound to lose. It is as if one is fighting with the current: he will lose. The day the understanding dawns that, Who is there to be fought against? that, There is no one else except me! that, It is only me all over and all around, and it is myself who is in the

other too! that, I and you are not separate and divisible, the defeat comes to an end, but so do you the same moment!
When people don't like a particular doctor they say, "The patient's disease is not going to end until the patient dies." It may not be true there, but it is true about religion: the disease will not end till the patient dies, because the disease and the patient are two names of the same phenomenon. The disease will only end when you die because you are the disease. The whole search of all the religions may differ in their details but their essence is the same, and that is: how the individual can disappear so that the whole may take his place, because only then is there supreme bliss. How can there be unhappiness if you are not there? The more strongly you are, the deeper is your suffering.
Understand this thoroughly, that suffering, happiness and bliss, everything is nature. If you are fighting, you receive suffering from nature. Not that nature gives you suffering; the suffering comes from your very fighting, suffering is the shadow of your fight. Like the gravitation of the earth... you may feel nothing of the pull of gravity when you are walking along, but if you are drunk, if you walk haphazardly, you will fall down and you may break your leg. This breaking of the leg is happening because of gravitation, the pull of the earth. All the time the earth is pulling you; whether you are bending over, horizontal or standing erect, it is pulling. Its pull has no concern with you. If you lean too much, fall down and hurt your leg, you will be in suffering, but you cannot say that it is the gravity which broke your leg or caused your suffering.
Gravitation is a law; it is how things are. In just the same way, if you try to walk through the wall you are going to

get your head broken. Can you say that the wall broke your head? Often, this is exactly what people do say. But it is you who broke the head, the wall was simply standing there; if you had avoided walking into the wall, the wall was not going to walk over to hurt your head. Walk through the doorway and your head will not get broken! Walk through the wall and your head will be broken.

Anyone taking on the idea to fight against nature will get his head broken and cause himself to be unhappy. The one who offers nature no fight, who has surrendered, is walking through the doorway and will not get his head broken. He will even forget that he is. In him there is no conflict, and actually no surrender either, because even in surrender one still feels, "I am". No, neither is there willpower nor surrender; neither I am fighting nor am I giving up the fight, because how can I fight or give up when I am not there? Thus happens the supreme bliss. It is showering even now. The door is open but you are so busy fighting with the wall! You behave as though it is a law of nature to fight the wall! And mostly people are following this very law -- of fighting with the wall.

Have you ever noticed what happens to a bird when it flies into your room through the window? It tries so desperately to get out, it flies and bumps into each and every wall except the very window through which it entered. Now this is very interesting: what might this bird's logic be? One thing is , that if it has come in through the window, then the window is its way out. The way in is the way out, there is not going to be some other way. This too is certain, that if you could come in, you will be able to go out. But one needs to know how he came in...

This bird flies everywhere looking for the way out -- everywhere except the window, that is -- and the more he dashes about the room colliding with objects and injuring himself, the more frightened and nervous he becomes, and in his fear he cannot see the window. If you try to help him find the way out he becomes even more frightened, so much so that he may kill himself in his desperate efforts to escape. Often one feels like helping the bird to get out through the window, but even if you try, he won't go to the window.

This is precisely what happens to the disciples at the hands of many masters. The master pushes them to get out through the window, but because of this very pushing the disciples bump badly in to the walls.

The great master will not push you. His very task is to become as though he is not in the room at all -- and in this very presence of his absence you will be able to be relaxed and light. Nervousness increases because of the presence of the other and one is not able to get out, is behaving foolishly in front of the other. This creates even more anxiety, and this anxiety blinds you further. Then in such a feverish state you don't see anything at all and you behave like a blind man.

Then why does not this bird get out of the room through the same window it came in -- which is so logical? But this is exactly how we are behaving too. Certainly deep down somewhere the basis of our logic is the same as that of this bird's, and that logic is: "How can I get out through the same door by which I entered, when in and out seem to be opposites? If in and out are opposites, there must be

another door!" But in fact in and out are not two; they are the two sides of the same reality.

One who understands will see that you leave by the same way through which you entered; there cannot be any other way out. Coming to me here from your home you followed a certain route, and that will be your way back home as well. Now the intellect can question, "How can you return to the house on a road which led you away from the house?" Here a small difference has to be taken into account. Coming here your face was towards me, your back towards your house; returning to your house, your face will be pointed towards the house and your back towards me. This will be the only difference. Except this you are the same, the house is the same, the road is the same. The place from where man enters into existence is the place where he returns to.

Yesterday you had asked about sexual desire. This is worth understanding in that context also. The child in the mother's womb is actionless, devoid of sexual desire; he is in a state of no-sex. He is unaware of anything. When you are unaware of even yourself, how can you have the idea of indulgence? If there is an ego it desires indulgence, and if no indulgence is available, this ego becomes unhappy. But for the child in the womb there is as yet no question of indulgence, because the child is not yet separate, he is one with the mother. The state in which one exists in the womb is also the state of moksha, liberation.

The womb is a miniature form of the bliss called moksha. The child is one with the mother, one with his original source. The mother's breath is his breath, the mother's blood circulation is his blood circulation, the mother's

heartbeat is his heartbeat. If the mother dies the child will die. As yet, the mother's life is his life; separation has not yet happened, the ego is not yet born, the child is still in the bliss of moksha. The same phenomenon happens in the attainment of supreme godliness; the whole of existence becomes the mother's womb. In the temples, the place where the statue of God or the deity is located is called garbhgriha, the womb chamber. The day the whole universe becomes a temple to you, that is the day you have re-entered the garbhgriha, the womb chamber. Then you are no longer the same as you used to be.

So those people who have imagined God in the female form rather than the male are closer to the truth. The concept of a male God is not right, because then he cannot be a womb. It is more appropriate to conceive of God in the form of a woman. It is only because of man's ego that God is commonly regarded as male. If we try to understand leaving ego aside then it is only appropriate to see God as a woman, because there should be space in God. In moksha is space -- the possible womb to which we can return. The concept of jagat-janani, jagadamba -- the mother of the world -- is closer to the truth. Where is the space in a man? Where will you go in him? There is no room in man, no womb in man. God becomes the womb, and you become a child again when your godliness is born.

So the first state is of no-sex. Try to understand its evolvement, because this is where the mystic is going to return to. The second step is auto-erotic: the child loves himself, plays with his own body, is blissful for no reason; there is no companion, he is having fun lying there on his own, smiling. Mothers think the child is enjoying

recollections from his previous life. He is simply absorbed in auto-eroticism; he is the lover, and he himself is the beloved. Then there is the third step -- the homosexual phase. Now boys want to be with other boys, and girls with other girls; this is an age when boys are in harmony with boys and girls with girls -- when boys are in love with boys and girls with girls.

This is why childhood friendships can never be recaptured. The friendship of childhood is like the friendship of lovers; it will be there for the whole life. Never again will any friendship like childhood friendship happen, no taste of a similar friendship is to be had again in life. One will come across many people in life, many good people, relationships will happen, but at the most they will become acquaintances -- nothing like the childhood friendships, because that homosexual stage is not repeated again in life. Many people remain homosexuals, which only means that they did not grow up rightly.

In the West today it has become a very prevalent disease that many men are able only to love men, and many women to love only women. They have their own literature -- books, magazines -- and organizations. They fight the governments of their countries that they too should have the legal rights of marriage. Some countries like Denmark and Sweden have even legalized such a marriage; a man can marry a man, if they both want so. This homosexual stage is natural in childhood, but if it stays on with you into your adulthood it means retardedness has happened, it means that you have stopped on some rung of the ladder of growth -- you could not go any further. The third stage is homosexuality, and the fourth is heterosexuality, when love

is felt for people of the opposite sex, when love is between man and woman.

These are the four stages. Now there are two alternatives in it: one is that one escapes into the jungle in conflict with the whole journey of sex; one fights with it, one suppresses it -- the so-called ascetic, the penitent. Such a man is not on a return journey, the circle is not being completed. In this way a nonindulgence is born that we usually see in sadhus and saints. But I call this a paralyzed nonindulgence; it is not real nonindulgence, because you have only gone out on your journey, you have not made the return journey, the circle is incomplete. And until the circle is complete the journey is not finished.

Everything in the universe is traveling a circular path; the moon, the stars, the earth, the sun, the life -- everything is circular in its motion. Existence does not believe in straight lines, it only recognizes circles. Everything should come back to the same point from where it began. This is the unique finding and glory of tantra.

Tantra says that nonindulgence is to be attained, but it is to be attained by returning back to the source. The fourth stage is heterosexual, sexual attraction and love towards the opposite sex, and the return journey begins from here. The stage preceding it is homosexual. All the religions of the world that have any psychological understanding have made arrangements for this stage. The Buddhists have their sangha, the commune, where bhikshus and bhikshunis live quite separately, so that relations with the opposite sex are minimized; the bhikshus live together, and the bhikshunis together separately. Christians have their monasteries where the monks and nuns are kept apart. And there are

some Catholic monasteries where people are only allowed to enter: once in, they never come out again. Those doors open only to let people in, not to let anybody out, so anyone who enters through these doors has dropped out of the world of relations with the opposite sex. Now he will live only with other males. He will have friendships of the same quality he had in the childhood. He is completing the circle. One has to go even further back and become like a child again, in love with himself. Now the male and female both have disappeared; the sannyasin sitting in his cave is engrossed in himself. This state of meditation is auto-erotic, self-indulgent; it is being just like an infant who is blissful lying in his cradle. There is no need of the other for him to be blissful, his own being is enough bliss. This is the state of meditation.

But one has to go still further back, where even the awareness of self has to disappear. Now one has returned back to the womb. The name of this stage is samadhi -- enlightenment. Now one has become a child in the womb of existence, and is no longer aware even of himself. One has become innocent, one with the whole existence. The circle is completed, and once again the state of nonindulgence has blossomed -- this ultimate state I call celibacy, brahmacharya.

If you kept going ahead in a linear movement and after the fourth stage you turned into a celibate in the fifth state, this celibacy will be a repression and it will be perverted and there can be no beauty in it. There will be no trace of that glory in it which marks the child who is in the mother's womb.

Nonindulgence to self-indulgence to homosexuality to heterosexuality and then the return journey. And the day you complete the circle the supreme peace will descend on you, blessings will start showering on you from all directions. This man has come back home. This is what the Zen masters call coming back home: one has come back to the place one had started from. One has attained to the original source.

If you fight with the nature, that too is natural. If you surrender to nature, that too is natural. And if you let go of yourself, forget yourself altogether -- neither conflict, nor surrender -- that too is natural. It is all natural... because how can anything be unnatural? So the question is not of choosing between natural and unnatural, the question is of choosing between unhappiness, happiness and bliss. All three doors are open to you. Wherever you want to go, go consciously. If you want to be unhappy, then be unhappy consciously. Nobody is preventing you, and there is no dependency at all in this matter. For anyone who wants to be unhappy there are numerous ways to be so. But remember, you are arranging it yourself with your own hands; don't blame anyone else. If you want to have happiness, then have that; and if you are ready for bliss, then have bliss. But no one else here is to be blamed for your unhappiness and happiness, and neither can anyone else be thanked. You are living alone.

This is the concept that has been called the theory of karma. The whole essence of the theory of karma is that all that comes to you is of your own doing; neither does nature give you anything, nor does any God. You cultivate your

own life, and from the seeds you sow grow the fruits you will harvest -- and this is all you have ever been doing. The only thing worth looking into is that if your doings get you in trouble, it only means that you are going against nature. And if your doings bring you happiness and health, it means you are walking hand-in-hand with nature. To go against is unhappiness, to go with is happiness. But if you become blissful, you are neither with nor against nature, you are one with nature.
Oneness is bliss.

Question
BELOVED OSHO, AS LONG AS WE ARE IDENTIFIED WITH THE BODY, WE DO NOT CARE FOR IT. INSTEAD WE USE IT AS A TOOL TO SATISFY THE EGO. BUT AS OUR IDENTIFICATION WITH THE BODY STARTS DIMINISHING, THERE ARISES SLOWLY A NEW ACQUAINTANCE, A NEW SENSE OF FRIENDSHIP WITH THE BODY. WHY THIS PARADOX?

As one starts becoming peaceful, all feelings of enmity begin to drop away. Enmity towards whom is also not the point; the very feeling of enmity begins to drop from within. A blissful person can have only the feelings of friendliness. As your meditation will deepen you will find that you have become friendly to everybody. Those who were yours are still yours, but those who were strangers have also become yours.
The ignorant person, no matter how much identified he may be, treats the body not as his own, and no matter how

much he may be living in the body he lives in enmity with it. It does not matter how much you decorate your body, but from within you have an enmity with your body. You may not have recognized the fact but you are an enemy to your body. This enmity can be expressed in two ways. One way to express it is to use the body as a vehicle for indulgence... because then you are destroying the body and giving birth to all kinds of illnesses and sorrows in the body. So one way of manifesting enmity with the body is that of the indulgent person; he rots. The other way is of the renouncer. He does not destroy the body through indulgence, he tortures it. He makes the body sleep on a bed of thorns, he keeps it hungry, he whips it -- he tortures the body directly. The pleasure seeker tortures the body indirectly, but both torture the body and both are enemies to the body; neither is a friend.

One of the disciples of Buddha was Shrona. He was a prince who left home, renounced his palaces. He was a great pleasure seeker as a prince; he had made all arrangements in his palace for pleasure and indulgence. He had never walked on foot; even while walking up the staircase of his palace he would have naked women standing on either side on whose shoulders he could rest his hands. His whole life was music, dance and merriment, that's all. All day long he would sleep, and the whole night he would drink wine and spend in music and dance parties. Then one day Buddha visited his town, and Shrona became his disciple. Buddha's followers were astonished and they said, "We never thought that Shrona would ever become a sannyasin. You have performed a miracle."

"No," said Buddha, "it is no miracle on my part, not in the least. Shrona was bound to become a sannyasin, because mind travels from one extreme to the other. Before long you will see his behaviors: your actions are nothing compared to what you will see from Shrona."

And that was the way it happened. Soon people saw that Shrona was the most ascetic among them. Buddha's bhikshus used to take one meal a day; Shrona would take one meal in two days. If other bhikshus would walk on the road, Shrona would walk on the rocky and thorny path. While other bhikshus kept at least one piece of cloth to cover themselves, Shrona would stay naked. Other bhikshus would rest under the shadow of some tree at noon, but Shron would be standing out in the sun.

"You see," said Buddha, "he was torturing his body before he became a bhikshu, and he is torturing it even now. Previously he was torturing it in the form of indulgences, now he is torturing it in the form of penances, but the torture, the enmity continues."

Within six months nothing remained of Shrona's beautiful body but dry bones, wrinkled and dried up, his eyes sunken, his feet full of wounds and blisters; nobody could have recognized that this was prince Shrona.

One night Buddha visited his hut and said to him, "Shrona, I hear that you were an expert at playing veena when you were a prince. I would like to ask you one thing: Will music still arise from the instrument if the strings are stretched too taut?"

Shrona replied, "Yes, music will still arise, but it will sound very shrill; and if the strings are really too taut they will snap and there will be no music."

Then Buddha asked him, "And if the strings are very slack -- what then?"
Shrona said, "Then too, music will not be born. Or if it will be, it will sound very dreary and lifeless. And if the strings are slackened enough there will be no music at all."
Buddha asked, "Then what is the law governing the birth of music from the instrument?"
Shrona said, "The strings should be stretched to a middle point -- not too tight, not too loose."
There is a point at which neither you can say they are too tight nor you can say they are too loose, and to discover that middle point is the musician's skill. Many people are able to play but it takes the skill of a great musician to find that middle point. When a musician starts with his instrument he takes such a long time tuning it; he sets it by hammering to change the tension, the combination of tensions, stretches or loosens the strings, and so on. He is seeking that middle point Shrona was referring to when he said, "Not too tight and not too loose" ... because only then will music be born.
Buddha stood up to leave and said to Shrona "Shrona, I just came to tell you that this law of music is the law of life too. The music of samadhi -- enlightenment -- will arise in life only when the strings are at the midpoint of their tension. Avoid extremes! It is easy to move from indulgence to renouncing, but you have to stop at the midpoint of the two and that is where the balance is."
So as the meditation will deepen, the mind will start coming to that midpoint. All enmities -- both kinds of enmity -- will drop, and a friendliness will be born. And this friendliness is not towards any particular person, it

simply arises within you, so wherever you will look you will feel friendship. You will look at the trees or at your friends or at the birds, and all around you will feel a friendship -- as though all are your companions, as though no one is in opposition to you. And really no one is. When you were in opposition, all were in opposition to you; but now, even if someone will oppose you, because of your meditation you will be able to see that this opposition too is there to benefit you. This is why Kabir says, "The man who reproaches you, arrange him a hut so he can live in your courtyard." Bring the man who reproaches you and let him live next to you; make him a guest, because his reproach is of assistance to you. Now you see friendship even in the one who reproaches you.

You will see the friendship of your body too, and then you will be able to thank it. A sannyasin is one who can thank his body too ... because it has not harmed you in any way, but rather has supported and been like a shadow to you. If you wanted to go to the whorehouse, your body took you there -- but it was you who wanted to go. But we are very strange people: we say this body is the enemy, it took us to the whorehouse! When you wanted to go to the temple, it took you to the temple... This body has followed you like a shadow, has accomplished what you wanted, and yet you blame it. When you commit a sin you say it is the body that is making you sin; when you are angry it is the body that is making you to do it. When you are overwhelmed by sexual desire, you say it is the body that is driving you into it. Our habit of blaming the other is so old that when we cannot find anything else to blame, we impose it on the body. So if a sannyasin is condemning the body,

understand well that he has not yet known the fragrance of sannyas; otherwise he would see that his body is a temple, a wonderful gift of nature. Nature has given you so much in this body, if only you could use of some of it. In the body is hidden not sexual desire alone, there are also other centers higher than the sex, which contain in them other dimensions. Your body also contains that sahasrar from where opens the door to samadhi. Your lowest center is that of sexual intercourse from where opens the door to nature. Your seventh center is that of meditation from where opens the door to the divine. In the body is hidden everything. So do not blame the body; the body opens the door you knock at.

But our habits are such that we do not want to blame ourselves, somebody else is needed to take the blame. And if you cannot find anybody, then you take it on your own poor body. The so-called religions have taught a lot of nastiness towards the body, and have made you an enemy of your body, and an idea has developed in you that you can be self-realized only through torturing your body. There can be no more foolish an idea than this. The spiritual man will not torture anybody, never mind torturing his own body. How can a torturer become spiritual? Torture is violence, brutality, sick. Torture is the nature of a sick mind. Don't torture, know this body.

So as meditation will arise in you, you will come to a new recognition of your body. For the first time you will see that the body is unique, very mysterious, with so many doors to it and a world full of unique mysteries hidden within it. You have not searched for its treasures at all. What you have searched for is what you have got. You are

like a madman who is given a palace by someone and he is passing his life sitting on the outer steps, calling names when bothered by the sun and the rains, that what kind of house is this where you have to sit on the doorstep and suffer, where all the dust of the road comes over you, the passers-by go on throwing dirty words towards you?

Now this man is sitting on the doorstep, he has not even opened the door. He has not seen the beautiful rooms within, he has not known the restfulness that the palace has to offer him, he has not searched for the treasures of the palace; he is simply calling names sitting at the threshold with his back turned towards the palace. And the more he will go on calling names the more difficult it will be for him to turn his face to the palace, because whoever we blame, the stronger becomes our insistence on keeping our back towards him. If your enemy comes you don't look at him, you start looking somewhere else; you will turn your back to him. To turn your back on your enemy comes very naturally, and if your body is your enemy, then you ignore, you neglect this palace.

True, people travel the path to hell through this body, but they also travel to heaven through the body. The same ladder can be used to take you heavenwards or hellwards and the ladder does not ask you to climb upwards or downwards, this is entirely up to you. Even if a small glimpse of meditation starts happening to you, a deep sense of friendliness will arise in you towards your body, because you will discover that it is this very body that is making meditation possible. And the day samadhi happens, you will see that this too has become possible because of the body. A liberated individual is full of immense gratitude

and thankfulness towards his body even at the time of his death.

Saint Francis was dying and at the very last moment he opened his eyes and said, "Thank you so much! You have been my constant companion -- nobody else would have done so much. Whether I traveled to heaven or to hell, whether I did something good or bad, you have always been with me. How great is your compassion! Now that I am about to leave you forever, please accept my thanks."

The disciples standing around Saint Francis could not understand with whom he was holding this conversation. One of them asked him, "Are you out of your senses, or are you going mad because death is approaching? To whom are you talking? You are not looking at any of us, nor does your conversation appear to be addressed to us. And none of us has been with you in all the situations the way you just described, so it does not make sense anyway if the conversation was addressed to any of us -- so to whom are you talking? Are you talking to the void?"

Saint Francis said, "I am talking to my body. In my ignorance I have many times reproached and scolded it. Today I am offering my thanks to the body because there will be no opportunity again; this is the last chance for me to thank it and then I will be separated from the body forever. This body has gone through many troubles for me."

This will be the feeling of the meditator. Enmity will drop, friendship will crystallize, and a gratitude will be felt coming from all directions. It is the divine grace that is present in all the forms. This is why those who know have said that the body is a temple. It is the ignorant who have

said that the body is an enemy. These ignorant people may even have written scriptures, but that makes no difference -- they are still ignorant! Those who know have always said this body is a gift from the divine, and the ignorant have always put the body and the divine against one other, as if unless you destroy your body you will never attain to the divine. If the divine was interested in destroying your body there was no need to create it in the first place. And even the divine is not without a body -- this whole nature is its body.

The whole nature is body of the divine; this is why the five elements of nature have gathered in your body too in a miniature form. Your body is a miniature form of the divine. Out there is a vast sun burning, some sixty thousand times the size of the earth, and having immense heat and flames. In your house is burning a small lamp -- very tiny, that can in no way be compared with the sun, but a flame is burning in it too. In this flame too is the same sun -- the same rays, the same light. You are a lamp; the form of the lamp is your body, and you are the flame. The divine is the supreme flame, and nature is the lamp for that flame. So when you die your flame will merge into the supreme flame, and your lamp will merge into the ultimate nature. This game is unique, and this leela, the play, is fascinating! Don't move in it with the feeling of enmity. One who becomes inimical to it goes astray. One who becomes friends with it, nature opens all its mysteries to him. Only as a friend you will be able to know, to recognize what you have. Your eyes will be towards the door, you will open the door, and you will enter into the palace.

Question
BELOVED OSHO, LORD BUDDHA KEPT ON DISCOURSING AND GIVING SERMONS CONTINUOUSLY FOR FORTY YEARS, YET IT IS SAID THAT HE NEVER SPOKE A SINGLE WORD. THE SAME WAY YOU ARE DISCOURSING AND GIVING SERMONS CONTINUOUSLY FOR THE PAST TWENTY YEARS AND IT CAN BE SAID THAT YOU DO NOT SPEAK EVEN A SINGLE WORD. IS IT TRUE?

It seems contradictory, but it is true. And remember, words are always contradictory. Speaking can be of many kinds. One of the kinds of speaking is that which has no concern at all with the listener. In this case speaking is just your disease: you speak because you cannot remain quiet, because there is much noise and turbulence going on in your head. By speaking you become light... so your speaking is only a catharsis. This is how we all are speaking, because we feel restless if we do not speak. In speaking the restlessness gets released. This is why once you have chattered enough you become light, and then you go home and have a good night's sleep. The day you do not get enough chance to chatter you will have trouble sleeping that night, because when you won't be able to chatter with the other you will have to chatter with yourself. So lying in your bed you will be chattering to yourself.
For you, speaking is a disease, a compulsion. It does not concern you what you are speaking. It is also not the question to you whether your speaking will do good or

harm to anybody. You speak because you cannot stop yourself from speaking.

Sometimes standing aside, quietly listen to people's conversations. What are they talking about? What is the sense in their talking? But no, there is no question of any sense; they just go on branching off from one point to another. This brings a lightness to them. There is a restlessness within, and that restlessness is released through talking. If it is not released then it will move in the thoughts and will become dreams, and if it is entirely prevented from finding an outlet, then you will go mad. Psychologists say that if a man is entirely prevented from all kinds of speaking for three months, he will go insane.

How does an insane person behave? What is the difference between an insane person and you? There is not much difference. It is very little, just of the quantity -- an inch this way or an inch that way and everything can go berserk. What is the difference? Just visit a madhouse some time and find out. The madman is talking all by himself, you don't talk all by yourself -- that is the only difference. But is this really true that you don't talk all by yourself? You do not talk aloud, you only talk within -- that is the only difference. But you too converse when you are alone. Walking along the road you make faces, you gesticulate, and even your lips move; and sometimes, if there is nobody else around -- say in your bathroom -- you talk out loud. There is nobody listening, you stand in front of the mirror enjoying a chat, and even making faces. Nowhere else do you enjoy the freedom you feel in your bathroom.

What difference is there between you and the madman? You are still conscious of other people, what they will think

and say. The madman has parted company with this idea, he is no longer bothered with it. He talks for both the sides. A man who is not actually there sits by his side, and he is talking to him, responding from both the sides. But you too divide yourself into two and then go on questioning and answering. For you, conversation, talking, is a kind of catharsis in which your insanity gets released. Just as one takes the lid off a kettle and lets the steam out, exactly the same way in speaking you are taking the lid off your mind and letting the steam out. This lightens you.

This is not how Buddha is speaking. For Buddha speaking is not a form of catharsis. So if your speaking can be called speaking, then Buddha's cannot be, because the very nature of the two is different. Buddha is not speaking because he cannot remain silent. For Buddha it is easier to remain silent, speaking is torturous to him. For you it is difficult to remain silent, and very easy to speak. To remain silent is Buddha's nature and speaking is very difficult. For speaking he has to make effort. And when you are not there Buddha is not speaking to himself in his aloneness; he is silent, there is utter silence in him, there is no one there. So it is true in this sense that Buddha spoke for forty years and yet did not speak -- because Buddha's speaking is not a disease like yours. It is necessary to distinguish between the two.

The second thing is that there is a difference of basic quality between a speech that comes out of emptiness and a speech that oozes out of an internal crowding and mess. When the words come out of emptiness, their nature is that of silence. The music, the symphony in the words coming out of emptiness is that of wordlessness and silence. So if

you listen attentively to a buddha you will fall into silence. If you go on listening attentively to a buddha you will enter into meditation, because what the buddha says is not the point, the essential nature and quality of what he says is emptiness. So with the words that emptiness also enters your heart. This is why listening to a buddha you will fall into meditation.

But listen to an ordinary man and you will become restless. The more you listen the greater your restlessness. And the ordinary man will go on talking endlessly. You would like to avoid him, to run away from him; you will say this man is boring you, and how to get rid of him? You know how you run away from people, how you say things like, "Excuse me please for now, I have some urgent work in the market." And remember, others get rid of you in the same manner. And whenever you say that a certain man is very boring, all that is meant is that he is stronger than you, that you are unable to bore him; he has caught hold of you. But there are also people who are weaker than you, and you are in your turn torturing them.

If you listen to the normal conversation of people along with their words, their stink will also enter you. It is bound to be so because words are physical phenomena. The words come to you carrying with themselves the vibes, the fragrance or the stink and the nature of the man who spoke them. This is why, if you have any understanding, you will not go to listen to wrong people. If you have any sense you will not move in the company of these insane people, because this friendship is dangerous. These insane people are not only themselves insane, they are throwing their insanity into you.

It happened once: An emperor in Arabia went mad. He was very fond of chess and it occupied his mind twenty-four hours a day. It was this obsession with chess that drove him mad. The doctors declared that there was only one way to cure the emperor, and that was that some greater chess player than the emperor should play with him for one whole year. Since the madman was an emperor there was no shortage of money, so the greatest chess player -- the Bobby Fisher of the times -- was called to the emperor's palace, and the two began playing.

Now this was a matter involving the emperor himself, so there was no question of the chess player refusing to play against him. But what kind of chess is one to play against a madman? After all, the madman is a mad man -- he makes the moves any way he wants, he does not follow any rules! Sometimes he will simply overturn the chessboard, or at another moment he will bring the chessboard and want to play in the middle of the night. But by the time a year was over, the emperor became sane again and the other chess player went mad. It was bound to happen like this.

Sometime visit a madhouse: the doctor there seems to be crazier than the patients. The patients are mad without worries, but this poor man has to suffer the madness of so many of them. In treating all these mad people, the psychologists themselves reach to the same stage of madness.

The qualities travel through the words too. So an intelligent person will listen only to the words that are coming out of an inner emptiness, an inner peace, that are born in the inner depths. If the words are coming from an inner dis-ease, then close your ears -- it is better to be deaf to them.

This will protect you. And likewise, don't look at the wrong -- because by looking at it, it is entering you. And don't touch the meaningless, because the very touch of it will affect you. But we are not aware of all this.

The words of Buddha are like no-words, because they arise out of an inner void. So it is rightly said that Buddha spoke for forty years without speaking at all.

One more last point to be understood is that in spite of his consistent speaking Buddha goes on saying that he has not been able to say what he wants to say. That is why he had to speak for forty years. It is a constant effort, just like an artist trying to create a certain painting which is not coming right and then he paints again, misses again and paints again. And this goes on till the very last moment, and he remains unsatisfied till the very last moment because he feels that he has not been able to paint what he wanted to paint; that that form cannot be painted, or it is formless and cannot be caught; or it is formless and is lost the moment you give it a form. It is like the sky: you close your fist and it is gone.

So Buddha says, "I speak, but I am unable to say it. I am unable to say what I wanted to say, and whatever I have said, you must not catch hold of it because it is not the truth. The truth cannot be spoken." In this sense also Buddha's speaking is like non-speaking. It is as though all the lines he drew he tore the paper off and threw it away.

In the West, there was a great Christian theologian -- Thomas Aquinas. He wrote a very beautiful book of Christian theology, Summa Theologiae. It is a huge book, almost an encyclopedia; Christians have no other book like this in which everything of Christian theology and practices

has been explained. Thomas Aquinas was on his deathbed. He said to his disciples as the last thing that all these fifty volumes of Summa Theologiae are useless, "because I have been unable to say what I wanted to say. So don't believe in them; otherwise you will cling to them -- and the truth has never been in them. The truth is going with me, only the words are staying behind."

The words of Thomas Aquinas are priceless, every word is a treasure, a diamond. Yet Aquinas himself declared at the time of his death that they are all rubbish.

Buddha says, day after day, that whatever he is saying is all useless because truth cannot be said; that which is empty of all attributes cannot be expressed; there is no way to hold the sky in your fist. The moment freedom is captured in the word, it turns almost into slavery, the words become a prison. And yet Buddha goes on speaking. And he goes on speaking so that your chattering mind can come to some satisfaction, can come to rest through listening and listening. You won't receive the truth, but you will receive the closeness to Buddha, you will be in his satsang. Truth will not come to you in Buddha's words, but if he was sitting silently you would not go to him at all. It is only because Buddha speaks, you go to him.

So speaking is only an invitation to you, because this you can understand. But Buddha is giving you such an invitation in which your reason for going to him is different and his reason for calling you is different. Buddha attracts you by speaking, but his purpose is completely different.

You have seen flowers: they spread their fragrance around -- but do you know the reason they spread the fragrance? Botanists say that flowers spread fragrance to attract

butterflies. Attracted by the fragrance of the flowers, butterflies come and sit on them. The male particles in the pollen stick to the legs and wings of the butterflies and when they fly off and settle on a female plant, the pollen sticking to them falls into the female flower, and a seed is born.

To spread fragrance is not itself the purpose of the flower, the purpose is to spread the sperm for the seed. Buddha calls you close to himself through speaking. This speaking is only the fragrance of the flower. But you will go close to him and the buddhahood will stick to your very feet and wings. You cannot escape this happening. And once you have tasted buddhahood, you yourself will cast off all words. One day you yourself will declare that Buddha never spoke at all, it was all a great deception.

This is exactly my situation. I am speaking to you, but I am not speaking at all; I am using the word, and yet I have no relationship with the word at all. But since you have ended up in my net, the buddhahood will stick to your feet and wings, without your knowing about it. You have come with some other reason: perhaps you have come to listen, my words give you entertainment; perhaps your intellect gets satisfaction, perhaps your logic gets solace, or perhaps your collection of informations increases and your ego enjoys it. Perhaps you have come to me so that you can become an even bigger pundit than you are already....

All these or one of these may be your purpose in coming to me, but I have no concern with that. I have some other conspiracy, my intention is quite different. Why you have come is your concern, but if you ask me, I want to offer you the taste of such a life which cannot be expressed in

words, but whose fragrance is unexpectedly caught sometimes in the moment of being with me.

Hence this is not a discourse, this is a satsang. Here I am not speaking, here I only am. And if you can connect with my being for a short while -- even for a single moment -- then you cannot be the same again whatsoever you were earlier. Your life cannot go backwards. Then a new world is born and the beginning of a new man has commenced. Vardhamana can die and Mahavira can be born -- it is for this that I have called you. All this conspiracy of speaking is because you will not come without that. But speaking is not the purpose. And the same is true about all the masters -- be it Jesus Christ, Buddha or Mahavira.

There is a beautiful story about Mahavira. Jainas clung to it with rigidity, so they could never extract the essence of the story. The story is that Mahavira never spoke and yet the people heard him. Now this is a very strange affair. Mahavira did not speak and yet the people heard him? Mahavira did not speak in any language that can be heard by the ears. So his language was wordless, and yet people heard him -- those who were able to hear the wordless. If they too became wordless and sat by the side of Mahavira, they heard him.

And there is a further part to this story, and it too is of great significance. The story runs that even the wild animals of the forest heard him; the gods and deities from the sky too came to hear; the birds and the beasts too came to hear; the ghosts and spirits also gathered to hear. Jainas find it very difficult to explain how animals and birds will hear. Certainly, if Mahavira is speaking any language of words,

even all human beings will not be able to understand him, what to say about birds and beasts.
Now if I am speaking Hindi, only those who understand Hindi are going to understand what I am saying. There are thousands of other languages in the world and those people cannot understand what I said. The question of birds and beasts understanding my statements does not even arise, because there is no language for them. But if Mahavira speaks in silence, then he can be understood by all. Then what difference is there? Then whether it is you listening, or a plant or a ghost or a heavenly deity or a dog, makes no difference. Silence is the language of the whole universe. But let me tell you that Mahavira spoke; otherwise you would not be ready to go and sit silently near him. You are so addicted to words that wherever you hear them, you rush to them. So certainly when the words are from someone like Mahavira, there is a great sweetness in them. Listening to him you feel as though you are receiving nourishment from some very good food, as though some emptiness in you is being filled. Just out of this attraction you come. But coming to them, your ears, your mind will get engaged in their words, but your soul falls in satsang with them. And if something of buddhahood sticks even to your feet and wings, then the revolution. This revolution is the purpose. Enough for today.

Nowhere To Go But In

Chapter #14

Chapter title: None
7 June 1974 am in Buddha Hall

[NOTE: This is a translation from the Hindi discourses: Nahim Ram Bin Thaon. It is being edited for publication, and this version is for reference only.]

Question
BELOVED OSHO,
KNOWING THE INADEQUACY OF WORDS, KABIR USES THEM IN AN INVERTED SENSE AS ONE MAY PLAY WITH AN INVERTED FLUTE. FOR EXAMPLE:
"EVERYONE KNOWS THAT THE SKY SHOWERS WITH RAIN
AND THE EARTH SOAKS.
BUT ONLY SOME RARE BEING UNDERSTANDS THAT THE EARTH SHOWERS WITH RAIN
AND THE SKY SOAKS."
WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?

Yes, the words of the mystics are ulatbansi, an inverted flute-playing. First you have to understand this inverted flute, ulatbansi -- it is a very mysterious and loving phrase to use. When someone plays the flute, there is the man who plays and the flute that is being played on. The inverted flute means that now the flute is playing and the one who plays on the flute is himself being played on. The reverse is happening. The one who should be playing is being played, and the flute which should be played on is now the player. The whole process is reversed.
Such a moment comes. If you know how to play the flute, you will have no difficulty understanding this. A moment comes when the flute player is so merged in playing that he

does not experience anymore that he is playing the flute. The merger is so intense, the player is so submerged in the playing, that he starts feeling as if the flute is making music on its own. The doer disappears. And when the merger acquires the ultimate height or depth where it is so total that there is no way to go beyond it, then not only does one feel that he is not playing the flute and it is playing by itself, but one also starts to feel that the flute is playing him. The means becomes the end, the first becomes the last, the effect becomes the cause and the cause the effect -- everything becomes inverted.

This happens not only in flute-playing, this happening takes place in any dimension of life where the possibility of dissolving goes on intensifying. One day the dancer comes to know that he is not dancing; the dance is happening on its own. And then comes also the hour when the dancer knows that the dance is dancing him.

The very idea of being a doer -- that I am doing it -- is an illusion. This is why the mystics' whole life is an experience of the inverted flute.

Kabir's words are unique. It is difficult to find a mystic like Kabir in the history of the whole world, because he is raw, uneducated; whatever he says, it has no way of coming from the scriptures. He is quite unacquainted with the scriptures, he has no treasure of great value in words. The words he uses are of the marketplace, of the day-to-day use. But in those words he has poured everything, which even for the seers of the Upanishads has been difficult to pour in all their purest of word forms. His experience is that in the enlightened state the world becomes exactly opposite of what we had known it to be earlier.

It is as if you are standing on the bank of a lake or pond, looking at your reflection in the water. If you look only at your reflection you will feel as if your image is upside down -- the head on the bottom and the feet on top. If all other doors of your perception are closed and you are able only to see your reflection, you will experience it upside-down. Then suddenly one day you awaken, your eyes freed of the reflection, and you look at yourself. Then you fall in a great difficulty, because you will feel that everything has gone in reverse -- that your head is on the top and the feet are on the bottom.

Carl Gustav Jung's secretary has written some memoirs. She describes how vexed Jung used to become sometimes over very small issues: just very minor points, and he would become extremely annoyed. One day it happened again that she made a small mistake and Jung became so annoyed over it. This time she too felt very hurt because it was such a trifling matter; the matter was such a negligible one, not worthy of getting angry about or of so much heat. So she was unhappy and sad and thought that she should leave this job. As she was about to take her leave of him that evening, he asked her to come into the garden with him. There in the garden, Jung did a headstand and said to her, "Come on, you know the headstand as well, and I want you also to stand on your head!"

She could not understand: What absurdity was this and what did he mean by it? But when a man like Jung says it there must be some meaning behind it. So she stood on her head, and then she began to laugh because the whole world looked upside-down. Jung smiled, and said goodbye to her.

Some time later the realization came to her that what was such a negligible matter to her may not be so for Jung. Just as everything appears inverted in a headstand, similarly what was a small matter in her view could be a great matter in Jung's view.

A mystic is someone who is standing in a kind of headstand. He has entered an opposite viewpoint to yours. All your conceptions and conventions he has inverted for himself. You value the material, and for him the material has no value at all. For you the body is all, for him the body is nothing. For you all the treasures are hidden in money; for him it is no more than rubbish. You are looking outwards, he is looking inwards. You are seeking the taste and the essence of life in others; he seeks for it within himself. He is in shirshasana -- he is standing upside-down. So your world will look upside-down to him, just as his world will look upside-down to you. This is the happening of inverted flute-playing. And whenever someone has seen the world from this inverted viewpoint, whatever he has seen has looked very paradoxical to you.

This song of Kabir's is one such melody played on the inverted flute. Everyone has seen nectar showering from the sky, but who has seen the earth showering the sky with nectar? We see the blessing in the falling rain -- we see something coming down below from above, but we cannot see that the earth is also giving something to the sky. Yet it must be so, because all of life's processes are made of both, giving and taking. To only receive is not possible, there must be some giving too. If there were only taking, the whole exchange of life would be brought to a halt. You breathe in and you have to breathe out. There is no way that

you can only take, that you can only breathe in, and if you do not exhale then inhaling will become impossible. Thus the law of giving is implied in the law of taking.
The point to be understood is that the more you give the more you will be able to receive; the less you give the less you can receive. One can inhale only as deeply as one can exhale. The deeper the exhalation the deeper the inhalation. The giver is also receiving. Hence the Upanishadic statement that renunciation is indulgence: ten tyakten bhunjithah. Those who clung, missed. They alone tasted, who have renounced. If you are afraid to let out the breath you have inhaled in the fear that it may not come back in, you are dead. The fear is precisely that once you have let the breath out, will it return or not? What is the guarantee? And what control do you have over the breath that is gone out? If you hold the breath in under the fear that it may not come back again if allowed to go out, then you are going to die on the spot.
This is what we are doing in our lives. We catch hold but we don't let go, and because of not letting go we become lifeless. So it is fortunate that we have not applied our miserliness yet as far as breathing is concerned, otherwise we would have been dead. But in living we are lifeless because there we have taken clinging to be all there is. But life is a balance; in life, if you will take you will have to give also. You can take only if you give. Kabir says, "Empty out with both your hands." The more you empty out the more you will get filled up.
So the supreme formula hidden within these (inverted-flute) sayings is that the day you become utterly empty, the whole fills you. The secret of receiving lies in giving, the

secret of enjoyment lies in the ability to renounce, and to dissolve yourself is to become the whole. But there is a balance between the two. Everything is in balance. We certainly are able to see when it rains down from the sky, the rains coming like nectar to the earth, but the earth is not only taking, it must be giving too. If the earth were not also giving, the skies would soon be empty of clouds and rain would be impossible. In fact, clouds are a gift of nature; every single leaf is releasing the water back. You don't see it ... that is another matter. But if you sit near a tree at sunset and look at the leaves, you can see them giving off water vapor.

All that the earth receives, it gives back. So the earth is not only a receiver, and if the earth rejoices in receiving rain-showers from the sky, the reverse also happens: the sky rejoices when the earth gives back. There is a love between the earth and the sky; they are playing in a deep embrace. This is why the old scriptures have called the earth woman, and the sky man -- there is a great embrace between the two, a vast intercourse going on between the two. There is a giving and a taking, because love cannot sustain in only giving or in only taking. To walk, both legs are needed; to swim, both arms are needed; to fly, both wings are needed. So we see the joy nature is in when it rains. Dry leaves have disappeared and the green is everywhere. Right now it is happening all around as the rainy season is beginning, and the sky is getting ready to pour. The trees have turned green in welcome, the flowers are blooming, birds are ecstatic and singing, the peacocks will dance -- the whole earth is welcoming. The earth had been waiting, everything was hot, its life shrunk, as if the earth was suffocating, big

cracks in the soil here and there -- it was thirsty in all dimensions. And now when the clouds shower, there will be a contentment all over.

But this is only one side that the sky rains and the earth becomes happy. There is another side too, which perhaps you do not see. One whose eyes have opened, he sees the other side also. And a seer, a mystic means one whose eyes are open. He sees that the sky also becomes sad when the earth is ungiving. He sees the emptiness of the sky if the earth does not give and shrinks back. He sees that the sky goes through the same hardship and pain when the earth does not give, the same agony that the earth goes through when the sky does not give. So the earth also gives back. The Ganges is flowing towards the ocean -- all the Gangeses are moving towards the ocean -- and what will the ocean do? It will absorb the Ganges and will give it back to the sky. Dark clouds will form again, will gather in the sky, the earth will again give a call, rains will again shower and the Ganges will flow towards the ocean again. It is a circle -- a circle of giving and taking. There is nowhere even a moment's disruption in this circle. The name of this circle is bliss, and unhappiness is what happens wherever this circle is broken.

But why is Kabir saying this? He is not interested in making statements about geographical phenomena, he is not declaring a truth about the earth and the sky, he is saying something about you. Within you too there is earth and there is sky. Your body is your earth, your soul is your sky -- what we have called antarakash, the inner sky -- and between the two a great transaction of giving and taking is going on. But often it so happens that your soul gives much

to your body, your inner sky gives much to the earth within you, but your body is unable to give back. What your inner earth has to return gets lost somewhere in the desert of the world. That river does not reach the ocean; instead, it dries up somewhere in the desert. The give and take transaction within you has got disrupted somewhere. The circle of what scientists call ecology has broken down, and hence you are miserable.

If your body and soul get balanced in the give and take, then that rhythm that we call samadhi, enlightenment, will reverberate in you too. The day that giving and taking are equalized in you like the two sides of a balance holding steady with the pointer motionless, in the middle -- neither this pan is weightier nor that -- from that very moment the taste of the divine begins to descend on you.

But you are leaning on one side; you are leaning too much towards the body and away from the sky. Thus you take a lot from the sky but are unable to return anything. And this is your samsara: the world that you go on taking from the sky but do not return. Thus accumulation of material things increases but the soul is lost. You sell your soul for things and think perhaps they will make you blissful. So you may grow in importance, your empire may expand, you may have very great wealth -- but you are not even aware what a price you have paid for it. You have sold your self and accumulated rubbish. Your inner sky goes on becoming more and more empty. The clouds of this inner sky go on showering, but your nature returns nothing. The nectar flows only one way, nothing is returned, and eventually the circle is broken.

Unhappiness is the name of that broken circle. And if the break is complete, if there is not the slightest contact at the breaking point, that state is called hell. If this circle is maintained, that state is called heaven. And if this circle is so complete that the balance remains exactly in the middle, that state we call moksha -- liberation. Hell is the breakage of the circle into many parts, heaven is establishment of the circle, and liberation is such a perfection of the circle that there remains no room for its further perfection.

Kabir says that everyone has seen the nectar showering from the sky, but who has seen the nectar that the earth showers on the sky? Yet every moment the earth is showering it! These plants turned green, the flowers blooming, these songs of birds -- these are responses, answers. All this is not happening accidentally, it is earth's expression of thanks for what it has received. The breath that has come in is now going out. The same rhythm has to happen within you; your body too should be returning.

This is the difference between the worldly man and the sannyasin, the indulger and the renunciate. The indulger does not return anything back, the sannyasin does. The worldly man only collects; giving disappears from his life. He only bargains, not giving anything and only accumulating. The sannyasin is one who gives as much as he receives; his account is always clear. The lifestyle of the worldly man is exploitive, is that of sucking. He takes from everywhere, but he does not wish to give anything. Perhaps he thinks this way he will have a lot, but in fact just the reverse happens: he has nothing in his hands, he dies emptyhanded.

The lifestyle of the sannyasin is that of balance. He gives back as much as he takes, he is never in debt. When he dies he is utterly debt-free; hence he will never need to return the world. If one dies in debt, one will have to come back again and again. The bigger your world, the longer and more torturous your life journeys will be, because you will have to keep returning until you have paid for everything that you have taken. Until that happens your case cannot be dismissed from the courtroom. Till that happens, you will have to keep on lightening the load you are carrying. The sannyasin is liberated, because he gave back all he had taken. The account is closed, in the account book there is no credit and no debit against his name. It is this state of being to which Kabir is indicating.

There is one more dimension of meaning to ulatbansi: that which is illogical, inconsistent, mysterious. There is a world of logic in which two and two always make four; there two and two never make five or three. But this world of logic exists only in man's mind, it is not so in life. Life is very illogical. In life, sometimes two and two make five, sometimes they make three also. This is the mystery.

By mystery is meant that it is impossible to predict in life. By mystery is meant that no matter how much we may come to know, there is always something more to be known, and this knowing is never completed. By mystery is also meant that no matter how much our knowing may grow, we are only able to touch the part, we are never able to touch the whole; the whole is always left beyond our grasp.

This is the difference between science and religion. Science believes that two and two always make four, and that life

runs by some series of logic. But now even this concept of science is crumbling, because in the past fifty years the eyes of science have penetrated so deep that some facts have revealed themselves under which two and two do not always make four. So the new physicist is in a great restlessness. Ever since Einstein, physics has moved closer to spiritualism, and the physicists find themselves in great difficulty. All that old idea of certainty has come to an end. After the splitting of the atom a few mysteries fell into their hands. One of these mysteries concerned the three components of the atom -- the proton, the neutron and the electron. It turns out that these behave in a very illogical way: sometimes they appear to be waves, and other times they appear to be particles.

Now this is impossible! This is ulatbansi. If you make a point in your book with a pencil... now according to geometry a point is not a line... and then you see the point becoming a line, and the line becoming again a point, what will you say it is? A line means many points in succession, in other words if one point becomes many points, then only it can be a line. A point means a single point, a line means many points. So one becoming many and many becoming one again, this is the world of the Upanishads, this is the world of madmen like Kabir and Eckhart, and not of mathematicians like Einstein and Max Planck.

But these tiny particles of the atom behave like the mystics -- their behavior is very unpredictable. Sometimes it is seen as a particle, at others it behaves like a wave. So a new physics is born which had to abandon its concepts of certainty and accept the principle of uncertainty. This

means our mathematics works only superficially; as we move into depths mathematics gets into difficulty.
The ulatbansis, the Koans of Kabir are saying that the world of mathematics created by you, the expanses of logic woven by you, are all fine superficially, work in the marketplace, but never try to take them into the depths of life, they do not apply there. This is how it happens that Kabir says, "I was wonderstruck when I saw the ocean on fire!" Now, can the ocean ever catch fire? If water can catch fire, then there cannot be anything like science in the world. Water extinguishes fire, how can it catch fire?
And then Kabir says, "I have seen another miracle: the fish left the ocean and climbed up a tree." Now, fishes do not climb trees. In the first place it is not possible for them to leave the ocean -- let alone tree-climbing! The fish is a creature of the water -- no legs, no wings, no claws, it can neither fly nor climb trees; water alone is its medium.
All these statements are statements to shatter mathematics. These are saying that your calculations are right as far as the surface is concerned, but inside is a world full of wonders, and Kabir came face to face with such wonders; only then he wrote these ulatbansis. Had Kabir been trained in Einstein's lab, he would speak the language of modern physics; but he happened to be an ordinary villager, simple, he had no idea of quantum physics. But he was aware of the ordinary facts of life, he knew that fishes do not climb trees. And the day they do -- or the ocean catches fire or the rains shower from the earth towards the sky instead of the other way round -- understand well that either we have gone mad, or the whole existence has gone mad, or know

that the laws and concepts we had created were all based not in our understanding but in our misunderstanding. Mystics have often appeared to be mad. And the reason for them appearing mad has been just this, that you have not seen the wonders they have seen. For them, the old order has been completely uprooted and a chaos has taken its place. They have seen aspects of life that would destroy all order for you too if you were to see them.

Ulatbansi means that life cannot be solved with the help of mathematics. Ulatbansi means that whatever order you are creating, keep in it the place for its opposite too, because the opposite is also present. You will get into trouble if you ignore the opposite. And it always happens that the mind overlooks the opposite; we always like to catch hold of only one perspective. The mind is a great lover of order, so whatever is in its opposition we simply ignore it, we just deny its very existence. We create an orderliness.

For example, suppose you are in love with someone. Your mind will tell you that there is nothing except love for this person, only love. Now, mind is creating an orderliness which is false, because wherever there is love there is also hidden hatred. But the mind believes in mathematics, it says that if there is love then how can there be hatred? If there is trust, then how can there be mistrust? If there is day, then how can there be night? If there is life, then how can there be death? Mind is driven by mathematics, it denies the opposite. Discarding the opposites is a definition of mathematics.

But the opposite is not going to be discarded just because you discard it. Where birth is, death is hidden in it, no matter what suppositions you may care to make. So when a

child is born we never remember the fact that he will die also, and if somebody mentions this fact at the time of a child's birth -- that there is no need for such music and celebration, such feasting and rejoicing -- we will be ready to fight with him, because what kind of predictions is he making? He is not making dark predictions in saying this; he is simply shattering our mathematics. Our mathematics believes it is a birth, "where is the question of death here?" Birth and death are opposites, so we hide the opposite; we make the graveyard on the outskirts of the town. When a corpse is being carried to the graveyard, mothers call their children inside the house so that the death is not noticed. Death disturbs our mathematics... because the child is going to ask, "This man died, what does it mean?" And children are ignorant, they are not knowledgeable like you; they have not completely denied the opposite yet, it is still present in them. So the child is certainly going to ask if he will also die. It is hard to block his curiosity. If he sees someone dead, he is bound to ask how this happened. Do all people die? Will he too die? And in a mother's mathematics this does not fit that her child will also die. How can her son die? One who is just born he cannot die. No, there is no end to life. "All others will die, but not my son!"

There is a story in Buddha's life. The only son of a woman called Krisha Gautami died. Her husband had already died, and her son was everything to her. She was utterly attached to him, he was the very essence of her life. And then he too died. She was driven almost insane with grief, and began to wander from one house to another in her village, asking people to revive her son. Trying to console her, one villager

said, "It is not in our power to do anything to help, but Buddha has arrived in the village; better you go to him. And any miracle may happen there he is Bhagwan, God, himself!"

So Krisha Gautami went and knelt at Buddha's feet, carrying her dead son. She put the corpse down at Buddha's feet and said, "Revive this child! I want nothing else. When Bhagwan himself is present in the village, why should I weep? And if you cannot do even this much, then you are not God as they say you are!"

Buddha's disciples were in suspense to see what would happen now. A great crowd had gathered, the whole village had gathered, and they all started waiting for the miracle.

Buddha said, "Gautami, you do one thing. Leave your son's dead body here -- I will certainly revive him -- but first you go look for a house in the village where nobody has ever died, and you bring me some mustard seeds from that house."

What will a drowning person not do? Even a blade of grass looks like a support to a drowning man. It did not cross Krisha Gautami's mind how she could find a house where nobody had ever died. In obsession, one gets blinded. She rushed, she knocked on each and every door in the village and asked, "I want a few mustard seeds, but the condition is nobody should have died ever in your house."

People said, "Gautami, have you gone mad? Where will you find a house where nobody has died? Wherever people are born, people die also. Birth and death are parts of one phenomenon."

But Gautami had no time to listen to this. She rushed on to the next house and the next. By the evening she had been to

all the houses in the village. By the evening when she was leaving the last house, her tears had dried away. A revolution had taken place in her personality. She went to Buddha, lifted up her son's body and carried it to the graveyard. After cremating the body she returned to Buddha and said, "Please initiate me. I am a sannyasin."
Buddha said, "Don't you have something to ask of me? What about the mustard seeds? What about the son?"
She said, "Let nothing more be said of this. It was my illusion to have forgotten that death is attached to birth. Now that I have remembered, there is no question concerning my son; the question now concerns Gautami. Before I die, I want to find out what this whole mystery is, this whole web all around us."
Death is certain, there is no way to escape it. But we try to keep death out of the town. Insanity has gone too far in the West, because in the absence of the theory of reincarnation there is more fear of death there than here in the East. We have some consolation that never mind, at least the soul will not die. Though soul is not our own knowing, yet there is some consolation, so never mind. There is someone within us: nainam chhindanti shastrani, no weapon can destroy it, no fire can consume it -- at least we have read this in the Gita, and that brings consolation. At the time of death only the body will die, we shall remain. And then there are lives after lives, it is a long journey; there is no hurry as there is infinite time available.
In the West the fear is much greater because Christianity has the theory of only one birth. So the West is trying in many ways to conceal the fact of death. The man dies, the woman dies, and big businesses are prospering there in the

area of death too. They make up the face of the dead person, they make it look beautiful again, they dress the corpse in lovely clothes. By the time the corpse is put in its coffin, the body looks more beautiful than it had ever looked even when the person was alive. If it is a woman, the lips are painted with lipstick, the eyes decorated with eye shadow and mascara -- the face is made so beautiful as it never was even when alive. The flowers, the bouquets, the beautiful and costly coffin, and the procession to the graveyard -- it all appears as if nobody has died and it is some festivity that is going on. Now, this is all a deception -- not to the dead, there is no way to deceive the dead -- a deception to those who are alive. The fact of death is being concealed from them. Behind the wall of lipstick, the makeup, the face paint, death is being concealed.

The graveyard should be located in the heart of the town. And when someone dies, everyone -- even the one-day-old baby -- should be exposed to the corpse.

But your mathematics of life is one-sided. When you are loving, you believe, "How can I hate?" and this is where the trouble begins. You have denied hatred, and it lies buried deep within you. Most of the murders that happen throughout the world are committed by lovers against their partners. And remember, when two brothers fight, there is no other fight like that: the enmity with which they fight is unequaled. And what you call trust... when you turn against that person, it is difficult to find a worse enemy than you, a more untrusting person than you. You follow somebody, and any day you are going to go against the person. The only way to avoid all this is that you have not denied the opposite.

If you denied, difficulties will arise, because life does not pay any attention to your logic. If you can admit your hatred also for the person you love, then maybe your love will last longer. There is no danger then, because you are accepting life. Then your lover also knows that hatred will coexist. One will not only receive kisses and hugs from the person one loves but trouble, conflict, even violence, are going to follow. And the two coexist. If the lovers accept the coexistence of both, they accept life. Such a love can last forever.

But lovers also move with calculation. They abandon one; hatred simply does not exist for them. Can your wife even believe that she hates you too? She may demonstrate her hatred towards you twenty-four hours a day, but she will never admit to the fact. If you try to tell her she will refuse to hear you: "How could it possibly be?" she will say. The husband is divine. If you believe the husband to be divine, you will also see the devil in him. No matter how much you try to hide this fact, the devil will not disappear due to it. Yes, if you can accept him then there is a possibility that you can transcend the duality.

We have done this same thing in all the dimensions of life; we have denied the opposite. But life is duality, life is made of opposites. Your denial will not change this reality; only you will be more in difficulty because of it. These ulatbansis proclaim life's duality. You know one facet; these express the other -- and the other facet says that life is illogical. The opposite is always hidden in everything. What you see, its opposite is also there.

And the day you will be able to see the two together will also be the day you will be able to transcend them both. If

you remain blind to the other, then that other will find a way to express itself -- if not today, then tomorrow. But then you will see only this one, and forget the one that you were seeing before. The one who is a friend today becomes a foe tomorrow. Today you are seeing love, tomorrow you will see hatred; today you did not see the hatred, tomorrow you will not see the love. You have moved from one polarity to the other.

The one who sees them both simultaneously transcends them both. These ulatbansis herald the mystery of life. Mystery means no matter how much we try to decode it, we will not be able to. Now it is very mysterious that a fish should climb a tree; it is not happening so, this is never seen. It may happen in a dream or in the imagination; it may be true for a poet, but no scientist will ever agree to the possibility. But if we ask the scientist to investigate the phenomenon more deeply, the findings are strange. The scientists say that life for the first time began in the form of the fish -- so whoever climbs a tree was once a fish. You too were a fish once.

This is ancient news to the Hindus. This is why they accepted that their first incarnation of God was as a fish -- matsyavatar. Hindus are the only race.... If we look at their order of the ten incarnations of God, it matches exactly with Darwin's theory of evolution. Darwin says that life began in the ocean; the first Hindu incarnation is also in the ocean. Life began in the form of a fish, and Hindus' incarnation is called Matsya -- the fish. By and by, says Darwin, man evolved from the animal world.

But even today scientists are still looking for the missing link between animal and man. It must have taken millions

of years for the animal to evolve into man. So there must be a middle link, and this link must have been half animal and half man, and it must have existed for thousands of years. One of the Hindu incarnations of God is Narsimha, the man-lion, and this seems to be that middle link. Up to now scientists have not been able to find the middle link. Explorations go on all over the earth for a skeleton that resembles half man, half animal, so that the theory of evolution can be completed. Mathematically the theory is clear, that if man has evolved from animal there has to be a middle link which must have existed for thousands or even millions of years. So Hindus have this one incarnation, Narsimha, which is half man, half animal, and all the incarnations after Narsimha are full-fledged human beings. The Hindu incarnations range all the way from the fish to the supreme man, the buddha.

If we are able to see this long process in a single glance -- which we do not, we are too shortsighted -- then we would be able to see that the fishes have already climbed the tree. Not only have fishes climbed the tree, the fishes have become buddhas. What this means is that the highest is hidden in the lowest. When you look at the small, do not think it small, because within it resides the great. So bow down even to the smallest, for the divine resides within it. That pebble lying on the road can anytime become an idol in a shrine. So in passing it by or in treading on it, do so humbly, because any day if it becomes an idol you will have to worship it!

Here anybody we call a sinner can become the virtuous -- the fish has climbed the tree! Here anybody we have labeled as the lowest, the most contemptible, the meanest,

can become the bearer of the supreme honor. Here a sinner becomes a saint; here a stone becomes the holy idol in the shrine. So between the micro and the macro, the small and the great, between nothing and everything, there is no basic difference. Fishes climb trees, water catches fire ... here opposites also happen. The one who accepts both, transcends both.

The sayings of all who have known these are ulatbansis. This is why there is a profound difference between the words of the mystics and the words of the philosophers. In the words of philosophers there is never ulatbansi, there is only a logical order. The philosopher is essentially a systematizer, he creates systems. Kant, Hegel, they all build an order, a palace of order. They make a little clearing in the forest and create a garden there. They keep the forest completely out, outside the walls.

In the forest there is no order, no measurement, no symmetry; there are no straight lines and no proportions, and the trees grow as and where they will. The philosopher clears the ground and then designs his garden, in which there is symmetry and proportion, there is order in everything, the pathways are with roads geometrically built and trees planted at equal distance from each other.

In Japan there are Zen monasteries, and there they use no symmetry in anything. If paths have to be made, they are kept nongeometric, as if they are paths in a forest. If they plant trees it is done in a manner so it does not look like a garden but like a forest.

There was a very famous Zen master who was an expert in gardening. The emperor appointed the master to teach his son gardening. Every day the son would go to the Master to

learn from him. The emperor had hundreds of gardeners, and whatever the prince learned from his master he would pass on to these gardeners, and they would make the garden accordingly. The master had said to the prince that after three years he would come to see his garden, and this would be the examination; there would be no other examination.

For three years the prince went on creating a beautiful garden, so beautiful that it had no parallel in the whole of Japan. Thousands of gardeners were engaged, and by the time three years had passed the garden was so exquisite that even the emperor was amazed, and he said to the son, "Such a garden has never been seen. There is no way you can be failed in the examination."

But the prince himself was less sure. "My master is a totally different kind of man," he said. "He is so unpredictable!"

Finally the master came. The emperor was present, all the court attended, and the prince of course was there. The garden glowed like a garden in paradise. But the master's face remained serious, without the trace of a smile. The emperor felt uneasy, and the prince was trembling in fear. The master visited every corner of the garden, but so far there was not a flicker of admiration visible on his face. Suddenly he asked for a basket.

The basket was brought, and the master ran out with it. He came back with the basket full of dry leaves and threw them on the garden pathway where they were further scattered all over by the wind.

The master said, "Your garden speaks so much of human interference that it cannot be called a true garden. There

was not even a single dead leaf to be found anywhere. This is false and unnatural. You will have to work for three more years. Wherever there are green leaves there must be some dead leaves too. Wherever there is birth there is death. Wherever there is light there is darkness. No, I do not accept this garden. For three years now you must work to turn it into a jungle. No human touch should be visible, because the human touch means logic, mathematics, calculation. The garden must bear the impression of the divine, where there is no logic, no mathematics, no calculation -- where all is beyond understanding."

Ulatbansi means a beyond-understanding-ness. The philosopher makes a garden from which all the dead leaves have been removed. The mystic enters into a jungle where there are no points of reference, where there is every chance of going astray, where there is no map to help him find his way. Ulatbansis are news of the world of mystery which is mapless and beyond our understanding; they are like the koans of the Zen masters.

It is a pity that in India we did not use them like koans. Had we done so, it would have been very precious. Zen monks in Japan have used koans. Koans mean the same as ulatbansis, but they used koans in the context of meditation, which we have not done. When someone in search of truth approaches a Zen master, the master gives him an ulatbansi, which in Japan they call a koan. Koan means a riddle that cannot be solved; if it can be solved it is not a koan. Riddles that can be solved are riddles; the riddle that can in no way be solved is a koan.

For example, the Zen master will say, "Meditate on this. Clapping is done with both hands. If someone claps with

one hand, what will the sound be of that one hand clapping? Go and meditate on this."

Now, how can there be a sound of one hand clapping? How can there be such a clap, and without the clap, how can there be a sound? So right from the start your mind -- this mind full of logic -- will say, "This is meaningless. Why waste time!" What this man is asking me to do is quite pointless. Nothing can come of it. It is like trying to squeeze oil out of sand."

So if you are too logical you will immediately leave and go home. Zen masters say that those who are so full of logic cannot enter the temple of the divine, so it is good if such a person gives up at the very first stage of the koan; for him there was no possibility of continuing on the path. But if you are not too logical, if you have some glimpses beyond logic in life, if you have wandered not only in the gardens but also in the jungle of life, if you have heard not only the words of man but also the songs of the birds and have seen life in its chaos, in its total lawless freedom, then you will settle in favor of the koan.

To agree is your first step. Even sitting with the koan in meditation, your mind will repeatedly ask, "Why are you pursuing this fruitless task? Can clapping ever happen with just one hand?" And if you still persist, then the mind will give you so many new suggestions: "Hit one hand against the wall, that will make a sound!" So you will go back to the master and say, "It is the sound that comes from hitting one hand on the wall."

The master will say, "You have made the wall the other hand. No, the other as such is not to be used. You are not to

bring duality in; it has to be the sound of the nondual, of one hand alone."

Hindus call this the anahat nad -- the unstruck sound. If my two hands hit against each other, the sound that is born is called ahat; it is born out of striking. If one hand alone creates sound out of the void, that is called anahat nad, the unstruck sound. This is the sound you have to search for. Banging against the wall will not do, waving your one hand fast through the air will not do. The other must simply in no way be present.

So the Zen seeker will go on searching, will go on meditating. Many times his mind will come up with suggestions, he will rush with that answer to the master, and the master will instantly reject it, because no mental suggestion is going to work. In a ceaseless struggle, nothing but struggle, an understanding will arise in the disciple; he will stop listening to the mind, because whatever is born out of the mind will involve the other, it will be an ahat phenomenon.

Mind is a duality, mind is a conflict. All its solutions are the sound of two hands clapping. Duality is the very essence of mind; mind is duality itself. So if you listen to the mind, it will put you into duality. But when the master goes on rejecting everything you come up with, when all solutions have become meaningless, the seeker will eventually stop listening to the mind -- even though the mind will continue to make suggestions.

It happened once that a seeker who was in continual meditation with his koan persisted in listening to his mind. Finally one day his master said to him, "How long are you

going to keep this up? If you can't find the solution, it is better that you die!"
The next day the seeker came to the master and his mind said to him, "Yes, it is quite right. It is better to die if the solution cannot be found."
So as the master asked, "Have you brought the solution?" the disciple fell to the ground and closed his eyes. The master said, "Very good! If you have not brought the answer, death is better. But now tell me, after dying do you have the answer or not?"
The disciple opened one eye and said, "No, I don't have the answer."
The master said, "Get up! Corpses do not speak, nor do they open their eyes. Just get lost! You have only died because the mind said so. The mind is going to deceive in everything, and if you die following its advice even that death will be a false one."
Mind is the source of deceptions. All illusions stem out of it. Whoever listens to mind will have to accept the false. Mind is maya, the illusion. Both its life and its death are false. All its answers are meaningless. But if the seeker persists, does not get defeated by it, does not run away, if he stands fast, the mind will finally get tired and will fall down. The day the mind gives in and falls the unstruck sound is heard -- because that sound is humming within us perpetually. We have called it omkar.
So your Om is not a mantra that you sit down and go on chanting: Om, Om, Om, and something is going to happen out of it. That is a struck sound, blown from the throat through the striking of the lips. That Om is not what we have called Omkar. The Om that has to be recited is

useless. Any achievement through the recital of Om is an achievement of the mind.
But when the mind drops, suddenly you hear Omkar. You do not recite Om, you hear Om. You are not the doer of it but only the listener. You hear the Om resonating within you. That resonance is not yours, it is not created by you; rather it is this resonance that is creating you. The flute became inverted. Now you are not blowing the flute, you are not creating the mantra, the mantra is creating you. Omkar is not an effort of yours, you yourself are the materialized form of Omkar. That perpetual sound of Om within you is creating you. You are not giving birth to that sound, but that sound is giving birth to you. So Om is not a mantra, it is your life. Om is not a thing that you can do, it is your source, your existence. Om is the sound of existence, the anahat nad, the unstruck sound.
The day mind drops, that unstruck sound is heard. And when that day comes you do not need to go and tell your master the answer. The moment you reach the master knows that the answer has come. Your face says it, your eyes say it, your walk says it. How could you ever hide such a great happening? Even an ordinary thing like pregnancy and the woman cannot hide it. Her walk changes, the radiance on her face and in her eyes changes. Her whole style changes.
When God enters your womb, when you hear the unstruck sound, how can you possibly hide it? In the same way that if someone had drunk the sun the light would radiate all over, flames of fire will arise, every cell of your body will be lighted similarly when you hear the unstruck sound, anahat nad. You don't have to go to tell your master.

Therefore, as long as the disciple brings answers, all answers are wrong.
So you will have difficulty understanding the ways of the Zen masters. If you answer the Zen master it is wrong. If you don't answer him it is wrong. If you answer him he will beat you. He always keeps his Zen stick with him and says, "If you give me the answer I will beat you, if you do not give me the answer I will beat you"... because giving the answer means you have come with a readymade answer, not giving means you have come with your mind made up not to give any answer. But there is a third state, when you simply do not know the answer. You are not aware of giving or not giving, you simply come to the master with no decision to answer or not to answer, you simply are the answer. It is contained in your very way of being. That day the master's stick....
Nan-in was leaving his master to go into a solitary meditation. The master called him and said, "Let me take this opportunity to beat you with my staff once more!"
Nan-in said, "What do you mean? Anyway you have beaten me so many times! My bones hurt at so many places from the beatings. Moreover you do not have any reason in this moment for beating me. I have not said a single thing, so there is no question of anything being wrong."
The master said, "You don't understand. When you return I shall no longer be able to beat you, because the hour is fast approaching... this is my last chance. If I leave you unbeaten this time, there will be no next time. When you return there will be no possibility left to beat you anymore, there will be no reason."

The moment comes within when the unstruck sound resounds, when the flute begins to play in the reverse way. Until this happens you had always thought that you are the doer, but now you understand that you are the instrument. Up to now you had thought that you sang the songs, now you know that the songs are sung through you. Up to now you had thought that you are, now you know that you are not, it is he who is, it is God who is. Everything inverts.
Kabir's ulatbansis could very well have been used like koans, but the Hindus missed; they could not make use of them. Had Kabir been born in Japan he would have ranked with the greatest of the awakened ones in the tradition of the Zen masters. The sole outcome of his having been born in India is that idiots in universities write Ph. D. theses on him, that is all. He is of no other use. The number of doctorates earned on Kabir is much higher than on anybody else, because a doctorate can be earned on each and every word of Kabir -- and the man himself was illiterate!
So you can see how far goes the intelligence of the educated ones: they are getting Ph. D's. by writing on a noneducated one! And then they become great scholars. Kabir would never have been able to get a Ph. D. Indeed, nobody would even have allowed him into the university. Out, keep your ulatbansis out, they would have told him. No, no one would have allowed him to even enter the university campus. But nobody stops to consider this, or to ponder over the fact that in India alone there are hundreds of Ph. D.'s who owe their doctorates to Kabir. Great pundits!
It is interesting to note that someone who could have transformed lives is used merely for attaining degrees. One

who could have turned you into a Kabir helps you merely to be a professor in some university. You get a doctorate, some decoration in the name of degrees gets added to your name, your name gets published here and there. These people earning their Ph. D. by writing on the ulatbansis have no taste of the ulatbansi experience.

Kabir is one of the truly blessed individuals of this country, a remarkable being in many ways. Buddha and Mahavira are princes, highly cultured; what they got to know, what they got to be, they had all kinds of resources to help them to it. They had the best teachers, they lived on the best food and in the best environment, under the most favorable conditions.

Kabir comes from a simple, rustic background. There was no question of a kingdom for him, even his parents are not clearly known. It is not even clear whether he was a Hindu or a Mohammedan. He was an orphan, a beggar on the street. This small baby who was found by the roadside, he later became Kabir. No one knows who his parents were, where he came from -- he is just a vagabond! No facilities, no amenities, no way for him to get bored with the world.... For Buddha, yes, the possibility to be bored is there. When there is plenty of everything a boredom sets in, when the most beautiful women of all types are available, a detachment comes over you. So it is no speciality of Buddha, anybody in his place will get bored. In fact anybody who gets the luxuries that Buddha had, what else can happen to him except boredom? Buddha's father made sure to gather all the most beautiful women for his son, and the beautiful women became meaningless to him... because whatever one has enjoyed, whatever is freely available,

becomes useless. The fascination with the beautiful women is caused by their unavailability. All the beauties of womanhood were there for Buddha, so naturally he lost interest. All the wealth he could ever desire was his, and it ceased to have any attraction for him. A kingdom was already there for him, so what was there left for him to achieve?

So if Buddha turned away from the world, it is very natural, very logical. Kabir had nothing, yet he turned away from the world. This is beyond logic. It needs a great genius of rare brilliance for it to happen. When there is no abundance of things to bore one and yet one gets bored, he has a deep capacity to see. When there is no wealth available to you and you come to see the fruitlessness of wealth, it needs a great insight for it. If a beggar renounces the world, it can only mean that he has such clear vision that he can see even through that which is not his experience -- he can recognize that too. He could see through and through. Kabir came from the lowest class, from a background where revolution never happens. This is why Kabir is so unequaled.

Kabir can be compared with neither Buddha nor Mahavira, he can only be compared with Christ. The quality of rebellious individuality is the same in both of them. But India just swallowed him up. The reason is that the tradition of the pundits is so age old in India that the moment truth is born somewhere, the pundits pounce and grab hold of it. And the moment truth is in the hands of a pundit he corrupts it, he draws out of it some totally different meanings which have no connection at all. Kabir got caught by the pundits; pundits got busy interpreting his

ulatbansis. No tradition of seekers could be formed after Kabir, rather a tradition of pundits has emerged.
The phenomenon has been missed; otherwise a similarly vast revolution could have been born through Kabir as the one that sprang from Jesus Christ. Both men are equally uneducated: Kabir was a weaver, and Jesus a carpenter -- and ulatbansis are present in the sayings of both of them. Jesus says, "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for their's is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." These are the beatitudes of Jesus, these are his ulatbansis. The narrative style may be different, but whenever any mystic has experienced something his sayings are always paradoxical.
Whenever you come across a paradox, an ulatbansi, a koan, stop there. Don't be in a hurry to move on from there, because this is the place you can find some ray of truth. But whenever it looks like a well groomed and cleared out garden, so much so that it contains not a single dead leaf, run away from that place as fast as you can, because here lives a pundit, not a sage.

Question
BELOVED OSHO,
THERE IS A SAYING IN SANSKRIT: ATI PARICHAYAT AVAGYO -- TOO MUCH ACQUAINTANCE WITH THE THINGS, PEOPLE AND EVENTS OF THIS WORLD BRINGS BOREDOM. BUT IN SO MUCH ACQUAINTANCE WITH YOU NOT ONLY THE BOREDOM DOES NOT SET IN BUT EVEN THE ACQUAINTANCE DOES NOT SEEM TO HAPPEN. ON THE CONTRARY, THE FEELING OF

KNOWING YOU LESS AND LESS GROWS. WHAT IS THIS MYSTERY?

It is ulatbansi! As the acquaintance grows, boredom sets in; that is the law of the world. They grow in the same proportion, because acquaintance means no more curiosity -- whatever was worth knowing has become known. Acquaintance means, now nothing remains to be sought after, all is familiarized. So the race of the mind in the name of search, curiosity, eagerness, is demolished. This is what boredom means, that there is now no activity left with which the mind can keep itself occupied. This is the law of the world. And wherever something contrary is happening, you can be sure it is some phenomenon of beyond the world.

If your eagerness and curiosity also grow along with your familiarity with someone -- the more familiar you get the more attraction you feel, and the more you know the person the more reveals itself to be explored -- then this is the kind of person we call one who has attained to buddhahood, to nirvana, to liberation. You will never be able to exhaust such a person. And if you can, then he is also nothing but part of the world. You will never be able to come so close to such a person that there is no closer to come. The closer you come, more doors keep on opening, and there is no end to these doors. As you come closer, you will find that something more is always calling, something more has appeared for exploration -- and this never comes to an end. So even if you can have a buddha for eternity, you will never become bored. Near a buddha there simply is no way to get bored, because the buddha has no limits that you can

reach. If you keep a distance perhaps you may see limits, but as you come closer the limits will disappear and the limitless will manifest. A moment will come in which you can disappear, in which you can become part of the buddha's limitlessness, but you can never become bored. Call this love, if you like, or meditation, or prayer -- where you never get bored and no amount of familiarity can be too much, where excess just does not exist.

There is a sutra in Buddhist scriptures that says excess of meditation is not possible. You cannot say that you meditated too much; there is no such state as excessive meditation. Meditation is always less than enough; no matter how much you meditate, it is less. Excess is simply impossible.

You are with me. If I am creating a world around me, then you will get bored -- if not today then tomorrow. If what I am giving you is of this world, then at some point you will become bored. But if what I am giving you comes from the beyond, you will never be bored. I may go on speaking to you every day, but if what I speak comes from the void, it will create only the void in you too. If what I speak arises out of the infinite, it will give birth only to the infinite in you too. Near me, by and by you will become like me.

There is no way for boredom to happen in satsang -- in sitting in communion with the master -- there is no excess, no matter how much you sit in communion. Drink any amount of nectar, there will be no end to your thirst. You will never be bored, you will never get satiated. And no matter how much you drink nectar, there is no state where you have drunk more than you need -- it will always be

less. This is why we call God anant, the endless, and aseem, the boundless.
Even in meeting him you will discover that you have not really met; even in being close to him you will discover that you could not be totally close; a distance will always remain to be crossed.
This is why I always say that there is a beginning to spirituality but no end. There is a first step to this journey but there is no last step to it. You never arrive at the destination. The journey is endless. The journey itself is the destination!
Enough for today.

Nowhere To Go But In

Chapter #15

Chapter title: None
8 June 1974 am in Buddha Hall

[NOTE: This is a translation from the Hindi discourses: Nahim Ram Bin Thaon. It is being edited for publication, and this version is for reference only.]

Question
BELOVED OSHO,
YOU HAVE WRITTEN IN A LETTER:
"DO NOT BE IN CONFUSION, DO NOT LOOK BACK. THE DOORS OF THE TEMPLE ARE OPEN WIDE! ONLY AFTER THOUSANDS OF YEARS DOES SUCH AN OPPORTUNITY DESCEND ON THE EARTH, AND

KNOW WELL THAT THE DOORS OF THE TEMPLE ARE NOT GOING TO STAY OPEN FOREVER. THE OPPORTUNITY CAN EASILY BE MISSED. THIS IS WHY I AM CALLING YOU OVER AND OVER AGAIN: COME AND ENTER. I AM KNOCKING AT YOUR DOOR AGAIN AND AGAIN. AND I KNOCK BECAUSE IN SOME OTHER LIFE, IN SOME OTHER AGE, I HAD GIVEN THE PROMISE!"
PLEASE KINDLY MAKE THE MEANING OF YOUR MYSTERIOUS DECLARATION CLEAR TO US. ALSO PLEASE TELL US WHY SUCH AN OPPORTUNITY ARISES ONLY AFTER THOUSANDS OF YEARS, AND WHY IT COMES WITH THE COMING OF A BUDDHA AND GOES AWAY WITH HIS GOING. ALSO, WHY CAN WE NOT HEAR THESE WORDS OF A RAMA? WHY ARE WE UNABLE TO SEE HIM? AND FINALLY WHY IS IT THAT WE ARE UNABLE TO ENTER OUR OWN ULTIMATE INNER REFUGE?

A few things will have to be understood. The first is that to attain buddhahood is very difficult. To be awakened is almost to attain the impossible. Total awakening is a phenomenon that does not and cannot happen every day, because there is a deep attraction to the sleep and there is comfort in the sleep. In the sleep there is no responsibility. No matter how great the unhappiness, no matter how much the anguish, they are not felt because of the unconscious state of sleep.
Surgeons are very familiar with this phenomenon. Give the body a shot of morphine or some other anesthetic, and then you are able to endure any amount of pain. Your bones can

be sawn off, your legs broken, internal parts of your body taken out, exchanged, but the pain is not felt.
Unconsciousness is one way -- the deepest way -- of enduring pain. Numerous are the miseries, and we have discovered a way to endure them, and that is to keep ourselves unaware, unconscious.
As awareness will increase, so will the amount of unhappiness. With growing awareness we feel the prick of the thorn more deeply -- and we are already stabbed with thorns, with thousands of thorns. Buddhahood means the capacity to know the unhappiness of life in its totality; the courage to face all the pain without running away from it; no matter how big the hell in life, encountering it face to face, without turning your back to it. It is through encountering the hell that the doors to heaven open. Those who are not prepared to pass through hell will remain deprived of heaven.
We all want to go to heaven, but the road to heaven passes through hell and we do not want to travel on that road. So we have devised a simple trick: that is, even though we live in hell, at the very gates of hell, we go on dreaming of heaven. Because of those dreams the hell remains hidden, and in order to dream sleep is necessary.
So sleep has two uses: first, it does not let the pain of unhappiness be felt in its totality; secondly, it provides the facility to dream. This is why buddhahood is so difficult to attain. The sleep will have to be broken, and the dreams will be shattered the moment sleep is broken.
We have invested so much in our dreams, we have put so much at stake! Our dreams are the only sweetness of our lives. We have never known any happiness in reality; it is

only in the dreams that we get some comfort, the whole treasure of happiness that we know is in our dreams. So when someone talks of shattering our dreams it does not please us. Even in our going to buddhas our motivation is that our dreams may come true. Even if we want liberation, that too is nothing but our last dream; that is our last hope of happiness. So we look for sleep, because in sleep dreams are possible, in sleep the miseries are not felt.

Now and then, maybe once in a thousand years, someone awakens. And whenever a single individual awakens, that door which is usually closed opens, even for those who are still asleep. Here we are so many people: suppose we are all asleep, then who will awaken us? If even one of us wakes up, the door opens up for the awakening of us all, because the one who is awake can awaken the sleeping ones, he can shake them to wake up.

It is another matter that you may still not wake up, you may turn over and go to sleep again, you may turn a deaf ear to it all. The awakened one's calls may get lost in your dreams, or even become part of your dreams. We have become so skilled in dreaming that we have no difficulty assimilating even the external realities into our dreams. You go to bed at night and set the alarm because it is very urgent for you to be up early in the morning. Morning comes, the alarm goes off, and you start dreaming that bells are ringing in some temple. The sound of the alarm is coming from outside you, but you have taken it as a part of your dream -- and then the alarm is futile. Now you will not wake up, there is no need to -- you have forgotten all about the clock and all about the alarm. What was an external stimulus has now become a part of your internal dream.

The mind is indeed wonderful, and its cunningness is great! It will create a dream in which bells are ringing; the sound of bells has been taken in, now there is no reason to wake up.

I have heard about a colonel who retired from military life. He called his orderly, whose name was Rama, and told him that he was to live with him. The colonel lived on his own, he had no wife or children, so he told Rama, "Your only duty will be to wake me up at four a.m. just as you have been doing all these years. For years you have come to me at four in the morning with the words, 'Wake up, sir, it's time for the parade.' All I want you to do from now on is to come to me at four in the morning and say, 'Wake up, sir, it's time for the parade.' And then I'll say to you, 'The parade can go to hell,' and I'll turn over and go back to sleep! This has been my lifelong desire which I have not been able to fulfill up to now. My whole life I wanted to skip the parade but could not do so. Now I am retired, so...."

Such is our mind. It wants to sleep, and when it is time to wake up, then we get even more pleasure from going on sleeping if we are given the chance. Now this colonel is insane, but he represents man truly. Now he can go on sleeping uninterrupted, there is no need to keep the orderly any more for waking him up at four in the morning. But the real interest is in someone making the effort to wake him up and his turning over and going on sleeping and ignoring him. This satisfaction is not possible even in the natural uninterrupted sleep.

So when buddhahood happens to someone and he comes to shake you up from your sleep, your interest in sleeping

actually deepens. You turn over and go on sleeping. Then you turn that buddha also into a part of your dreams. You start dreaming about him, you do not allow him to become your path leading you to awakening. You turn him also into a support to deepen your sleep.

But still the opportunity is there. Gurdjieff used to say, "How can you ever wake up unless someone else awakens you?" Your sleep is so deep that unless someone comes along and shakes you, no external element is going to find its way to you through the barrier of your slumbers. And you are so clever that the possibility is that the man who comes to awaken you, you will pull him too into sleep with yourself.

Still, there is one way, and Gurdjieff used to tell a story to illustrate it which is worth understanding. He used to say that ten people are traveling through a dense forest. They are afraid of the beasts prowling in the jungle, so they all do not go to sleep at the same time; one of the them is awake, and this man does not go to sleep without waking someone else. But at least one is always awake and he protects the rest of the nine who are sleeping, and before going to sleep this man will without fail awaken one of the sleeping ones to replace him. Gurdjieff used to call this schoolwork.

This is the very function of an ashram. It is a place where say one hundred people decide to wake up on their own, but the sleep they are in is deep and on his own one may forget the commitment. Our capacity for forgetting is immense!

I have heard: There was a man who was always forgetting things. No matter how determined he was to remember, he

would just forget. So he consulted a psychologist. The psychologist advised him to keep a piece of string handy, and whenever he wanted to remember something, to tie the string around his finger or around his ear or to make a knot in his clothing. So the moment he caught sight of the knot he would be reminded.

Shortly after, the man wanted to remember something, so he found a piece of string and knotted it around his finger as the psychologist had suggested. But the man became even more carefree after tying the thread, because now he thought there is no way to forget. This made him forget even more easily.

At the end of the day the man returned home, had his dinner, and while he was reading the newspaper suddenly he noticed the string around his finger. But try as he might, he could not remember why he had tied the string. Now if one is forgetful one can forget anything -- but this time the man was determined to remember what it was that he had forgotten. "No matter how long it takes," he vowed to himself, "I shall not rest until I have remembered what it was! I shall sit and meditate, and if necessary I shall stay up all night long, but I must remember."

So he sat there in his chair, thinking and pondering and racking his brains until two o'clock in the morning -- and then he remembered. He remembered that he had tied the string round his finger to remind himself to go to bed early that night.

Yes, our capacity for forgetting is tremendous. In our alchemy of turning the truth into dreams we are very skillful.

When someone awakens, a door of possibility opens, an opportunity arises. An awakened one can break our dreams, he can create obstacles for us from just turning over and continuing the sleep. This is why Gurdjieff says that awakening is a collective process, a school's, an ashram's work, a process of a group of friends. To awaken on one's own is very arduous. Thus it was that Buddha pioneered the maha-sangha -- the great commune, where thousands of bhikshus came together. Even if just a single one of them could wake up, he would become a door to the others' awakening.

With the same purpose, Mahavira founded the organized tradition of munis, sadhus and sadhvis. Hindus established big, well-run ashrams, and the Christians developed precious monasteries. If just one person in the place awakens, he will be useful in awakening others; that single ray will seek to penetrate the darkness of many others living there. Still there is no guarantee that the darkness can be dispelled.

This is why I say that buddhahood happens only once in a while. Then the door opens for a short while. Then if you can stop yourself from turning over and going back to sleep; if you can resist your age-old habit of converting truth into dreams; if you can maintain a little remembrance; if you can see through the deception of what you think in your sleep are gains, and that misery is not destroyed by unconsciousness but only forgotten, you will have to wake up. If life is hell, you will have to see that it is so. It is through that very vision of hell that your journey towards heaven will begin.

No one has ever reached anywhere by running away from it, and no one has ever been able to falsify the truth by closing their eyes to it. The logic of the ostrich is no logic at all -- the enemy does not disappear because you have buried your head in the sand. The escapists have never attained to any life-fulfillment. One will have to wake up. If there is struggle you will have to face it, if there is suffering you will have to live it. It is through this living and the process of waking up and awareness that you will come to the point where one transcends unhappiness.

To find a buddha is a rare fortune. Even that much good fortune is the result of your striving for many many lives -- if life after life even though you have dreamt you have dreamt of waking up. Life after life you have yearned for liberation -- you could not become liberated, you could not go beyond the world, that is another matter, you could not go beyond the world, but the seed of sannyas has been lying within you. The meaningless keeps hold of you, but once in a while you have seen the futility of it. Just as lightning flashes in a dark night and one gets a glimpse of everything, so have there been at some points of your life journey some flashes when you have seen that everything is meaningless. The meaningful has called you sometimes and this is why you have been able to earn the good fortune to come across a buddha. For many it is not possible to even think of it.

I have heard an ancient Buddhist story. On the day of Buddha's birth, in the same village, a girl was also born. She grew up with Buddha -- she was the same age, had similar life experiences, but she was deeply afraid of him. She avoided the roads that he frequented, and if she

suddenly saw him on the road she would run away. Then Buddha renounced the world and left everything. She became even more afraid of him. Even before he became a bhikshu her fear of him was great; now she was terrified. Then one day she happened to be returning from the market at dusk. There was no likelihood of meeting Buddha on that road, and he was not even in her thoughts, but suddenly he was there. Not until she was very close to him did she realize who it was, for she had never taken a good look at him -- it is not possible when there is fear. Then there she was, right in front of him. For the first time she looked at Buddha, and all her fear disappeared, and she was transformed.

Zen masters have always been asking seekers who that woman was. That woman is your shadow. She is not only born with Buddha, she is also born when you are born. Hindus call her maya, illusion. You and your maya never come face to face with each other. Neither does your maya ever take a good look at you nor do you ever look deeply at her. So the game goes on. If in that game you do come face to face with each other, it is not you who will melt away but the maya. It is only the shadow that disappears, not you. Hence the shadow is in fear, it runs away from wherever you are. Even if it follows you, it is only from the back, it never comes in front of you.

What we at present call life is no more than a shadow; there is no truth to be found in it at all. But when you come close to a buddha, to one who has attained buddhahood, you will have to confront your shadow. You will have to look deeply at your maya, the illusions; you will have to come face to face with your dreams. The day you look at your

dreams rightly, your sleep will be over. You will avoid -- you will avoid even blessings. Our habit of being miserable has gone so deep that we find ourselves unable to bear ecstasy even if it is coming to us on its own accord.

There is an ancient Sufi story of a man who lived in the capital city of an empire and was known to the emperor. Whatever this man did would go wrong, and everything he undertook was to his loss; misfortune seemed to follow him wherever he went. Out of great curiosity the emperor consulted a fakir. "I have studied this man continuously," he told the fakir, "and there has not been a single hour of good fortune in his life. Is it predestined that he will meet only unhappiness in his life?"

The fakir said, "Ages old is this habit of his of enjoying unhappiness. He has perfected this through the effort of many lives."

This did not appeal to the emperor. He said, "I don't agree. I think that the reason this fellow's life is the way it is, is because he never found the right situation, the right company, the right milieu.

The fakir said, "Let us then experiment and see."

So one day the emperor arranged for a large pot of gold coins and precious jewels to be left on the road on which this man used to pass every evening. The place he chose to leave the pot of treasure was on a bridge over a river, and the public and the guards were alerted to make sure that no one but this man should be allowed to touch the pot or its contents. Only this man of ill fortune was to be allowed to pick up the treasure and take it away with him. He was to be regarded as the owner of the precious pot.

What happened was very strange! The fakir and the emperor both stood at the other end of the bridge to watch. They saw the man approaching, and the emperor's heart was beating fast -- a matter of great principle was about to be resolved concerning man's nature and destiny. The emperor thought that anything can be achieved by man's effort and now for this man nothing much needs to be done. All that was needed was that the man pick up the pot full of immense treasures which was right in the middle of his path, carry it away -- no one is going to object to him -- and become super rich.

But as the man came closer, the emperor was astonished because the poor man was walking with closed eyes. He bumped into the pot, which fell over spilling some of the treasure out with a jingling noise. But the man avoiding the object he had bumped into, and kept walking steadily across the bridge with eyes still closed. As the man reached the other end of the bridge, the emperor, unable to restrain himself anymore, caught hold of the man and shouted at him, "You fool! Why have you got your eyes closed?"

The man replied, "All my life I have walked across this bridge with my eyes open, and today I suddenly decided to see whether I could walk across it with my eyes closed -- and I can! There was only one moment when I bumped into something, but otherwise it was easy. Now I know that it would be alright even if I were to go blind!"

The fakir said, "Look! Even if a buddha stands in your path, you may bump into him but you will pass him by. Then you will boast that you could even have walked past him. That will certainly be the day you have taken some

stupid decision like this: I want to see if I can pass by this place with my eyes closed."

This is why I say that to miss is very easy. The opportunity is rare, and to miss it is very easy. These are two apparently opposite extremes, but if you understand them in the right perspective, the situation reverses; then to miss the opportunity is not so easy and to meet buddhahood is not so difficult. If you can understand the two things rightly, perhaps you may come across buddhas every day on the way. And if you meet a buddha even once, you will enter the door right away -- there is no reason for such a person to miss it.

I am taking you into all these experiments with meditation so that it becomes possible for you to recognize the buddha when the meeting happens; so that you do not turn your back on the door when it opens; so that you won't miss even if the door opens only for a single moment.

Meditation will help you to recognize the master. Now this is a puzzle, because normally we approach the master in order to learn meditation. But I am telling you, without meditation you will never be able to recognize the master. Where will you look? Only meditation will make you capable of seeing the master. If you go to recognize the master through your thinking, you will miss.

Many people come to me, and I can clearly see that they are so full of their thoughts that no contact is possible between us; it is as if we are at thousands of miles distance. They have so many thoughts, and they weigh me only on the scales of their thoughts, they try to understand me only through thoughts, and they believe only in what their thoughts say to them.

You have never given a thought to how surrendered you are to your thoughts -- thoughts which have never delivered you anything else except misery. You never doubt your thoughts. People come to me and tell me that they are skeptics or rationalists, that they cannot trust; and I see the extremity of their trust in their own head -- this they never doubt! They have such profound faith in this head of theirs, the head which has never brought them a single drop of happiness, this head where no flowers have ever blossomed, only thorns. And they say they have no place for faith, that they doubt everything, that they think, and that they will not take any decision without thinking about it.

How have you come to this decision that what your head tells you is right? This decision you have certainly taken without any thinking, because anybody who has really thought has first of all abandoned faith in his head. The experience of life -- of countless numbers of lives -- tells you that this head has only made you wander.

Here I am, holding the door wide open, but if you are too full of thoughts you are going to miss. Your head is full of so many layers of thoughts that even the open door will appear to you as closed. After all you will depend on your intellect in order to understand and the falsity will come in; you are bound to devise one trick or the other.

You will understand buddhahood only when you stop thinking -- and that state of nonthinking is meditation. Only in the moment of meditation will the master be recognized; not through thinking, not through logic or calculations, but only by sitting silently, in peace, will he be recognized. Hence the old tradition of keeping silent for the first three

or four years of being with a master. No questioning, no attention paid to the mind's frantic activity, keeping it still, just sitting in silence, waiting. It takes three to four years like this before the ages-old wavering of the mind subsides. When the inner turmoil stops, when the mind's race ceases, when the inner marketplace closes down as if for the night, then all goes quiet. This process we have called satsang. Satsang means going to someone and sitting there with him in silence. And the interesting point about this is that the big question is not whether the man with whom you sit is the right man or a wrong one; sitting silently with him will help you anyway. If he is wrong, you will come to see that he is wrong and you will be free of him. If he is right, you will come to see that he is right and you will enter into him. Meditation opens the eyes, so there is no need to worry about whether the man with whom you are sitting in silence is right or wrong. It is irrelevant whether he is right or wrong; your sitting in silence is right.

See it this way: if even near the right man you go on thinking, you will miss. It is the thinking that makes you miss. If you sit in silence even near a wrong man, you will attain, because thoughtlessness opens the eyes. You will be able to see that this man is wrong. And remember, the one who is able to see what is wrong, is also able to see what is right. So even from sitting silently with a false master you will not come away emptyhanded. But remain bound up in your thoughts, and even from the true master you will return unfulfilled. Your thoughts are your prisons. No matter how hard I might work on your thoughts, it is not going to make much difference -- you will go on deriving your meanings, imposing your definitions.

Rabindranath Tagore wrote a poem about a great and ancient temple which had stood since time immemorial, and in it was a golden statue of the deity.

One night the high priest dreamt that the deity of the temple would arrive the next day. Such an event had never happened before; down the ages the deity had never visited the temple. The high priest himself could not believe it. Remember, it is the priests who have the least trust. Ordinarily people think that the priest belongs to the temple, lives in the temple, so he must have the greatest faith, but I can assure you the priest has no faith at all. It is he who does everything for the temple deities -- washing and bathing them, lifting them up and laying them down. At times the statue slips and falls down from his hands, and it is helplessly unable to do anything in self-defense. The priests' observation is that this idol which cannot even protect itself, how can it possibly look after him? He knows the profession from the inside and he has no faith in it. It is the outsiders who have faith, those who do not know the inside secrets of the trade.

So this high priest had no trust in his dream, but still he was in a dilemma about whether to tell it to others or not. The temple was big, with a hundred priests, and he was afraid just in case it was true. "The world is so strange that sometimes even dreams come true," he thought, "and if in this case it turned out to be true, I will be in trouble." So he decided that he had better tell the other priests in spite of the possibility of becoming a laughingstock.

He gathered the priests together, and said to them, "I do not believe in it, it certainly is just a dream, but it is better that I share it with you. In this dream last night I saw our golden

deity standing before me and telling me that he would be visiting the temple the following day."
All the priests burst out laughing. "At your age you have gone crazy!" they said. "Have you ever heard of a deity coming to the temple? This is just a dream!"
"Well," said the high priest, "you think it over. I cannot be held responsible anymore. Now you all decide what you want to do about it!"
So the priests considered the matter together. They also arrived at the conclusion that it was better to heed the dream, just to be on the safe side. "After all," they said, "even dreams sometimes come true. When all truths are like dreams, sometimes dreams can also become a truth. And what harm can there be in making preparations, even though we know that he is not going to come -- that no God ever comes? Still, let us prepare."
The temple was thoroughly washed and cleaned, the holy ornaments polished and decorated, the candles and lamps were lit, and the trays of sweet offerings set out. Then, full of doubt, the priests waited. But is there any waiting possible in doubt? They all knew that no one was to come, but still they decided to cook good food and sweet dishes. "If the God does not turn up, so what," they thought; "we will certainly have a good feast."
Then the evening came and went, the sun disappeared over the horizon, and they speculated: "Who will come now? If God was to come, he would come during the daytime. Why should he come at night?"
Then as night fell, they decided to shut the doors of the temple -- enough is enough! They shut the temple doors, fed themselves on the food they had prepared for God,

turned off the lamps, and making sure that everything was put away neatly they began to ridicule themselves: "What kind of men are we? We spend the whole day washing and cleaning and preparing a feast -- and for what? It was all in vain! How crazy are we, to listen to such dreams!" Then they went to bed.

Later that night, God's chariot arrived, its sounds were heard at the temple doors. The high priest, who was half asleep, half awake, felt that the deity has come. He shouted, "Does anybody hear the sound of the chariot at the gate?" The other priests were angry to be disturbed yet again by the high priest. The whole day had been a hard work for them all, and now the high priest would not even let them sleep in peace. "Stop this nonsense!" they shouted back at him. "Is there something wrong with you? There is no chariot anywhere; what you hear is the rumblings of thunder!" And they went back to sleep.

Outside someone descended from the chariot, climbed the temple steps, and knocked on the doors. One of the priests heard the sound of the knocking and wondered.... The doubt was there anyway, the divided mind was arguing, "Maybe, who knows, the dream may yet be true."

Then another priest mumbled in his sleep, "Someone seems to be knocking."

The disturbance awoke the high priest again, and he chided the others, "This is really too much! Not only am I caught up by my dream, but all of you too! All you can hear is the wind hitting the door. Who is going to knock on the temple door in the middle of the night? Is God a thief that he would come in the middle of the night? He descends under the bright sun, in the full light, in the marketplace where

everyone can see him. Enough of this disturbance! Now whatever happens you are not going to create a fuss. Just go back to sleep and let the rest of us sleep too."

In the morning the grief of the priests was great when they arose and opened the temple doors and they saw in the roadway the marks of the chariot wheels. And someone had come up the temple steps, his footprints were there -- but now there was nothing they could do except cry and weep. They had missed the opportunity.

Rabindranath gave this poem the title, The Missed Opportunity. The deity came, but the priests were asleep.

When I say I am knocking on your doors, if you are full of thoughts I can hear that you are interpreting: "It is just a rumble of thunder," or: "It is just a strong wind blowing," or: "It is just some illusion."

One young man came to me and said, "All that you say appeals to me very much. I am a psychology student and I like what you say so much that I start wondering if I am just hypnotized with you, if you have just hypnotized me! " Now his mind is telling him to run away from here, there is danger of being hypnotized here, and certainly there is nothing religious about hypnosis.

You listen to the points I make, if you are logical your mind says, "Yes, there is great logic in these points. But so what? Words are words, what am I going to do with these words? Eat them for dinner? Wear them as clothes? Use them as a shelter when it rains? Don't get hung up on the words! Don't astray from the realities of life."

Just two days ago a young sannyasin girl came to me and said, "My father is very worried. He says, 'How long are you going to go on with this meditation and sannyas? It's

enough now, just go back and be a normal person again, live the way everyone else is living.'"

The way everyone else lives is what we mean by normal. Mad though their way of life may be, but the way everyone lives seem to be normal. Certainly when I knock on your door I am calling you to be something abnormal. I am beckoning you towards a life that others are not living, that you will live, that will be unique, new, unknown. It needs courage.

The mind persuades you. And until you can free yourself from this persuasion, until you can go beyond this persuasion, this circle will go on revolving through countless lifetimes. Don't interpret, simply look at the facts. Don't be lazy. It is already late enough; wake up! It is morning!

But for those who are asleep the night continues. Only those who are awake can see that the morning has come. And whatsoever I am saying to you, my emphasis is not on what I am saying, it is rather on shaking you, stirring you so that your sleep is broken. So many times I have to use what psychologists call shock treatment.... When someone is gone into extreme insanity, only the administration of electric shocks brings him back into sanity.

You too need strong electric shocks. Hence, many times I say things that give you a jolt, a shock. And this process that I have been calling meditation is exactly electric shock treatment. It will create so many tremors in you that you will become an earthquake -- and not until you are an earthquake will you break out of your sleep.

I have heard: One morning a man was being told by his wife how incredible a thunderstorm it was in the night...

great rumblings of clouds, flashing lightning and thunderbolts. Several people had died -- and then the earthquake to top it all.

The man said, "With all this going on, why didn't you wake me up? I would have liked to have seen it too!"

Some people can absorb even electric shocks; it does not wake them up. They need higher voltage. If you agree I will give you as high a voltage as you need. But even to make you agree I have to start slowly and with lower voltages; otherwise you would run away!

Zen masters walk around among their meditating disciples with their Zen sticks. If the master sees that a disciple is dozing -- and it is quite natural to doze off when you are sitting in meditation for seven or eight hours continuously in one posture -- he gives him a hit with the stick. But many times it has happened that the master's hit has awoken the disciple not only from his dozing, but from his great sleep. Many times the hit has been the moment of enlightenment.

When stories from the Zen tradition were first translated and made available in Western languages, many Westerners simply could not believe them: How is it possible that someone hits you with a stick on your head and you attain enlightenment? Is enlightenment so easy? And what relationship does enlightenment have with the hit of a staff? One attains to enlightenment through studying the Bible, the Koran, the Gita. How can it be attained through being hit on the head? And these stories of the Zen monks are very strange -- that he throws a disciple out of the window and the disciple becomes enlightened the moment he hits the ground! Or the disciple is just entering a room, his hand is on the door, the master slams the

disciple's fingers shut in the door -- and in that moment the disciple attains to enlightenment.

There is a famous story about the Zen master, Bokuju. When he spoke he was in the habit of raising one finger. This raised finger was a symbol of advait -- nonduality. His disciples even joked about it behind his back; in their discussions they would raise a finger. All that was fine, it was innocent. There was a small boy in the service of the master -- bringing tea or water for him, arranging his sitting mat and so on. This boy had become an expert in raising the finger and imitating Bokuju. He would sit behind Bokuju while he was speaking, and when Bokuju raised his finger, he would raise one finger in imitation of the master. There he would raise one finger and gesticulate with it as though he was preaching to people.

Bokuju knew it all, because even that which happens at the back of a buddha is right in front of his eyes. There is no way to hide anything from him. And even if you think you have managed to hide from him, it is only because the buddha is choosing to keep you from knowing that he knows, that's all.

One day Bokuju was talking, and the boy was sitting behind him as usual. As Bokuju raised his finger, so the boy raised his. In one moment Bokuju took a knife from his pocket, turned, and sliced off the boy's raised finger! Everyone present was thrown into a state of shock. People were very afraid -- and the boy jumped up screaming as his finger fell off and the blood began to gush.

Bokuju caught hold of the boy, pulled him in front of him, and burst out laughing. At this the boy was at a loss -- he did not know whether to laugh or cry. For a moment he

forgot that his finger had just been cut off. Then Bokuju raised his finger and asked the boy to do the same. The boy raised his missing finger, and it is said that in that moment he became enlightened!

These stories are very strange, defy all understanding, and may even seem very harsh. This Bokuju looks very wicked, to have cut off a boy's finger. But the shock of a finger getting chopped-off can break the sleep. And if a chopped off finger is the price one has to pay for shattering the sleep, it is well worth it! But only a Bokuju knows when is the right moment that it can happen. Only he knows when the layer of sleep is quite thin, when there is just slightest duality which will shatter in the shock. So the Zen master hits only when the layer of sleep is very thin; otherwise you will absorb even the shock. The finger will be gone but no one will wake up.

All meditation techniques are techniques to shake you, to jolt you awake. And I am always waiting for that moment when your layer will be so thin that just the merest indication will shatter it. And if you are able to open your eyes and look even once, the matter is over.

My speaking to you is nothing but persuading you, getting you to agree to a journey which is utterly unfamiliar to you, to a journey where you have no idea of the destination; where it is possible you may get lost, or it is also possible you may reach the destination. I am taking you in search of such a treasure which you have no idea of, and you will have to travel leaving that behind which you call treasure; hence your attachment is understandable. Every now and then you turn around and look back -- it is natural. That you

want to take along with you very carefully even that which is worthless is natural.

Your sleep is natural, my shaking you is natural. I know it is difficult for your sleep to come to an end, but I also know that it can come to an end in a single moment. I am in search of the right moment to knock at your door. If you keep on coming to me, if you prove to be stubborn, do not run away in the middle, how long will you be able to go on thinking? You will get tired of it; slowly slowly you will stop thinking. And when you stop thinking, your dreams will also drop. Any moment, when I find you are just sitting, you are not thinking, there are no thought waves clouding inside you -- a slight hit in that moment, a slight knocking, a soft gush of wind, even a dry leaf falling is enough and you will be awake.

You open your eyes and look just once, and the whole world turns different for you. You can never go back and be the same again. And this too is true that I am not going to be here forever, so you can miss the opportunity. You should not be too carefree, because this too usually deepens the sleep. You should be aware that any moment this door may close, so there should be no slackening of your intensity. You may lose me without having found. There is no way to loose me once you have found, but you may loose me without having found. This door may close before you have noticed it. You should keep this in mind so that you don't fall back to sleep without a care. At the moment the door is open. If you are peaceful you can see it, if you are silent you can enter.

The entire arrangement here is for just one thing: how to bring about your dissolution. The scriptures say that the

master is death; that the master is he who becomes your death, and beyond that death is life eternal. Only the one who dissolves will attain to that life. So many times I may appear to you as your enemy also. I shatter your concepts; it is a device to kill you. I annihilate your thoughts; it is a device to kill you. I shatter your calculations of right and wrong; that too is a device to kill you. I not only change the color of your clothes, I not only change your name, I want to change your whole being; this too is a device to kill you. You have to be annihilated.

The moment you disappear, the divine appears within you then and there. You are a seed; if you dissolve, the sprout will shoot out. But you are clinging to the shell of the seed, you think perhaps it is your very life; if this is lost, you are lost. But the shell of the seed is not your life, your life is hidden within it; if the shell breaks, the seed will sprout. The shell is dead, the sprout will be alive. And don't be afraid of losing one seed; when you have become a tree, millions of seeds will sprout from you! But how to explain this to the seed? -- it is afraid of breaking.

Recently I was reading a book called The Secret Life of Plants. It is a remarkable book from the West which has just been published. It seems that the work that was pioneered by Sir Jagdish Chandra Basu is about to reach its climax in the West, with the revelation that plants have feelings just like people.

Just try this simple experiment and you will understand what I mean. Take three flower pots, and put an equal amount of the same soil and same manure in each. Then put in each one an equal number of seeds of any seasonal flower which comes to its blooming soon, say within five

or six weeks. Make sure that the quantity and quality of seeds sown is identical for all three pots, and then mark the pots each with plus, minus and zero signs respectively, and keep them away from each other.

Now, for at least fifteen minutes each day, you go to the pot marked positive, and you talk very lovingly to the seeds: "Don't be afraid," you tell them. "Break, dissolve into the soil! You need not fear, soon you will sprout and a greater life will manifest. The open skies are ready to welcome you. There is nothing to fear -- the sun awaits you."

At first all this may seem crazy to you, but don't be worried, very soon your madness will bring results! Keep the pots at a distance of at least eight to ten feet from each other, so the suggestions given to the seeds of one pot are not heard by the seeds of the other pots. Just go on telling the positive seeds to have courage, to break open, to let the sprouting happen. Tell them, "I am here with you, and all is ready to welcome you!"

To the seeds in the pot marked negative you give food and water and sun and shade exactly the same as you do for the positive seeds. The only difference is that you talk to them differently. You talk negatively, and you say, "Don't bother to break open. You will die and there is going to be no sprouting, and for months the sun is hidden and the skies have prepared no welcome for you. Unnecessarily you will be in trouble, you will suffer and die. So look after yourselves and protect yourselves...."

And to the pot marked zero you give no suggestions -- you don't talk to the seeds in this pot at all.

Within four or five weeks you will see some big differences among the three pots. The seeds which you have welcomed

will be the first to break open, and their shoots will grow fast. The second to sprout will be the seeds in the pot marked zero -- the seeds to whom you gave no suggestions at all. But they will take a longer time to sprout, their shoots will be smaller, lacking the joy and enthusiasm visible in the positive pot. And from the pot to which you gave only negative suggestions there will be virtually no sprouting at all. Even if one or two sprouts appear, they will be sickly and will be dead soon. You can do this little experiment yourselves and see.

I am doing the same on you. I have marked a positive sign on your pot and I am telling you, "Don't be afraid! Break, dissolve! The sun is ready, the sky welcomes you. I am sitting alongside you, don't be afraid. Come, rise and move on!" Even a child starts walking if his father just offers him a finger to hold onto. The child does not know how to walk, but it is his father's finger so he trusts.

And this is all. The master cannot do any more than this. He simply offers you his hand, and soon -- if you can trust -- you start walking. And before long you will find that you don't need the helping hand anymore. In fact, the child wants to let go of his father's hand -- it is natural. "Let me walk on my own," he demands. And the father who really loves his child will let go of the child's hand. He had, in the first place, held the child's hand so that the child can walk. The child was not an excuse for holding the hand; holding the hand was an excuse for the child.

The moment your seed starts breaking, the moment your sprouts start appearing and you no longer need my reassurance, I will withdraw my hand.

The master is quick to free the disciple from himself, but the freedom is only possible when you are willing to be bound in the first place. Otherwise, who will I free? If you were never bound to me, who will I free? If the child never held his father's hand, the question of letting go of it will not arise. But then the child will go on walking on all fours, like an animal.
I knock on your door, I reassure you and lead you out of fear and into trust that all that you will leave behind is rubbish and what you will gain is a treasure.

Question
BELOVED OSHO,
YESTERDAY YOU EXPLAINED THAT DUALITY IS THE VERY NATURE OF THE MIND, AND THAT HERE THE OPPOSITE IS ALWAYS PRESENT. IT SEEMS THEN SURRENDER IS IMPOSSIBLE, BECAUSE IN SURRENDER TOO DOUBT, DISTRUST AND HATE WILL BE PRESENT. AND WE ARE NOTHING BUT MIND! HOW THEN CAN SURRENDER BEYOND DUALITY HAPPEN? OR IS IT THAT THE NECTAR OF SURRENDER SHOWERS SOMEWHERE BEYOND THE MIND AND ITS DROPLETS FILTERING THROUGH TRANSFORM THE MIND? PLEASE EXPLAIN.

Certainly, mind is duality. Mind cannot be total in anything, it will always be fragmented. When you love, it is part love and part hate. When you trust, it is part trust and part distrust. In your faith, half will be your doubt. Then what to do? How is one to surrender? Surrender the distrust

as well! Don't offer only your trust, offer your distrust too! Don't say to the master, "I offer you only my trust"; tell him, "I am also offering you my lack of trust, my doubt. Now you take care of both my trust and my doubt. I will doubt, because it is in the very nature of my mind. But I am offering this doubt at your feet."

Tertullian was a famous Christian mystic, and every day he used to say a prayer to God that is worth understanding. Each morning he would pray: "I believe in you. Now you help my disbelief."

Doubt is there, and you will find yourself in trouble if you deny it. If you try to hide it you will create difficulties for yourself. If you try to convince yourself "No, I have learned to trust totally; now there is no element of distrust in me," when in fact there is distrust, a trap will be created. You have to understand yourself thoroughly. Trust and distrust are both there. The good and the evil are both there. The good intentions and the bad intentions are there. Offer them both to the feet of the master and say to him, "They are both here; now you take care of them. It is clear that the doubt is also there in me, but I offer that too to you, and now you are responsible!"

If you are able to offer your doubt also, a new trust will be born in you that is beyond duality, because now you are not hiding the bad. And why do we hide the bad? We hide it because we don't want anybody to know that there is any bad in us. But if you hide from the master, then you did not expose yourself totally -- you concealed the ugliness and exposed the beauty; you showed what you thought was worth showing and you did not show that what you thought

was not worth showing. In doing so you brought your marketplace behavior in with the master.

No, you have to put in front of him not only your flowers but your thorns as well. After all, what will you do with the thorns? The thorns are there, and the master knows it very well. When you say that your trust is total, that there is no doubt in you at all, the master knows that you are telling a lie. Maybe you don't know that you are telling a lie, but a lie it is -- for it is impossible in itself.

The day you say to the master, "Here is my trust, and here is my doubt, I lay them both at your feet. These are my wounds, and these my joys. I bring them both to you. Now I keep nothing from you, I stand totally naked before you!" -- then the master knows that you are trustful, sincere. This is authenticity, and this is what it means to be authentic. And only through this authenticity can something valuable happen.

Mind is duality. So whenever you love somebody, tell the person that there is hate also in you. This is the very characteristic of a true lover, that he does not hide, that he reveals everything, that he does not differentiate between the good and evil. He exposes his mind completely and says: "This is my mind! It can give out a sweet fragrance, and it can stink as well. And I cannot assure that it will always give out only fragrance, because at times it stinks. So, sometimes I will doubt, sometimes I will fight against the master, sometimes I will condemn the master -- yes, all this is in me."

If you will let go of both sides as simply as this, you will transcend them both. There is no need at all to create a contradiction between your trust and your distrust; they

both belong to you, so go and surrender both of them. If you keep nothing back, if you empty yourself completely, if you drop your duality in its totality and become nondual, that very moment you will find that you have transcended. Now you need neither trust nor distrust.

What happens in such a moment is the real surrender. Now there is no duality left; there are no longer two, there is only one. Now master and disciple no longer remain, now there is no longer the one who surrenders and the one to whom surrender is done; there remains only the happening of surrender. The master is one end the disciple the other, and between them this single expanse, just as there is a single life running between your right hand and your left hand.

A Zen master was on his deathbed. He called his chief disciple and said to him, "Listen: this is the scripture that I inherited from my master, who in turn inherited it from his master. And it has been preserved across seven generations. All that is significant is written in this scripture. The whole essence is contained in it, nothing else is needed. If this single scripture is preserved, the whole of religion is preserved. Guard it more than your life. I am handing it over to you because you are my successor."

The disciple didn't even look at the scripture and he said, "Whatever was worth receiving, I have received without the help of any scripture and whatever was worth knowing, I have come to know without the help of any scripture, so take your scripture with you! What am I going to do with it?"

But the master persisted, "These are my last moments -- don't raise an unnecessary argument. I am handing this over

to you for your safekeeping because I trust you. Take it, and don't create trouble in my last moments!"

It was a winter's day and there was a fire burning in the room. The disciple took the scripture with one hand and threw it into the fire. He did not even bother to open it. The master roared with laughter and said, "Yes, your trust is total! There was nothing in that scripture, it was a blank book. If you had so much as even glanced inside it, it would have meant that you had kept something back from me, that you doubted your knowing, that your attainment is not total yet."

It is a puzzling situation. The master would have been sad had the disciple taken the scripture; the master is happy because the disciple burnt the scripture. The master is trying to experience at the moment of his death whether the disciple had become completely one with him or not. "I know that this scripture is rubbish, so if he has become one with me he too will know it. I know that this scripture is just a blank, so if my disciple is one with me he too will know this. If the disciple is unable to know, it means there is still some hindrance between him and me. In this Zen tradition that scripture had been passed from master to disciple down seven generations, and each disciple had burnt it in his master's presence. The final examination was always the blank book.

Surrender is when the master and the disciple are absolutely one, totally. But when does this happen? When you become utterly naked, when you hide nothing from the master. Hiding in itself has only one meaning, that whoever this person is in front of me, I am in opposition to him, in enmity; there is fear about him, not love. What is there to

hide from the master? And you will find no condemnation of you in the master's eyes after he has seen your evil, because he is seeing it even in your hiding it. So it makes no difference, you are unnecessarily showing your cleverness.

Mind is duality. So surrender the duality in its wholeness; surrender the mind, not its parts. Remember, surrendering half and saving half is no surrender at all. It is as though I have a gold coin and I try to give you one side of it and keep the other for me. This way the coin will remain only in my pocket, because the two sides are not going to be separated from each other. All I can do is show you one side and say, "Look, here it is, but then I will put the coin back in my pocket because I have to keep the other side. You will either have to give the whole coin or keep it all; half-half is no way.

Surrender means surrender of the mind. And mind is duality, so it is duality that has to be surrendered completely, holding nothing back. The total self has to be revealed without any protection. That very moment the master and disciple disappear. The master has already disappeared long ago; in that moment the disciple also disappears -- only one remains. Two ends, but the air between the two is one. The same breeze waves these two leaves now. The two leaves may be separate, but the breeze is one. The two bodies may be separate, but the breeze of consciousness is one.

Enough for today.

Nowhere To Go But In

Chapter #16
Chapter title: None
9 June 1974 am in Buddha Hall

[NOTE: This is a translation from the Hindi discourses: Nahim Ram Bin Thaon. It is being edited for publication, and this version is for reference only.]

Question
BELOVED OSHO,
YOUR WORDS INDICATE THAT THE COMING TEN YEARS ARE GOING TO BE FULL OF CRISIS AND DISASTER, AND ARE GOING TO BE DECISIVE FOR THE HUMAN RACE. YOUR ARRIVAL IS ALSO PERHAPS CONNECTED WITH THE FACT THAT MAN COMES TO MINIMUM HARM FROM THE IMMINENT TRAGEDY, AND MAXIMUM VALUES OF THE CULTURE AND RELIGION ARE SAVED.
WOULD YOU PLEASE PROVIDE GUIDANCE TO US IN THIS AREA?

The history of mankind and man's consciousness do not travel in a straight line. In the West the idea prevails that man's evolution is linear; Darwin, Marx and many others share this view, but it is a notion that has no substance to it. The Eastern concept is that the evolution of life is circular, not linear. We are not progressing along a straight line, but moving round in a circle. This seems much more fitting. A child is born, and with his birth the circle is begun. As he grows up and grows old the death happens at the same

point where birth had begun -- the circle is complete. We do not see a straight-line progression in the journey from childhood to old age; it rises to a peak and then gradually descends. In nature the change of seasons follows a circular motion, not a straight line. Summer passes, then it comes again; the winter goes, then it comes again. Each season gives way to the next as though some giant wheel is turning. The sun, the earth, the moon and the stars all travel circular paths.

So the circle seems to be an essential feature of life. Human history too moves in circles: now the heights, now the depths, now the peaks of progress, and now the decline and fall, and so it goes on. But the journey ends where it begins, and it is at such a time, when life takes a leap in the circle, that a crisis happens.

Such a crisis is present today.

To understand this crisis, first two things have to be understood. One, just as life is cyclical, it is also dialectical -- that is, nothing is singular, its opposite is always present with it. When the East is religious, the West goes intellectual; when the West becomes religious, the East goes intellectual. This East and West divides one wholeness into two parts. The East was religious in the past, today it is turning to intellectuality; the West was intellectual until very recently, and today it is becoming religious.

The greatest search in the West today is for meditation. People are coming from the West to the East in search of meditation, in search of peace. Whether it is possible to realize soul and God seems to have become their most important quest in life. And the people in the East laugh at

them! Money is the real thing, and if anyone goes from the East to the West it is in search of science, not religion. People from the East are going West, but in search of universities, science, technology, nuclear physics, and so on. People from the West are coming East in the search of soul and the divine. Now this is a unique phenomenon that the West is willing to sit at the feet of the East if it can have religion, and the East is willing to sit at the feet of the West if it can have wealth!

It is a time of crisis, where the rotating wheel is ready to take a one hundred eighty degree turn. All that was up will come down, and all that was down will go up. All the values will be reversed: the spokes of the wheel that were up will go down and the ones that were down will come up. This is the hour of crisis. In it, all the old structures will go topsy-turvy and chaos will intensify. Such a chaos has already appeared. In it, all criteria of morality will crumble, all old concepts will be destroyed. What will happen to all the systems we have established up till now is just as if an earthquake comes and flat land turns into craters, hills turn flat and lakes into hills. In this last phase of the twentieth century, enormous dreadful changes are to take place.

And what is the real crisis? It is that the deep, essential treasure that the East has, it may lose it -- it is losing it. No matter how often you may recite the Gita every day, its value in your heart is lost. You may be going in search of a master, but it is to find health, to achieve success, to get the position in life you covet, to win the elections, and so on.

Two days ago a friend came here to see me. He said, "I had big businesses, but my eyes gradually became weaker and now I have lost them completely. As a result, I had to move

away from my business. Will you please do something so that I can see again."

The man was over sixty. I said to him, "Now you should search for the inner eye. You can thank God your outer eyes are closed; now the whole energy can turn inwards. The energy that was looking out can now look in!"

But he did not like the idea. It was obvious from the expression on his face that he had not come to hear such things. I said to him, "Forget the business! You have made enough from it -- enough for the rest of your life. What will you get by earning more?"

"No," he replied, "it was a big business, and I had to hand it over to others."

Now even if the others ruined the business, it would not make any difference to this man. He has plenty; he can live well whatever happens to the business. He would listen to what I was saying but he did not even once nod in agreement. As he was leaving he said again, "Just give me your blessings that I shall be able to return to my business" -- as though the business is his very soul! Now, what does he want to achieve through businesses?

This is the situation of the East. Even when we go to a master, it is in search of things for which we should not go to a master at all. This is why millions gather around so-called masters who have miracle-making tricks. If a man can produce ashes out of thin air, thousands of people gather around him. They are convinced that if they can win his favor, he can make anything happen for them. After all, he makes miracles! Understand this well: when people start to gather around miracle workers, it is a sure sign that

religion has been uprooted from their hearts. After all, what connection has religion with miracles?

Lin Chi was a Zen master. One day he was talking among his disciples when a man suddenly interrupted him: "Enough of words," said the man, "do you have any miracles to perform? I also had a master; he is no more, but he certainly was a man of religion. He used to stand on one bank of a river with a pen in his hand, while I stood on the other bank half a mile away holding a piece of paper. And he would use that pen to write on the paper I was holding! Now you, if you can, show me a miracle as wondrous as this!"

Lin Chi said, "Among us you will find no such miracles. We know only one miracle, and that is that we are content. Yes, this is our single miracle -- contentment! The only miracle we can offer is that whoever joins us also becomes content."

It is very unlikely that the man understood. How could contentment be regarded as a miracle? But I also tell you, contentment is the only miracle. And the East is all discontent -- with whatever wealth it has, with whatever position and prestige it has, the East is discontented. India has also tested its atom bomb, and the whole Indian mind is so joyous, so happy as if this is some great achievement. You don't stop to consider the fact that even if you have nuclear energy, you will still remain a third-rate power in the world. You will still be only number six, you can never be the first among the nuclear powers; you will always be at the back of the line, a hanger on. What is there to be so pleased about?

But in the field where you can rank first, you are losing your standing. The field where no one in the world can compete with you, the place where India's tradition of thousands of years of work has put you -- you are losing your ground there. You are standing in a queue at sixth place, and you think it is something great! Do you think India can ever surpass America or Japan in material wealth? There you will always remain a beggar. Even the atomic explosion you have carried out is borrowed, and based on foreign aid. Tomorrow, if the foreign aid ceases, your nuclear program will come to a standstill. And it is utterly idiotic -- it is like a poor man selling his house to celebrate Diwali, the festival of lights, who sets off a few fireworks and is very pleased. The children in his house are dying of hunger and outside the house he has arranged a show of fireworks. These atomic explosions are mere fireworks but that is where our interests lie today.

We are eager for money, power, prestige, and when Westerners come to the East in search of religion, we laugh at them thinking they have gone mad. "What is wrong with them?" we want to know. In the West there is a different kind of worry: people arrive from the East to become engineers, doctors, nuclear physicists in the West, and the Westerners wonder: "So, their search is also for the materialistic!" And they feel disappointed: "What can we get from these people who are running to get help from us -- who have no food and shelter, whose minds are set only on material desires?"

This is the crisis -- that the East is losing what it has gathered over so many centuries, and the West is anxious to find that of which it has come to know only in the past few

centuries. So what is the crisis in it? The crisis is that what the East already has will be lost and the West will have to start from ABC. This is a serious crisis, because it takes millions of years for religion to come to maturity.
Religion is no ordinary thing.
There are certain seasonal seeds which can be sown, just as it happens, and soon they start sprouting. The plant may mature in two weeks, the flowers may bloom in four weeks, and then maybe in eight weeks its life is over. All flowers of materialism are seasonal flowers. But religion is not a seasonal flower; it takes thousands of years for the seed of religion to sprout. Hundreds of buddhas are born and gone before the seed of religion sprouts; it is not a one-day affair that you will accomplish today. A very, very long experiment is able to transform consciousness just a little bit. So if at all the East has a little potential of religion, the hands of Mahavira, Buddha, Krishna, and Rama have contributed to it.
There is another point, which is that science can be given birth by even ordinary people; it requires no special soul for this just technical know-how is needed. And for this even soul is not needed, a computer will do it! No Einstein is necessary for the discoveries of the future. Just feed the computer with the appropriate information and it will discover all your new principles for you. Einstein is redundant! All the experimenting, all the inventing, can be done by computers, machines. Actually even now this is the case; your brain that discovers science is purely a mechanical part of your body -- a biocomputer.
But religion is your consciousness. Until there is a purity like that of Buddha, until there is an innocence like that of

Mahavira, until there is a dancing heart rooted in self-realization like that of Krishna, you do not get even a glimpse of it. Scientific discoveries are made even walking on the plains, but for religion you have to touch the peaks of Everest; only then you attain it.

It takes thousands of years before the seed of religion goes deep enough and sprouts. And the experiment that was carried out in India was such that it not only sprouted, it flowered too. And you are ready to lose that immense treasure of flowers. And you will lose it, because you don't see anything in it, you have turned your back on it. You no longer see any meaning in it. And the West will have to start from ABC. If it starts on the journey of religion the West will have to start from the point where we started some five thousand years ago, at the time of the Vedas. And for the West to come to the point we reached it will take another five thousand years. But in the meantime the survival of man will become impossible.

This is why I say that there is a great responsibility in India's hands which is that what we have discovered -- the clues, the laws, the methods of entering human consciousness that we developed -- even if you want to abandon them, hand them over to someone before doing so. That is the least you must do. But remember, you can only hand over that which has happened within you. We can present the Gita to the West, but it will soon be rubbish, because the song itself is not in the Gita. There are words in the Gita, but these have already been translated into most of the Western languages. That is not going to solve anything. But how can we give that which was in Krishna? The Gita is only the shadow of that, just an echo; how can

we hand over that which had happened within Krishna? That can be transmitted only if Krishna goes on happening within us.

And this is my intention -- that a meditator is born within you. If India can give birth to even a few dozen meditators, who have the same light as that of Buddha's wisdom, then there is no harm. The question is not that religion should survive in India or in the West -- no, that is not the issue. The question is whether it will survive. On which soil the temple will be erected is not the issue -- all soil is alike. But you are ruining the temple. Even if Westerners carried it away, all they would find in their hands is the bricks and the cement, the ruin, the broken pieces. And even if the West erects a temple carefully, it will be suitable only for a museum; it won't be of life, it won't be alive. And that is what is happening. That temple will be dead. People will go to the museum and look at it, it will have no purpose more than that; life will have moved out of it.

Here you have a temple which has not fallen down yet. Those who have eyes, they still see it alive. But before long it will have fallen, because you are engaged in demolishing it, you are busy destroying it; you are removing the bricks of this temple and making staircases with it in your house. You have no idea what you are doing! You are selling the very god of the temple and filling your cash box with that money.

There is a reason for all this. Because the fish is born in the ocean, it cannot see the ocean. She is born in it, she is thoroughly acquainted with it; hence she forgets. The same way you are born in a temple, which you are unable to see, and you have forgotten it completely.

My whole effort is to enable you to start seeing that living temple. Either you must become the priest of that temple again -- which is natural for you -- or, if this is impossible, then you have to hand over the temple in alive condition to those in whom the longing for it has arisen, in whom the thirst for it has been born.

Before the temple of religion falls down, either you take charge of it, or the West takes charge of it, but it should not be allowed to crumble and become the showpiece of a museum. Through it the door to the possibility of man's survival will open. The race for money only annihilates, ambition just destroys, and leads in the end to insanity. No one has ever come to contentment through ambition. No matter how great the ambition in which you succeed, each success brings only more discontent. Even an Alexander dies weeping; he seems to have attained nothing, in spite of conquering the world. Only religion brings contentment. Contentment is a miracle. Even a beggar can be contented, while even an Alexander dies full of discontent.

Religion has some mysterious keys which open these doors of the heart that can shower nectar. It is these keys I am calling meditation. Through meditation, only one miracle is going to happen: you will become absolutely contented. But there is no greater mystery than this in the world! There is no greater mystery in the world than that of a person becoming contented.

Think about it. Just imagine for a little while that you have become contented, and what that moment will be like where not a single desire is arising, where your interest is not even in the very next moment, where you are totally here and now, as though all the flowers of the heart have

opened and you are filled with their fragrance! And the fragrance is such that a gratitude is welling up within you and you can thank God; you can say that a single breath in this bliss is enough, life is fulfilled. Think about it, imagine this state of absolute gratefulness and fulfillment. A single moment of it and the agony of all your lives together was worth going through. This is why Lin Chi says, "We know only one miracle."

I have a friend who asks me, "Why do you not make ashes appear in your hands? Millions of people will gather." Maybe, but they would all be the wrong people. Millions might come, but they would be the wrong millions. And in the crowd of those millions even the few right ones who are near me will be lost, because the right ones who are with me won't be able to remain in the front row of those millions. That crowd will come in the front, because it will be a crowd of ambition-chasers and madmen. People who flock to the hand that makes ashes appear are mad, they should be in the mad houses -- they are sick. And once you have invited the sick, they will not let the healthy ones stick around.

It is a simple law of economics that counterfeit coins push the real coins out of the currency. If you are carrying a counterfeit one rupee note in your pocket, you want to use that one at the first opportunity and hang on to the real notes. So the false coins push the real coins out of circulation, because nobody uses the real ones if false ones are available. He uses the real ones only when it is not at all possible to use the false ones. And wherever the pretender appears, he pushes the real man in the back because he wants to move fast, before he is found out.

Religion has no concern with the millions; its concern is only with the few. But remember this, that if even a single person becomes religious unknown rays of peace begin to descend into the lives of millions. Such a person becomes like a sun, giving forth light. Even if a single person becomes contented it creates a crack in the discontented madness of the world. One link in the chain of discontent breaks. Even if just one person becomes a buddha, the degree of madness among all the people is reduced, because a buddha's peace is contagious, buddhahood is contagious.

Even as diseases spread, and one man infected with a disease can infect the whole town with it, so is buddhahood. When even a single person attains to buddhahood, the whole earth changes its way of being. Its whole behavior, its whole way of life -- everything changes. If a buddha passes by your town, even if you were sleeping at the time, you will not remain the same. You cannot remain the same, even if you were asleep in your house at the time of his passing.

India today is a very discontented country, full of grief, and yet Westerners come here and experience peace through being among you. You will be astonished to learn that these travelers when they return to their countries write books and articles saying, "If you want to see man at peace, he is to be found in India."

Now this is very strange! One wonders what kind of peace they must be seeing in you, because there is certainly no peace within you. Nevertheless, so many buddhas have wandered amongst you that some shadow of them is left on you. You yourself are not aware of it. The shadow of the

buddhas is left in your bones, in your flesh, in your tissues, without your knowing it, without any effort by you -- in fact, inspite of all your protests. It is like a man passing through a garden unintentionally and his clothes catching the fragrance of the flowers of which he may not be aware at all. It is even possible that he may be unable to smell that fragrance; his nose may be used to stink.

A man fell unconscious on the street. It was a hot day and he got sunstroke. A crowd of people gathered around him, trying to revive him. Someone took his shoe off and put it to the man's nose in the hope that this would bring him round, but to no avail.

The place was a perfume-sellers' market and a nearby shopkeeper hurried to the scene with a very precious perfume in his hand. "Give him this to sniff," he said; "it dispels unconsciousness."

The scent bottle was waved under the man's nose and immediately, even in the depths of his coma, the man began to writhe throwing his arms and legs this way and that as though he was choking.

A man who was standing in the crowd jumped forward and said, "Don't kill him! I know the man, and I know what he needs." The unconscious man was a fisherman and his empty fish basket was lying beside him. This man picked it up. "There are no fish in it now," he said, "but just sprinkle some water into it and the basket will be the perfect thing for him to smell. This fishy smell is perfume to him."

Sure enough, as soon as the fish basket was raised to the fisherman's nose, he took a deep breath, came back to his senses, and shouted, "You idiots, you were killing me!"

A man to whom the smell of fish is perfume will pass through a garden of flowers as though he is passing through a stink. This is exactly how you have passed by the buddhas. But still, without your knowledge and in spite of your opposition, the fragrance of the buddhas has permeated you. It is in your flesh and in your bones, and this is why people coming from the West see peace in you. You don't see it yourselves. They are in search of it, they have set out in search of the buddha, and in you, faintly, they see a ray.

But there is nothing in it for you to be proud about, it is not your virtue. You are unfortunate in the sense that where you could have been a buddha yourself, you are carrying around just a shadow of the buddha. And that shadow too your are ready to sell. If we have a buddha and the West wants to purchase him, we will take an atom bomb and give the buddha in exchange. After all, what can you do with a buddha? You can't fight wars with him, or plough fields, or run factories.

So this is the crisis: that the East has a temple already built which embodies in it the efforts of thousands of buddhas. The West has no such temple. But while the West is in search of it, you are in a coma. So either give this temple alive to the West.... Remember, the temple belongs to the one who is ready to pray; there is no hereditary right over a temple.

There was a church at Jabalpur that had stood closed for a long time. It was the church of a minority group and stood closed now. The priests had left when the British were leaving India and now lived in London. Some local Christians, who do not belong to that particular sect to

which the church belonged, came to me to ask for my advice. They said, "We don't have a church. Do you think it would be alright for us to start using this church for our worship?"

I said, "A church belongs to the one who worships in it. So you start using it!"

They opened the lock, and began worshipping in the church. And I came and inaugurated it for them. But neither the police nor the court believes in this logic. I also had to go to court, because the vicar in London claimed that our action in opening the church was illegal -- that we had taken possession of another's wealth.

All I said to the court was, "I know only one thing: a temple, a place of worship, belongs to those who worship in it. Is there any other heredity of a temple? Can you possess a place of worship like a property? Is a temple a piece of real estate? Those who are sitting in London, those who locked this church up, cannot worship here. So which is better: a locked-up temple, or an unlocked temple in which people are worshipping?"

The magistrate said, "We are not here to discuss such tricky things. Our concern is with the law. This estate belongs to somebody else."

I said, "Your concern may be for the law; my concern is for the prayer. So what shall we do now?"

If India cannot look after this temple, then let it be handed over alive to those who are in search of it.

People ask me, "Why is it that so many foreigners are seen with you and so few Indians?" How can I help this? I am handing over the temple to them. The temple is yours, but you have stopped praying in it. And if this was a visible

temple, there could be trouble in the courts; but this is an invisible temple and I will hand it over to them. Those who want to worship in it will take it away with them.
All that India has discovered has to reach alive to the West, or else India has to be reawakened, in which case there is no need to send it to the West. But it has to be saved! The heritage of Buddha, Krishna, Mahavira, Rama has to be saved. If it is lost it will again take five thousand years of hard work. To save it is precisely my effort!

Question
BELOVED OSHO,
FOR A FORTNIGHT NOW AND FROM DIFFERENT DIMENSIONS YOU HAVE BEEN EXPANDING FOR US THAT RAMA IS THE ONLY REFUGE, THERE IS **NOWHERE TO GO BUT IN**, AND WE ARE DEEPLY GRATEFUL TO YOU.
FINALLY, WE BEG YOU ONCE AGAIN TO EXPLAIN TO US SOME MORE IN ORDER THAT WE CAN REMAIN WAKEFUL TO THE DISTINCTION BETWEEN THE ESSENTIAL AND THE NONESSENTIAL, AND OUR EXPERIENCE OF "RAMA IS THE ONLY REFUGE" REMAINS DEEP AND UNDETERRED IN US.

The understanding of the essential from the nonessential is the greatest treasure, but the mind will never be able to make this distinction. The mind itself is nonessential and that is the difficulty. So whatever your mind tells you is essential, you can be sure that it is nonessential. Don't listen

to the mind! To not listen to the mind is the greatest asceticism for the seeker.

And whether you ask for it or not, whether you listen to it or not, the mind goes on giving you advice. The mind goes on and on repeating whatever it chooses, whatever it wants, and the trouble is that because of its sheer repetitiveness you listen to it. You are not so wakeful that you can avoid listening to that which is constantly repeated. If someone goes on and on offering you advice and counsel, that counsel eventually becomes your own. And the mind is very skillful in giving counsel! It tells you: This is essential. And what, according to the mind is essential? Sensual enjoyment is essential; sex, beauty, taste, appearance -- these are of the essence. The mind's essence is bound to the senses: Whatever the senses enjoy, this is the essence. And all sensual pleasures lead you nowhere; they only consume you, they make you empty. All sensual pleasures are like scratching your scabies. If you never had scabies, it is worth experiencing -- somehow create scabies once and go through the experience. One feels great joy in scratching the scabies, and the more you scratch, a kind of sweetness takes you over. It seems as if a peak experience of some great happiness is just around the corner, and then you start scratching even more vigorously -- and suddenly a moment comes when the sweetness turns into bitterness and the whole thing becomes a bloody and painful experience.

Sensual pleasures are all sweetness in the beginning, and all pain in the end. All sensual pleasure is nothing but scratching of the scabies. But even if you have known the scratching, which brought only pain in the end, and blood

oozed out leaving a wound behind, still when the scabies will itch again, your hands will be ready to scratch.
It is the mind's trick not to link the beginning with the end, to keep the cause disconnected from the effect. Mind will never draw the conclusion that the wound that finally appeared was the result of the initial scratching. The mind which comes to this conclusion is bound to move into sannyas. The one who sees that all happinesses turn into sorrows, for him the world has become meaningless. This then is the formula : all happinesses -- all that the mind calls happinesses -- become sorrows in the end. Wherever the mind says there is happiness, unhappiness is born. Yes, superficially there is the resemblance of happiness, but as soon as you dig deeper you find unhappiness.
If you go on listening to the mind as you have been doing for lives upon lives, as you are doing this very moment, then the mind leads you into the rut of the same pleasures you have tried so many times before. But you never make the connection between the beginning and the end. You only have to connect the beginning with the end to see that all pleasures are nothing but sorrows in disguise.
Once you see this, you understand that pleasures are only invitations to unhappiness, brightly painted doors that lead you into hell. But the decoration of the door attracts you so strongly that you immediately enter the hell and are never able to figure out that it is the decorated door that brought you here.
The door to hell has to be gaily decorated and painted, otherwise who will enter? The door to heaven is utterly plain. So if you think that the door to heaven will be decorated you will never find your way to heaven. The

gates of heaven are totally clear of decoration; they do not even bear a sign saying, "Welcome to heaven!"- not even this much, it is not needed. In fact it is the unreal that has to advertise, it is unhappiness that has to offer a welcome, it is hell that issues invitations!

There is a ghee -- purified butter -- shop in Varanasi called The Real Pure Ghee Shop, and a sign hangs outside it saying, "Our ghee is real and pure. Anyone proving it impure will be given a cash reward of five thousand rupees at once." And below it in large red letters is written, "Many times such prizes have been given!" This is to say, do not doubt in either way; the ghee is pure and the reward is also guaranteed.

The greater the unreality, the greater the show. The truth is so clear and simple, the untruth is such a complicated world. How will anyone go to hell if there is no perfume to entice, no one at the door to welcome?

I have heard: A man died and arrived at the crossroads between heaven and hell. He was a clever man, as men are, so he decided to find out as much as he could before choosing which way to go. He made inquiries of passing travelers about which place he should visit first, about whether it was possible to return, and so on. He was a man of great worldly experience, and he was of the firm opinion that one should find out as much as possible before setting out for any place. Eventually a passing deity said to him, "This is difficult! Come, I will show you both the places, and then you can choose."

First he took the man to heaven, and it was so quiet, so peaceful, that it looked gloomy to him. You come from such an intensely crowded marketplace -- which you have

mistaken for real life -- that in utter peace you find only gloom. When you move into peace you feel sadness there. For this man heaven was like a graveyard, because the graveyard is the only place where we know a little peace; there is no other place where we can be in any peace. Only the graveyard is still carrying some peace with it; from the rest of life peace has long ago moved away. We have made life so restless that only in death do we have a little peace. This man found heaven so depressing! no color, no music, no song, no dance, no celebration, no nothing -- just a deep quiet. He thought, "This is not appealing at all. But before I make up my mind I should see hell too." So, with the deity he went to hell also.

The people he saw in heaven were not smiling, not laughing; nowhere the sound of a good belly laughter. Yes, you will only find people roaring with laughter in hell, not in heaven, because people laugh to hide their unhappiness. Why should people laugh in a place of utter peace and happiness? So when you see a man roaring with laughter don't assume that he is in some great state of being. That laughter is concealing some great sorrow behind it; it is a trick, he is trying to forget himself, he is trying to amuse himself. This is why the more the unhappiness increases in the world the more the modes of recreation increase. Movies, television, radio, theatres, clubs -- all these are inventions of the unhappy man. If man is happy, why should he go to a club? He will be so happy and content just sitting in his courtyard that where is the question of his going anywhere else? Why should he bother with the radio? All its noise will only shatter the music that was surrounding him. Why should he strain his eyes watching

television? The empty sky is enough -- more than enough! No, it is the sad man who invents contrivances for pleasure and amusement.

All was quiet in heaven. To this man, the people living there seemed sad. No one was even talking, no gossips anywhere -- there was not a single newspaper, because there was never any news. To have a news item there has to be some trouble happening. In hell the newspapers are published at every hour of the day -- and on beautiful paper. Nowhere else will you find newspapers like those, because it is hell of course where things are happening!

The man said to the deity, "Take me to hell, so that I can decide where I want to go."

So they went to hell. Bands were playing there, great decorations were all around right from the entrance, everybody looked ecstatic, and the Devil was there to welcome them. In heaven there had been no trace of God's presence, and when the man had inquired after him he had been told, "We don't know. he may be. he may be in himself. We have no idea where he is. We only know ourselves. And one who knows oneself -- that is where God is as far as we can say." But in heaven, the man could find no trace of God. Here in hell the Devil himself, along with his subordinates, was at the doors to greet him and embrace the man heartily in welcome.

The man thought, "This is the place to live. But things are the wrong way around, the signboards seem to have changed places by some mistake. Where it said Heaven that place feels like hell, and where it says Hell, this seems to be heaven." So he said "I am coming here."

At these words the deity took his leave of the man, the doors closed behind him, and the Devil grabbed the man by the neck. "What are you doing?" the man cried.
"That was only the reception committee," said the Devil. "Now the real hell begins. All you have seen so far was just to make you feel welcome; now prepare yourself to meet the hell you read about in the scriptures. That area is our reception area, now come to the real hell." The man looked and saw the flames roaring beneath huge cauldrons into which people were being thrown.
This is the state of the senses too: a similar reception committee at the door -- and then the real hell begins.
If you want to distinguish the essential from the nonessential, then be aware, be alert to what the senses say is essential. This is the religious discipline. And wherever the senses say, "Here there is nothing essential," then stay there, don't run away from there; dig deep, and that is where you will find the essential.
When you sit in meditation your mind and your senses will say, "What are you doing? There is nothing of essence in it, why are you wasting your time?" You could have finished reading the newspaper in the meanwhile or you could have listened to the radio, you could have gossiped with your friends, or you could have gone to the restaurant. Why are you wasting your time like this?" Or your mind will say, "Come on, get up, start working! This much time you could have used for earning money. This time you could have converted into coins."
People come to me and they say, "There is no time for meditation." And these are the very people I have seen sitting and gossiping in the markets. Ask them what they

are doing and they will tell you that they are chatting, chewing pan, smoking and passing the time! But if I ask them to meditate they say that they have no time. They are not aware that this "There is no time" is an understanding conveyed to them by their senses... because where senses are interested, they say, "Pass your time here, the very use of time is to pass it." And when they sit down to meditate, then their minds, their senses ask them, "Where is the time? Why are you wasting it? Who knows how much you might have earned in the meanwhile! And this way, just sitting, you will become like an idiot."

So whenever your mind and your senses tell you "There is nothing to be found here," beware. There is something there. Start digging, right there! This very digging is called spiritual discipline. And if this becomes the very structure and style of your life, that is called sannyas.

Where you find happiness at the door, there unhappiness will come later on. The one who is prepared to bear with unhappiness at the door attains to the very source of happiness. One who is ready to go through unhappiness in the beginning, he attains to the ultimate happiness.One who asks for happiness in the beginning, he attains to unhappiness.

The meaning of essential is: where unhappiness may come perhaps first, and happiness will follow. And the meaning of nonessential is: where happiness, or what appears to be happiness happens first, and unhappiness follows. The gateway to the essential is free of all pomp and ceremony, and hides heaven behind it. The nonessential gives you a big welcome with fireworks exploding and a festival of colors happening at the door, but the hell is hidden behind,

the pain and misery are waiting for you in the backyard. Behind the thorns the flower is hiding, and behind the flower the thorns. It is what we gain in the end that stays with us, so it is he who keeps the end in mind who finds the essence. The one who only pays attention to the beginning wanders in the nonessential.

The long journey of wandering in the nonessential is our world. To take a leap from the nonessential to the essential is called moksha -- liberation -- or nirvana, or Rama, or whatever else you wish to call it. And the one who has seen that the senses are illusory, that they only cause us to wander, enters into the refuge of Rama, saying, nahin ram bin thaon -- Rama is the only refuge. Right now you are in the refuge of your senses.

We should look at this from one more aspect. The senses are many; you can count at least five. But they do not end at five, because each of the senses has many forms, each of the senses is a crowd in itself. So one who takes refuge in the senses, the senses become fragmented because of many masters. Even two masters are enough trouble; imagine what will happen to you if there are many masters!

The Christians have an old story. God was testing Job for his trust, his sincerity, his surrender, so he took everything away from him, and Job did not complain at all. God took everything from Job except his wife, and there was not a shadow of complaint in Job's mind. Much thought has been given to this story concerning why God put Job to such a test -- and everything was taken away and Job made no complaint at all.

But one man asked a Hassidic master, "The other matters I can understand, but why did God not take Job's wife away

from him as well? If God wanted to take everything away from Job, taking his wife as well would have perfected the test. So why not her too? It seems that in fact not everything was taken from him, something was left behind."

The Hassidic master gave a very remarkable reply. He said, "There is a mystery behind this that you don't know about, which is this. When God saw that even when he deprived Job of all that he had, Job remained true to God, and then everything returned to Job twice over. This was why God did not take his wife -- because he would have had to return two wives. And it is difficult enough to live with one wife; it would have been far harder for Job if he had to face two wives! Job had proved his trust, so why give him such an ordeal to face?" Two wives would break anybody in two; two wives means two masters.

Each and every sense is a master, and the result is that you are broken into many parts, you are converted into fragments, and all these fragments walk their separate ways. You become like a bullock cart to which the oxen are harnessed in every direction: each bullock tries to pull the cart in his direction. Sometimes one bullock drags the cart into a ditch, sometimes another; it is impossible to keep to the road. How can the cart be steered on to the road when its bullocks are harnessed in all directions? When one bullock pulls with all his strength, the others give up, or drag on no longer interested, and the cart begins to fall apart. You are never going to reach anywhere; you will just collapse and die where you are.

All your senses are pulling you towards themselves. The eyes say, "Come, in beauty is the real juice." The ears say,

"Listen, there is no greater happiness than listening to this sound." And the taste buds and sex and smells are all calling you, are all pulling you in their direction. You feel the pull in every direction. Under such circumstances you live in a state of anguish. There is nothing fruitful in such a situation; just your bones are being pulled loose and stretched and broken, and you disappear without ever arriving anywhere. You never get to see any shore. This is the situation of your taking refuge in the senses. You have made the senses your only refuge and the reality is that one who chooses many masters goes insane.

Insanity is the ultimate state of sensual people, the madhouse is their final destination. If you do not end up there it only means that you were not total in what you were doing! If you remain lukewarm, stuck halfway, that is another matter, but if you move fully in accordance with your senses you are bound to reach the madhouse. That is its pure conclusion. If a worldly person does not go insane it only means that the person was worldly but not totally so, and so he remains hanging in the middle. The bullocks were pulling his cart their separate ways, but they were not being fed properly! Although the pushing and pulling went on, the cart somehow stuck to the road. There has been no journey, but somehow the cart kept on the road and did not fall in the ditch.

This is who we call a good man, one who is holding on to the road somehow, who feeds the senses a little only. The more you feed them the higher will be your pitch of madness. Therefore, the differences amongst the crowd of mad people around us are only of degrees and not of any basic nature. Some are a little more mad, some a little less;

some are mad by fifty degrees, some by sixty degrees, and yet another by seventy degrees... and then there are those who are at ninety nine degrees, just waiting to cross the border! Yes, the differences are only of degree. Where there are many masters, insanity will be the outcome. Insanity is the state of being broken, shattered, into many pieces.

One master -- this is the meaning of taking refuge in Rama. The word Rama has nothing at all to do with Rama, the son of King Dasharatha. Rama means the Brahman, the divine residing within you.

You are Rama!

You are not body, you are soul.

If you are body, the senses will make you crazy. If you are soul, the senses will slowly surrender to this soul.

This does not mean that the person who is surrendered to Rama is not going to eat, or see the beauty of the open sky; nor does it mean that his ears will not be delighted by music. But one revolutionary transformation has taken place: that his senses are surrendered to Rama, not that Rama is surrendered to the senses. His soul is not a slave to the senses, the senses are the servants of his soul.

And then a basic difference will take place. You will slowly notice that when your senses are your masters, the more sexual a music the more you enjoy it. But as your senses go on surrendering to Rama, gradually you will find that sexual music is no music at all. You will feel it just a disturbance, as discordant and disturbing as a kind of blow. This is why Western music feels like a hit. It feels as though it is upsetting you, jarring you, it does not give you a feeling of peace.As your senses will surrender towards

the inner, your music will become a kirtan and bhajan, spirituality will enter your music. And then if any music disturbs your peace you will find it discordant to listen to. A moment will come when you will only find music in the state of emptiness. Only then, when all is quiet around you, not a single sound, only then you will discover that the ultimate music is going on. Only then the ultimate sound, which we have called Omkar, the sound of Om... It is not a sound, it is not a sound struck on the strings of a veena -- because that too is a hit; there too we are hitting on the strings of the veena. Agreed you are hitting in a manner where there is a rhythm between the hits, but still it is a hit. As the senses surrender towards the within, the music of the void will be experienced. Sex will fade away and love will arise. Sounds will be gone from the music, only the void will remain. Sexuality will be gone from the sex, only love will remain. And this will happen with all the senses. The eyes will slowly cease to be interested in the form, their interest will be in the formless. There will no longer be beauty for the eyes in the form; rather because of the form there will be a hindrance in seeing the beauty. If you can really see somebody, you will find that no matter how beautiful the person's body, it is because of the body that his beauty is blemished. No matter how beautiful the body, it cannot be truly beautiful. So because of the body the person's beauty is marred. Beauty will only be perfect when there is no body at all; then there will be nobody to hinder. In China the mystics say that when a musician has scaled the heights and reached the peaks of music, he breaks his instrument, because now the instrument can only be an obstruction. When a sculptor surpasses all limits in carving

figures, he throws away his tools, because he knows now that no matter what his chisels may carve it will not be truly beautiful, because chisels cannot shape the formless, they can only create form. And no matter how beautiful the form may be it will fall short, because form can never be perfect. It is always subject to further improvement -- and further and further, there is no end to improvement.

The formless is perfect. In it there is no room for improvement. Now your eyes will still see the beauty, but in the formless, not in the form. Now you will still enjoy the food, but what you are eating will be nonessential; the essential to you will be the life force hidden in the food. It is in this state that the seers of the Upanishads said: Annam Brahma -- food is God. You could not have even thought how food can be God: How can bread be God? And if you ask the pundits to explain, they start telling crap!

"Food is God" is the experience of that state when senses have surrendered to the soul within. Then you will see Rama even in bread; then bread will be only the outer shell and Rama will be the reality within it. Then bread will enter your body and later leave it, but Rama will remain within. Then all your senses will be experiencing Brahman in the world.

As long as you are still surrendered to the senses, you find the world even in God. The day you are surrendered to Rama, you will start seeing God even in what we call the world.

Nahin Ram Bin Thaon means your refuge is within you; you are running around carrying your destination within you. And you are unnecessarily searching for it here and there, and listening to your senses: How far have you not

yet traveled, how many earths and stars and moons have you not visited. How many births, how many forms, how many shapes you have taken, you did what your senses asked you to do, but you have not arrived anywhere. How tired you are, yet you go on listening to the senses.
Because of my constant traveling, I wear ear plugs when I am sleeping in the train. Then all noises are cut off. The air conditioner goes on making noise, but I don't hear it. Also I catch cold very often, and when I catch cold my breathing becomes noisy. Then I have to remove the ear plugs, because then they start functioning like a stethoscope; the inner noise becomes so loud that it is impossible for me to sleep. So I remove the ear plugs, and then I start hearing the air conditioner and other noises. Now I do not hear the inner sound; although it still goes on, it does not reach me. Similar is the situation. As long as your senses are engaged in listening outside, the inner sound will not be heard. And the day the inner sound is heard, the senses will become introverts; the outside will disappear for them.
There are two types of states you can be in. In the senses there is shelter; this is one state your mind can be in. Really, there is no shelter in the senses, no resting place. Not only is there no destination, there is not even any journey in the senses, they are all useless. Then you have a shelter in Rama. Rama is within you. You are Rama.
So when I am asking you to leave everything to Rama, I am asking you to leave everything to the inner. Let the outer come towards the inner, let it surrender towards the inner. Let the circumference surrender towards the center. This is the meaning of Rama the only refuge.

What you are doing is surrendering the center to the periphery. You are destroying the house for the sake of the fencing, you are demolishing the palace for the sake of the boundary walls around it. You are looking after the body and losing yourself completely.

Wake up! And the only thing meditation will do is it will close the outside for a brief while, so that the inner melody can also be heard. Once you hear that inner melody you will start running ecstatically towards it like a madman. You must have heard how when Krishna plays on his flute, the gopis, his girl friends, become completely incapable of doing their housework. They lose all control, they leave their chores and run to him completely intoxicated. The story is just symbolic. The gopis are feminine -- they symbolize the senses. The senses are feminine.

The day the inner flute begins playing -- in fact the day it is heard, because it is constantly playing; you pay a little attention to it and it is heard -- that is it! All your senses forget all about the milking and churning, they forget the water pots, they drop their work and start running intoxicated towards it. This is the ultimate state, where the flute of the inner Krishna is playing, and all the senses start dancing around him. The periphery starts dancing round the center. We have called this state raas, this phenomenon of Krishna dancing and the gopis dancing around him.

You are in a reverse state; the gopis are running away and you are running after them! And remember, no gopi ever desires the one who runs after her. The moment you ran after a gopi she is gone after someone else; you have become worthless to her. The very fact of your running after reveals that you are not even your own master, so how

can you be entitled to master others? A man running after the senses... even the senses realize how worthless you are. You have no substance, you are running after the insignificant.

Become conscious! Meditation will make you conscious. Meditation will change the dimension of your journey. And once you begin hearing the inner melody, the revolution has happened. Now the senses will be at their posts and will be healthy. Their dance will also continue -- because there is no disturbance of any kind from their dance -- but they will be on the periphery, at their respective places. They will move with you, they will be your shadow. And the one who found this inner Rama, this interiority, has nothing more to attain. Only then contentment happens, never before this.

Lin Chi is right when he says that the only miracle he is aware of is contentment. This is what I say to you: I have only one miracle, and that is contentment. And the day you will also be a little contented, you will know that all other miracles are only childish nonsense and belong to street jugglers. They are not signs of maturity.

Maturity longs for only one thing and that is such a contentment which lacks nothing; such a perfect contentment beyond which there remains nothing to be achieved; a contentment which is so total that every cell and every pore of your body overflows with the delight, the thankfulness and the gratitude towards the divine.

This can happen.All arrangements for it to happen are within you; just a slight rearranging is all that is needed. All the ingredients are present, only a small change has to be managed.. You have the flour, you have the water, and the

oven is lit. All you have to do is make the dough, roll it into bread and let it bake, and the hunger will be satiated.But you sit there, with the flour and water and burning fire -- but weeping! You have everything, just a small re-organizing...
And this reorganizing is the spiritual discipline.
Enough for today.